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Bishop Percy's



# Folio Manuscript.

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## Ballads and Romances.

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EDITED BY

JOHN W. HALES, M.A.

LATE FELLOW AND ASSISTANT TUTOR OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

AND

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.

(ASSISTED BY PROFESSOR CHILD, W. CHAPPELL, Esq., &c. &c.)

Vol. III.

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1868.

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264 - D.



# Early English Text Society.

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The Publications for 1864-65 and '66 are out of print, but a *Reprinting Fund* is now open for reprinting them. The texts of 1864 are now at press. More subscribers are wanted for the other years. A few copies of separate texts remain: of No. 4,—Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1320—30, edited by R. Morris, Esq., 10s.; and No. 5, of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, be Alexander Hume, ab. 1617 A.D., edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq., 4s.

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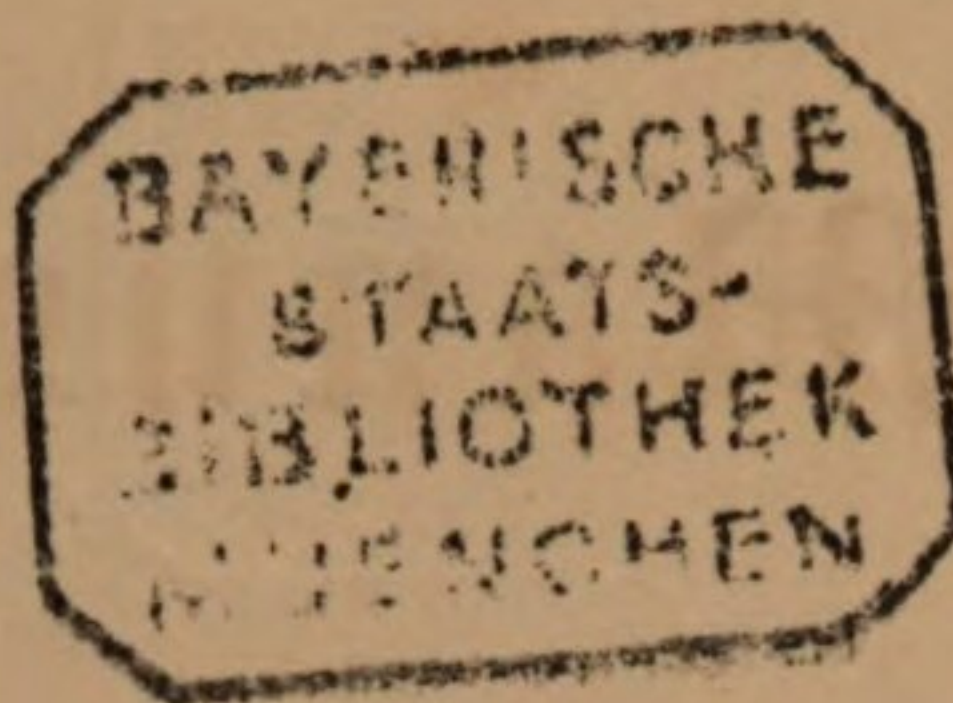


**Bishop Percy's Folio MS.**

**Ballads and Romances.**

**Vol. III.**





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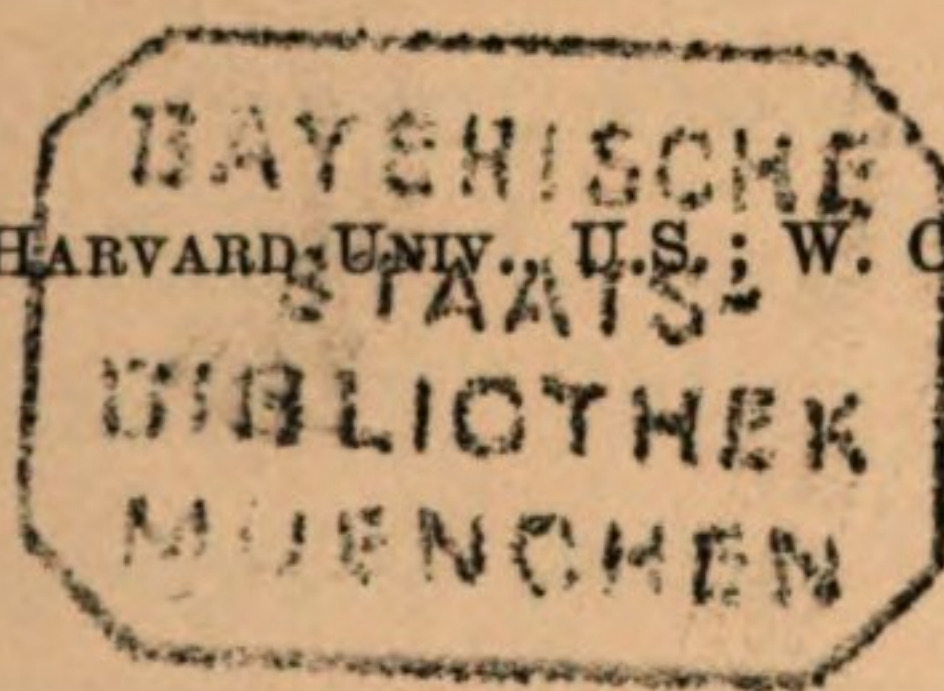
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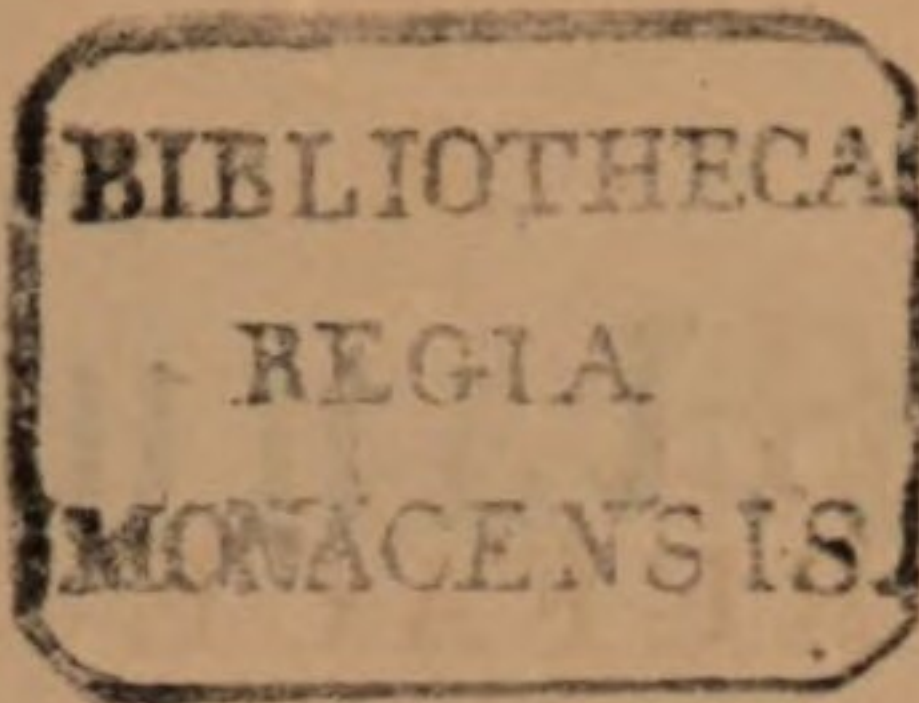
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1868.







## PREFACE

TO

### THE THIRD VOLUME.

---

OF this third volume the Historical Ballads are the principal feature. Though the Robin Hood set are continued by *Adam Bell*, and *Younge Cloudeslee*, the Arthur set by *The Carle off Carlile*, the Romances and Romance-poems by *Sir Degree* and *Sir Cawline*, yet the Historical Ballads far outweigh these in number and importance. Starting at *King Edgar*, they take us down through *William the Conquerour*, *The Drowning of Henery the I his Children*, *Edward the Third*, the *Seege of Roune* (1418-19), *Proud where the Spencers*, the *Murthering of Edward the Fourth his Sonnes*, *The Rose of Englande*, *Sir John Butler*, *Bosworth Feilde*, *Ladye Bessiye*, *Sir Andrew Bartton* (1511), the *Wininge of Cales* (1596), *The Spanish Ladies Love*, to *A Prophecy* of James I.'s time, 1620 A.D., written some twenty years before the MS. was copied.

More Songs also appear in this volume than in either of the previous ones, and include the beautiful *Nut-Brown Mayde* (though in a poor text), *Balowe* (in which Mr. Chappell and Dr. Rimbault have helped us), and a spirited hawking song, *A Cauilere*. But the piece of chief merit is undoubtedly the fine alliterative poem in two fitts, now for the first time printed, *Death & Liffe*. The best authority on English alliterative poetry, the



Rev. Walter W. Skeat, has been good enough both to 'introduce' and comment on the poem for us, and also to write us an Essay on Alliterative Metre, which we commend to the study of our readers.

Of the other Introductions, Mr. Hales has written all, except those to *Sir John Butler* (which is by Dr. Robson), *Æneas & Dido* (by Mr. W. Chappell), and the following by Mr. Furnivall: *In olde Times paste, Thomas of Potte, The Pore Man & the Kinge, Now the Springe is come, Carle off Carlile, A Cavilere, Sir Andrew Bartton, Kinge Humber, Seege off Roune*. For the slughtness of several of the Introductions we hope that our readers will accept the excuse of other pressing engagements, which have kept back the volume since Nov. 11, 1867, when the text was all finished, and the MS. returned to its owners.

We again return thanks to Messrs. Skeat, Dyce and Chappell, to Mr. G. E. Adams (Rouge Dragon), Doctors Robson and Rimbault, and to Mr. Alfred Tennyson for a letter on the origin of the legend of Godiva.

*February 29, 1868.*



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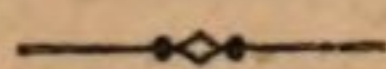


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## AN ESSAY ON ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

BY THE REV. W. W. SKEAT

*(Editor of "Piers Plowman.")*

NOTHING has more tended to obscure the rules and laws of English prosody, than the absurd and mischievously false terminology that has been made use of in discussing it. Whilst it is pretty clear that it is based on quite a different system from the Latin and Greek metres—on an *accentual*, that is, not on a *temporal* system—we have attempted to explain its peculiarities by terms borrowed from the Latin and Greek, such as trochees, dactyls, &c., and we make perpetual use of the words *long* and *short*. The truth is, the whole terminology of English prosody, if it is not to be misleading and fruitful in all kinds of errors, has yet to be invented. Instead of *short* and *long*, I think the terms *soft* and *loud* might be employed with great advantage. Dr. Guest<sup>1</sup> shows clearly enough that “an increase of *loudness* is the only thing *essential* to our English accent,” in opposition to the theory of Mitford, that it consists rather in sharpness of tone, though the two are often found together. Whichever view, however, is the more correct, this at least is certain, that, whereas the words *long* and *short* are almost sure to mislead, the words *loud* and *soft* will by no means do so in an equal degree; and I shall therefore henceforth employ these terms only. I define a *loud* syllable as that whereon an accent falls, a *soft* syllable as an unaccented one. In German, the terms heaving and sinking (*hebung* und *senkung*) have some-

<sup>1</sup> Guest, *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 77.



times been employed to denote this *raising* and *sinking* of the voice.<sup>1</sup>

It were much to be wished that we had some genuine English terms to supply the place of the *trochee*, the *iambus*, the *dactyl*, and the *anapæst*. A trochee means a long syllable succeeded by a short one; but an *English* trochee is something quite different, viz., a *loud* syllable followed by a *soft* one, and it may even happen that the loud syllable is as rapid as the other, as for instance in the words *Egypt* or *impact*, which have so puzzled some writers, that they have, in despair, named them *spondees*! Were it allowable to give new names, they should be given on the principle of representing the things meant by help of the accents on the very *names* themselves. Thus a loud syllable followed by a soft one might be called (not a trochee, but) a *Tonic*; a soft one, succeeded by a loud one, might be called a *Return*; a loud one, followed by two soft ones, might be named (not a dactyl, but) a *Dominant*; and, finally, instead of anapæst, we might use some such term as *Arabesque* or *Solitaire*, until a better one can be thought of; for single words thus accented are rare in English, the nearest approach to them being exhibited by such words as *refugee*, *cavalier*, and *serenade*; and none of these even are free from a slight accent on the *first* syllable. I feel convinced that until some such new terms are invented, writers upon English metre will continue to say one thing, and to mean another. I shall therefore introduce hereafter the terms above defined, merely to save all misconception and a good deal of tedious explanation.

The Anglo-Saxon and Early English alliterative poems are, for the most part, closely related in their structure to the Icelandic measure called *Fornyrðalag*. Their versification, however, is often less regular, and in the poems of the four-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Latham, in his English Grammar, gets out of the difficulty another way, viz., by employing algebraical symbols.



teenth and fifteenth centuries especially we meet with several infringements even of the most important and cardinal rules of it.

In what follows, therefore, I hope I may be understood as speaking with reference to the Anglo-Saxon and Early English poems *only*, and with reference rather to Early English than to Anglo-Saxon; for many remarks that are perfectly true and important as regards these contravene the rules of Icelandic prosody, and relate to licences that, regarded from that point of view, would seem almost intolerable.

The principal rules of alliteration, such as we actually find them to be from a careful survey of Early English literature, may be very briefly stated.

Supposing the poem to be divided into *short* lines,<sup>1</sup> as e.g. in Thorpe's editions of Cædmon and Beowulf, the following canons will be found to hold, at least in those lines which are of the strictest type:

1. The complete verse, or alliterative couplet, consists of two lines, each containing two loud syllables, coupled together by the use of alliteration.

2. The initial letters which are common to two or more of these loud syllables are called the *rime-letters*. Each couplet should, if possible, have *three* of these, of which *two* belong to the first line, and are called the *sub-letters*; and *one*, which is called the *chief-letter*, to the second line.

3. The *chief-letter* should begin the *first* of the two loud syllables in the second line. If the couplet contain only *two* rime-letters, it is because one of the *sub-letters* is dropped.

4. If the *chief-letter* be a consonant, the *sub-letters* should be the *same* consonant, or a consonant having the *same sound*. If a vowel, it is sufficient that the *sub-letters* be vowels. They need not be the same, and in practice are generally different.

<sup>1</sup> In "Death and Liffe" and "Scotish ffeilde," the *sections* of each long line

answer to the *short lines* of Beowulf.



We sometimes meet with a combination of consonants, such as *sp*, *st*, and the like, taking the place of a rime-letter. In this case the other rime-letters often, but not always, present the same combination, though the recurrence of the *first* letter only of the combination is sometimes deemed sufficient.

These rules may be exemplified by the following examples, in which the feet consist either of a loud syllable standing alone (which I shall call a *Tone*), of a loud syllable and *one* soft syllable (which I shall call a *Tonic* as above explained), or of a loud syllable followed by *two* soft syllables, i.e. of a *Dominant*; from which it appears that the one thing *essential* to a foot is its *loud syllable*.

(1) *swiðe gesælige*;  
*synna ne cūpon*;

very happy;  
 sins they knew not.  
 (*Cædmon*, ed. Thorpe, p. 2. l. 12.)

(2) *hām & heáh-setl*  
*heófena rices*.

home and a high seat  
 of heaven's kingdom.  
 (*Cædmon*, p. 3, l. 9.)

(3) *éðel-staðolas*  
*éft gesétte*.

the native settlements  
 might again establish.  
 (*Cædmon*, p. 6, l. 25.)

In example (1), the rules are all fulfilled: the initial letters of *swiðe* and *sælige* are the *sub-letters*; that of *synna* is the *chief-letter*. In example (2), the first foot of the first line has but *two* syllables. In example (3), the vowel *e* is the rime-letter, and there is but *one* sub-letter. These rules alone will not, however, carry us very far on our way. One most important modification of the verse may be thus explained.

Lines do not always begin with a loud syllable, but often one or two, and sometimes (in Early English especially) even three soft syllables precede it. These syllables are necessary to the sense, but not to the scansion of the line. This complement, which I shall call the *catch*, answers to the Icelandic *málfylling*. The use of it is a very necessary license, and lines in which it occurs are more common than those without it. No special



stress should, in reading or reciting, be laid upon the syllables of which the *catch* consists. The following are examples of its use :

*dóme & dúgeðe*  
&) *dreáme benám.*

of sway and dignity  
and joy deprived them.  
(*Cædmon*, p. 4, l. 19.)

*geond-)fólen fyre*  
&) *fæ̃r-cýle.*

filled throughout with fire  
and cold intense.  
(*Cædmon*, p. 3, l. 29.)

*ge-)grémed grýmme*  
*gráp on wráðe.*

provoked bitterly,  
he gripped in wrath.  
(*Cædmon*, p. 4, l. 29.)

Here *&*, *geond*, *&*, *ge*, are the catches. The third example shows us the combination *gr* used as a rime-letter. I add a few examples from Early English.

In) *cúntinaunce* of *clóthinge*,  
*queínteliche* *degysset* ;

To) *préyere* and to *pénaunce*  
*púttē* *heom mónye* ;

Bote in a) *Máyes mórwnynge*  
on) *Máluerne húlles*,

Me bi-) *fél a férly*,  
A) *féyrie* *me thouhte* ;

I) *slúmberde* in A *slépyng*,  
hit) *sównede so múrie*.

(*Piers Plowman*, ed. Skeat, A. *prol.* l. 24, 25, 5, 6, 10.)

I have said, in rule 2, that rime-letters are the initial letters of certain *loud* syllables. In a large number of instances, the rime-letters are made to begin *words also*, such words being chosen as *commence* with loud syllables, as in—

*wéreda wúldor-cíning*  
*wórdum hérigen* ; (*Cædmon*, l. 3.)

*Wórchinge* and *wóndringe*  
as the) *wórlð ásketh* ; (*Piers Pl.* A. *prol.* 19.)

This is undoubtedly the best arrangement, but it cannot always be followed ; when it is not, care should be taken that the



initial syllable of the word is as soft and rapid as possible, as in *gesælige* and *bifalle* in the lines

swiðe gesælige  
sýnna ne cúpon ; (*Cædm.* ed. Thorpe, p. 2. l. 12.)

Mony) férlyes han bifalle  
in a) féwe 3éres. (*P. Pl. A. prol.* 62.)

Indeed, these can hardly be considered as exceptions; for *ge-* and *bi-* are mere prefixes, and it is with the syllables succeeding them that the words themselves truly begin.

The more this rule is departed from, the more risk is there of the true rhythm of the line being unperceived.

Occasional instances may be found where rime-letters begin *soft* syllables, of which I shall adduce instances; this, however, is decidedly bad, the fundamental principle of alliterative verse being this, that alliteration and heavy stress should always go together.

The *second* line of the couplet is nearly always the *more regular*. Sometimes, but rarely, it contains *three* loud syllables. In the first line, however, the occurrence of three loud syllables is by no means uncommon. Examples:

|                                |                                 |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>hýhtlic heófen-tímbær ;</i> | the joyous heavenly-frame ;     |
| <i>hólmas dæalde—</i>          | the waters parted (he).         |
|                                | ( <i>Cædmon</i> , p. 9, l. 23.) |

|                             |                                 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>fægre freóþo-þeawas,</i> | fair kindly thews,              |
| <i>freá eállum leóf—</i>    | the Lord dear to all.           |
|                             | ( <i>Cædmon</i> , p. 5, l. 29.) |

Now is) Meéde þe Máyden i-nómen,  
and no) mó of hem álle. (*Piers Plowman*, A. iii. 1.)

Another variation, not uncommon in Old English, is that each line of the couplet is alliterated *by itself*, independently of the other line. Examples:

For) James þe géntel  
bónd hit in his bóok  
what þis) Mountein be-méneþ  
and þis) dérke dále.  
(*Piers Plowman*, A. i. 159, 1 ; see also iii. 93, vii. 57, 69.)



The following licences are also taken :

(a) The *chief-letter* falls on the *second* loud syllable of the line ; as in

Vn-)kuýnde to heore kún  
and to) álle crístene ; (P. Pl. A. i. 166.)

(b) Sometimes there are two rime-letters in the *second* line, and *one* in the first, which is the converse of the usual arrangement.

An example is furnished by the line—

týle he had sýluer  
for his) sáwes and his sélynge. (P. Pl. A. ii. 112.)

(c) The chief-letter is sometimes omitted, which is certainly a great blemish, and such lines of course occur but rarely. Examples are :

I wol) wórschupe þer-wiþ  
treúthe in my lýue. (P. Pl. A. vii. 94.)

And) beére heor brás on þi bác  
to Cáleys to súlle. (P. Pl. A. iii. 189.)

(d) Rime-letters sometimes begin *soft* syllables, even when the soft syllable occurs in the initial catch. An obvious instance is afforded by the line—

In Gla-)mórgan with glée  
thare) gládchipe was évere. (Morte Arthure, l. 59.)

(e) By a very bold licence, the *chief-letter* even occurs in the initial catch of the second line. This, according to all the rules of Icelandic prosody, involves an absurd contradiction ; but there are not only *some*, but *rather numerous* instances of this in Old English, and I add several examples in order that the point may become more obvious. I could add many more.

And) éndeþ as Ich ér seide  
in) prófitable wérkes. (P. Pl. A. i. 120.)

þer to) wónen with wróng  
whil) gód is in héuene. (P. Pl. A. ii. 74.)



yit I) *préye þe*, quod *pérs*,  
*par*) *cháríte*, *ʒif þou cónne*. (*P. Pl. A. vii. 240.*)

God) *ʒiueþ hím his bléssyng*  
*þat his*) *lýflode so swýnkeþ*. (*P. Pl. A. vii. 239.*)

where it should be noted that *his* is not without a slight emphasis on it, notwithstanding its position. In *William and the Werwolf* this licence is rather common, and I may instance lines 2836, 3000, 3113, 3133, 3137, 3467, 3614, 3984 as occurring to me after a very slight search. One instance may suffice; the rest are quite as decisive:

&) *faírest of alle fāson*  
*for*) *ény riche hólde*. (*Werwolf*, 2836.)

(*f*) Occasionally no alliteration is apparent at all. I fail to discover any in the line,

whi þat) *véniaunce fél*  
*on*) *Sául and his children*. (*P. Pl. A. iii. 245.*)

yet this line is undoubtedly genuine, as appears by a collation of MSS. See also *Werwolf*, l. 5035.

In fact, a continual and oft-repeated perusal of thousands of alliterative verses has convinced me that our old poets considered such licences quite allowable, provided that the *swing* of the line was well kept up by the regular recurrence of loud syllables. A line wholly without alliteration was quite admissible *as a variation*, and is not to be rejected as spurious. If however two or three irregular lines occur *close together*, they may then be regarded as probably not genuine. When, for instance, we meet with

*lérne his láwe þat is so léle*,  
 &) *sipþe téche it fúrþer*, (*P. Pl. ii. 31.*)

and, only three lines below, come upon

when) *heó was me fró*  
 I) *lóked and byhélde*,

it is not surprising to find that these lines rest on the authority



of one MS. only, and are in all probability an interpolation. In the same way I was first enabled to suspect the spuriousness of l. 817–821 in *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, which lines are, in fact, omitted in *both* the existing MSS. But *occasional* licences, even when most bold, are scarcely to be regretted. They give freedom to the poet, and relief to the reader, who in old times was often a *listener*.

It appears further, from rules 2 and 3, that the *second* line should contain but *one* rime-letter. The point aimed at was no doubt this, viz., that in order to give the greater force and stress to the syllable containing the chief-letter, it is desirable that the *second* loud syllable in the *second* line of the couplet should NOT begin with a rime-letter. Hence couplets with *four* rime-letters are by no means good. Yet there are several instances in *Piers Plowman*, as

In a) sómer sésun  
whon) sófte was the sônne. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 1.*)

That I) wás in a wildernesse  
wúste I néuer whére. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 12.*)

There is, however, no such objection to four rime-letters, if the first three can be got into the *first* line of the couplet. The following lines are very effective:—

With) déop dích and dérck  
and) drédful of siht. (*P. Pl. A. prol. 16.*)

Faíre floúres for to fécchè  
that he bi)-fóre him séye. (*Will. and Werwolf, l. 26.*)

Skáthylle Scóttlande by skýlle  
he) skýstys [*read skyftys*] as hym lýkys. (*Morte Arthure, l. 32.*)

As regards the *number* of rime-letters in a couplet, *three* has generally been considered as the standard, regular, and most pleasing and effective number; but it is not always easy to be attained to, and hence couplets with only *two* are common enough. I think it would be well worth inquiry as to whether or not the *frequent* occurrence of *only two* rime-letters in an



Anglo-Saxon couplet is a *mark of antiquity*. I imagine it will be found to be so,<sup>1</sup> for it would appear that their system of verse was but a rough one at first, and was elaborated in course of time. It is tolerably certain, on the other hand, that the frequent introduction of a *fourth* rime-letter in Early English poems is a mark of lateness of date, as is curiously shown by the alterations made in the Lincoln's Inn MS. of *Piers Plowman*, where the lines

Wende I) wýdene in this world  
wóndres to hère—  
Vndur a) bród bánke  
bi a) Boúrne sýde—  
I sauh a) Tóur on a Tóft  
trízely I-máket—

have been improved (?) by altering the words *here*, *syde*, and *I-maket*, into *wayte*, *brymme*, and *ytymbred* respectively.<sup>2</sup>

With regard to the *complement* or *catch*, Rask says:<sup>3</sup>—  
“The chief-letter does not necessarily stand first in the second line, but is often preceded by one or more short words, yet not by such as require the tone or emphasis in reading. These short precursory words which, though independent of the structure of the verse, are necessary to the completion of the sense, constitute what may be called the *complement*, which, in arranging verses that are transcribed continuously, we must be careful not to confound with the verse itself, lest the alliteration, the structure of the verse, and even the sense, be thereby destroyed.” This statement Dr. Guest tries to hold up to ridicule in strong terms,<sup>4</sup> but I take it to be perfectly sound and correct as regards the main point at which Rask is aiming, though requiring some *limitation*, for though the catch *may* consist of “one or more words,” it is rarely of more than two

<sup>1</sup> Such, I find, is also Dr. Guest's opinion; Guest's *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 141.

<sup>2</sup> See *Piers Plowman*, Text A, ed. Skeat, p. xxii.

<sup>3</sup> Rask's *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, translated by Thorpe, 1830, p. 136.

<sup>4</sup> Guest, *Hist. Eng. Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 6.



syllables. The *catch*, as Dr. Guest points out, is not absolutely *toneless*; yet it is clear that the accented syllables which occur in it have a comparatively *lighter* tone, a *slighter* stress, than those in the body of the verse; they do not attain, in fact, to the same *strength* of accent as those syllables possess which have accent and metrical ictus *both*, and to which *special* force is lent by the use of rime-letters. Even in modern English verse, all accents are far from being *equal*, much depending on the position of words, so that we may even to some extent *alter* the accent on a word by merely shifting its place. Thus if we alter

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,

into—

Constellations burning larger, mellow moons and happy skies,

we give a very different effect to the words *larger* and *constellations*; whilst in both cases the accent on *mellow* is *comparatively* slight. Whilst allowing to the *catch*, when of two or three syllables, a *slight* accent, we neglect it, in scansion, as compared with the heavier ones that follow.

In further illustration of the statement, that special stress is given to syllables by the use of rime-letters, I may draw attention to the fact that this is true in poetry that is by no means professedly alliterative. It was not by chance that Shakespeare wrote—

Full fathom five thy father lies;—  
Though thou the waters warp;

and the like; or that Gray wrote—

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king;—  
Weave the warp and weave the woof,  
The winding sheet of Edward's race;

or that Pope chose the words—

Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux;



where the absurd contrast between “bibles” and “billets-doux” is much heightened by the fact that they begin with the same letter. It may be said that alliteration draws attention rather to the *words* themselves than to their initial syllables, but in *English* it comes to much the same thing, owing to our habit of throwing back the accent, and in English poetry, accent and alliteration go together; or if not, the alliteration fails to strike the ear, and has but little effect. Hardly any alliterative effect is produced by the repetition of the *w* in *Edward's* in the above line from Gray. This is why the licence of beginning a *soft* syllable with a rime-letter is over-bold and almost ruinous. See Hyde Clarke's *English Grammar*, pp. 137–145.<sup>1</sup>

All Anglo-Saxon poetry is alliterative, and very nearly all of it alliterative only, without any addition of rime whatever. This is by no means the case in Icelandic; their poets delighted in adding various complexities, such as *full-rimes*, *half-rimes*, *line-rimes*, and *assonances*. Space would fail me to discuss these here, nor is it necessary perhaps to do more than point out the very few examples of rime which are to be found in Anglo-Saxon.

There are some instances of full-rime in Cædmon, but they occur in words close together, and in the same short line, as in the lines “gleam and dream,” “wide and side,” &c.; they are found also in other poems, as “frodne and godne” in the “Traveller's Song,” “lænne and sænne” in “Alfred's Metres, &c.: see Guest, vol. i. p. 126, &c. There are also *half-rimes*, as in “sar and sorge,” “his boda beodan,” &c. The most curious example is in the Riming Poem in the Exeter MS.,

<sup>1</sup> Compare—  
 τυφλὸς τὰ τ' ὤτα τὸν τε νοῦν τὰ τ' ὄμματ'  
 εἶ. (Sophocles, *Œd. Col.* 371.)  
 Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite  
 vires. (Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 833.)  
 Il pietoso pastor pianse al suo pianto.  
 (Tasso, *G. L.* vii. 16.)  
 . . . . nie Saite noch Gesang,

Nein! Seufzen nur und Stöhnen und  
 scheuer Sklavenschritt.  
 (Uhland, *Des Sängers Fluch.*)  
 But minds of mortall men are muchell  
 mard  
 And mov'd amisse with massy mucks  
 unmeet regard.  
 (Spencer, *F. Q.* iii. 10, 31.)



which is written in rime throughout, the alliteration being mostly preserved at the same time, as in

wíc ofer wóngum,  
wénnan góngum;  
lisse mid lóngum,  
leóma getóngum.

(*Codex Exoniensis*, ed. Thorpe, p. 353.)

See also the most extraordinary lines in the same poem (p. 354), beginning

fláh mäh flíteþ,  
flán món hwíteð,

where there is indeed abundant proof that the Anglo-Saxons were acquainted with rime in its modern sense.

Other examples occur in the "Phoenix" (p. 198 of the same vol.) in the oft-quoted lines

ne) fórstes fnæst  
ne) fýres blæst,  
ne) hægles hryre  
ne) hrímes dryre.

Of another curious example I shall speak presently.

The following notation may perhaps prove useful for marking the scansion of Anglo-Saxon and Early English alliterative poems. If we denote a *Tone* by *T*, a *Tonic* by *t*, a *Dominant* by *d*, and a catch by a line (—), it is easy to represent the scansion of Cædmon, to the extent of any number of lines, by putting a comma at the end of a line, and the mark | at the end of a couplet. The poem begins thus:

Us is) riht micel  
þæt we) ródera wéard  
wéreda wúldor-cíning  
wórdum hérigen,  
módum lúfien;  
he is) mægna spéd,  
heáfod eálra  
heáh-gesceáfta.<sup>1</sup>

For us it is very right  
That we the heaven's Warden,  
The Glory-King of hosts,  
With (our) words should praise,  
With (our) minds should love;  
He is of powers the Speed,  
The Head of all  
High-created (ones).

<sup>1</sup> The accents merely mark *stress*; I am obliged here to ignore the usual

system of accents which regulates the length of the vowels.



The scansion is as follows :

— T t, — d T | d t t, t d | t d, — t T | t t, t t | .

I have no space here to discuss Cædmon's "longer rhythms." I cannot see that they present any difficulty. The lines have more feet in them, and that is all. Commonly, these lines have *four* feet, whereas the more usual length is just half this, or of *two* feet.

With some slight modifications, the same method is applicable to the scansion of all other existing English poems that are written in alliterative verse. It will be found upon comparison that the one striking and chief point of difference between Anglo-Saxon poems, as Cædmon's, and Early English poems, as *Piers Plowman*, is this, that whereas Cædmon's poem abounds in *tonics*, and has the *tonic* foot as its base and foundation (the *dominant* being merely a variation of it), *Piers Plowman* is the exact contrary, and its base is the *dominant* foot, for which the *tonic* is occasionally employed. Beyond this there is very little difference, excepting that in the later poems there is, as might be expected, a freer and more frequent use of initial *catches*.

There has been much discussion as to whether alliterative poems should be printed in *couplets* of *short* lines, or in *long lines* comprising two sections. It is more a matter of convenience of typography than anything else ; but if there be a choice, it is better to print the later (Old English) poems in *long lines*, as they are *invariably so written* in MSS., and it may be allowable to print the earlier (Anglo-Saxon) poems in short lines, because, though written as prose in the MSS., metrical dots occur very frequently (though seldom regularly), which are often not separated from each other by more than the length of a half-line.<sup>1</sup> Even these, however, are sometimes

<sup>1</sup> Such, at least, has been the usual practice with respect to Anglo-Saxon poems, the idea probably being taken

from the usual method of printing Icelandic poems. But it should be noted that when such a poem as *Piers*



printed in long lines, and I believe this to be the least confusing; for nearly all those who have adopted short lines have forgotten to *set back* the second line of the couplet (as should always be done), and then the eye of the *reader* cannot detect how the lines *pair off*.

In printing the later poems in long lines, the two parts of the couplet (which is now but *one* line) become *sections*, as before explained, and the pause which was formerly made at the end of the first [short] line becomes *the middle pause*, marked in the *Scotish Feilde* by a colon, and in *Death and Liffe* by an inverted full-stop. This pause was always made, there can be no doubt, in reciting such poems aloud, and in some manuscripts is carefully marked throughout by a dot, though others omit it. It is very essential to the harmony of the verse, and is worth retaining, as it greatly assists the reader. It should be noted, also, that the second section of the verse is almost always the most carefully and smoothly written, and very rarely contains more than two feet, on which account it is often shorter than the first section. The greatest stress of all generally falls on the first loud syllable of this section (i.e. on the one commencing with the chief-letter) which is just what it should do. This stress is heightened in many instances by the introduction of a very short catch at the beginning of the second section, consisting of one soft and rapid syllable.

That this is the usual rule appears from the following analyses of the catches beginning the second sections in the 109 lines of the Prologue to *Piers Plowman*:

Second sections *without* catches, 28.

With a one-syllable catch, 67.

With a catch of two syllables, 12.

*Plowman* is written as *prose* (as in MS. Digby 102), there is the same marking off into half-lines, and it may be questioned whether the printing in *half-lines*

has not been an utter and an unnecessary mistake, adopted rather because it happened to be convenient than because any good reason could be given for it.



With a catch of three syllables, 2; though there may be doubt about these; I refer to the lines,

That) Poúl précheth of hém<sup>1</sup>  
I dar not) préouen héere (l. 38);

and—

That heore) Párisch hath ben póre  
seththe the) Péstilence týme (l. 81).

In l. 104, the catch seems to contain the chief-letter. The line is—

Cóokes and heore knáues  
cryen) hóte píes, hóte.

It should be observed further that the catch in the second section is very frequently modified by the way in which the first section *terminates*. If this ends in a *Tone*, a catch of one or two syllables is required for smoothness, to make up, as it were, a *Tonic* or a *Dominant*; if it ends in a *Tonic*, the catch should have but one syllable; if it ends in a *Dominant*, the catch should be dispensed with.<sup>2</sup>

The earliest alliterative poem after the Conquest is, perhaps, Layamon's *Brut*. In this poem, of which there are two copies that often do not agree as to the readings, rimes are continually found mixed up with the alliteration, without any preparation or warning to the reader, and the scansion of it has consequently caused some perplexity. To be sure of the right scansion, I think that most heed should be paid to such passages as stand the same in both MSS., and I fancy that instances may be

<sup>1</sup> *hém* is here emphatic; see the context.

<sup>2</sup> Modern poets learn this rule by the ear. Thus, in Lord Byron's lines—

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle

Are) emblems of deeds that are done  
in their clime;

Where the) rage of the vulture, the love  
of the turtle,

Now) melt into softness, now madden  
to crime,

the words *myrtle* and *turtle* are succeeded by a catch of *one* syllable; but *clime* by one of *two* syllables. Let the reader change *Are* into *Are as*, and *Where the* into *The*, and see how he likes it then; the former of these changes is by no means pleasing. See this worked out in Edgar A. Poe's essay on *The Rationale of Verse*, which, though very mad towards the conclusion, contains some good hints.



detected in which the rime was superadded as an after-thought, either by the scribe or by the poet himself. The following lines occur at p. 165 of vol. i. of Sir F. Madden's edition, in the *second* column :

He was) wís and wár  
 he) wélde thes ríche  
 al) hit híne loúede  
 that) líuede on lónde,

which lines are clearly alliterative. But in the *first* column, i.e. in the other MS. copy, the first couplet is altered to—

he wes wís he wes fáir  
 . he wélde that ríche *hær* ;

where the word *hær* (here) is clearly inserted to make a rime, though neither the sense nor the rhythm require it. The variations between the two copies render it dangerous to theorize on the *rhythm*, though we may feel tolerably confident about the readings as far as the *sense* and the *language* are concerned. But it seems worth remark that there is an Anglo-Saxon poem of 20 couplets to be found in the Saxon Chronicle—the one to which I said I should have to refer again—which presents the same kind of mixture of alliteration and rime as is found in Layamon. It is on the death of Ælfred, the son of Æthelred, and is entered in the Chronicle under the date 1036.<sup>1</sup> One couplet is clearly rime—

súme hí man bende  
 súme hí man blénde ;

whilst another is a fair alliterative specimen,

tháæt hi blíssion  
 blíthe mid Críste.

Most of the lines are still less regular, but this poem exhibits, I believe, the nearest approach to Layamon's rhythm that is to be found in Anglo-Saxon, and it is on this account that it seems worth while to mention it.

<sup>1</sup> Grein, *Angelsächsische Bibliothek*, vol. i. p. 357. See A.-S. Chron., ed. Thorpe, p. 294.



I now give a list of all the poems I have as yet met with that have been written as alliterative, yet *without rime*, since the Conquest. It is a very short one, but many of the poems are of great length, most of them are of importance, and they all possess considerable energy and vigour.

The oft-quoted statement of Chaucer, in the prologue to the "Persones Tale," that alliterative metre was not familiar to a *southern* man, deserves notice. The best examples of the metre are to be found in poems written in the *northern* and *western* dialects. The example which seems to contain most *southern* forms is the "Ploughmans Crede," which must, however, have been written after Chaucer's remark was made.

1. Layamon's *Brut*, about A.D. 1200. The author was a native of Ernley on *Severn*. There are two texts (MSS. Cotton; Calig. A. ix., and Otho, C. xiii.). *Both* of these were edited by Sir F. Madden for the Society of Antiquaries, in 1847, in 3 vols. 8vo. (Here, however, a considerable admixture of rime is occasionally found. It should be compared with the "Bestiary" from MS. Arundel 292, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 208.)

2. *Seinte Marherete*, about A. D. 1200. See MSS. Reg. 17. A. xxvii., and Bodl. 34. This poem, as edited by Mr. Cockayne, was reissued by the E. E. T. S. (Early English Text Society) in 1866. The metre is tolerably regular.

3. *William of Palerne*, translated from the French by one William, at the request of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, then residing at *Gloucester*, about A. D. 1360. The MS. is in King's College, Cambridge, No. 13. It was printed by Sir F. Madden for the Roxburghe Club, 1832, 4to; and I am now preparing a reprint of this edition for the E. E. T. S.

4. *Alexander* (A); a fragment originally written at about the same date, preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Greaves, 60), now being edited by myself for the E. E. T. S. in *William of Palerne*. (Sir F. Madden conjectures it to have been written



by the author of No. 3. A comparison of the language of the poems, lately made by myself, confirms this supposition.)

5. *The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman*, together with *Vita de Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest*, by William Langland, said to be a native of Cleobury Mortimer in *Shropshire*. Of this there are three texts at least. A. About A. D. 1362; MS. Vernon in the Bodleian, printed by Skeat for the E. E. T. S. (1867, 8vo), and collated with MS. Harl. 875 and several others. B. About 1366-67; first printed by Crowley in 1550, 4to. An excellent MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb., marked B. 15. 17, was printed by T. Wright (1842, 2 vols. 12mo). There are several other MSS., such as Laud 581, &c. Bb. A text slightly altered from B, and found in MS. Bodley 814, MS. Additional 10574, and MS. Cotton Calig. A. xi. Never printed. C. A little later than B. MS. Phillips 8231, printed by Whitaker (1813, 4to); and in several other MSS.; as, e. g. MS. Vesp. B. xvi.

6. *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, about A. D. 1394; first printed by R. Wolfe (1553, 4to), and reprinted from his edition by Crowley, Whitaker, and T. Wright. MSS. still exist; one in Trin. Coll. Camb. R. 3. 15, and another in MS. Bibl. Reg. 18. B. xvii. These are more correct than R. Wolfe's printed copy, and the former has been lately printed by myself for the E. E. T. S. (1867, 8vo). The author is evidently the same as the author of the *Plowman's Tale*, which is inserted in some editions of Chaucer.

7. *The Deposition of Richard II.* (A. D. 1399). A fragment only is known, existing in MS. Camb. Univ. Lib. Ll. 4. 14; printed by T. Wright for the Camden Society (1838, 4to), and reprinted in *Political Poems* by the same editor. This is the only other poem that *can* be attributed to William Langland, and I think it quite probable that he wrote it. Mr. Wright, however, thinks differently, and the question requires much careful investigation.



8. Two poems, one on *Cleanness*, and a second on *Patience*, (MS. Cotton, Nero, A. x.), printed by R. Morris for the E.E.T.S. (1864, 8vo). The dialect is *West-Midland*, and Mr. Morris supposes it to be Lancashire. The MS. can scarcely be older than A. D. 1400.

9. *The Destruction of Jerusalem*, called by Warton (*History of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 105 ; 1840) *The Warres of the Jewes*. MS. Cotton, Calig. A. ii.; MS. Camb. Univ. Lib. Mm. 5. 14 ; and elsewhere. To be edited for the Early English Text Society.

10. *Morte Arthure*; about A. D. 1440. MS. in the Thornton volume at Lincoln, printed by Halliwell (1848, 8vo), and reprinted by Rev. G. G. Perry for the E. E. T. S. (1865, 8vo). The scribe was archdeacon of Bedford in the church of *Lincoln*, though a native of *Yorkshire*.

11. *Alexander* (B and C). There are two fragments, one (C) preserved in MS. Ashmole 44 and MS. Dublin D. 4. 12, the other (B) in MS. Bodley 2464. *Both* were printed by Stevenson for the Roxburghe Club (1849, 4to). The fragment C has traces of a *northern* dialect, and is about A. D. 1450. But the other is much older (probably *before* 1400), and its language approaches that of fragment A (*No.* 4), though I hardly think they belong to the same poem.

12. *The Destruction of Troy*, translated from *Guido de Colonna*; an edition is now being prepared for the E. E. T. S., to be published in 1868. The dialect is certainly of a *Northern* tendency. The MS. is in the Hunterian museum at Glasgow, numbered S. 4. 14. I have observed a line in it (l. 1248) which almost entirely coincides with l. 4212 in the *Morte Arthure*, and other indications show some connection between the two. Either they are by the same author, or one is imitated from the other. The *Morte Arthure* seems superior to the *Troy* poem, which makes the former supposition doubtful; but this point will no doubt be settled when the edition of the



latter poem which is now being prepared for the E. E. T. S. shall have been printed.

13. A poem of 146 lines, beginning—

Crist crowned king, that on Cros didest;

of which 27 lines are quoted by Bishop Percy (*Rel.* v. ii. p. 312; from 5th ed.) a small 4to. MS. in private hands. It is a pity he did not quote the remaining 119 lines at the same time. He conjectures it to be of the reign of Henry V.

14. *Chevelere Assigne, or the Knight of the Swan*; temp. Henry VI.; ed. Utterson (Roxburghe Club), 1820. A short poem of 370 lines, contained in MS. Cotton Calig. A. ii., the same, be it observed, as contains a copy of No. 9. The editor draws attention to its having a few rimed endings, but the author clearly did not regard them as essential. The following list comprises all of them: *where, there* (12, 13); *lene, tweyne* (28, 29); *were, there* (31, 32); *swyde, leyde* (158, 159); *faste, caste* (166, 167); *swanes, cheynes* (198, 199, and again at 350, 351); *were, mysfare* (237, 238); *myskarrye, marye* (260, 261). There are also several *assonances*, such as *wenden, lenger* (302, 303). The following is a specimen to show the effect of the superadded rime:

And it) wéxedde in my hónde  
&) wéllede so fástè,  
That I) tóke the other fýue,  
&) fró the fýer cástè.

It is a faulty specimen of verse, upon the whole; the alliteration is not always well kept up, and many of the lines halt, as does the fourth line of these here quoted; unless, indeed, we alter the whole system of accents, putting three *Tonics* in every line, not counting the catches.

15. A fragment of a poem, not in very regular rhythm, about Thomas Becket, beginning—

Thomas takes the juelle, & Jhesu thankes.

It is printed in the Appendix to *Lancelot du Lac*, ed. Stevenson (Maitland Club), 1839.



In the same Appendix is another short poem in this rhythm, not very regular. It begins with the line—

When Rome is removyde into Inglande.

Of another poem we find the first line in the preface :

Quhen the koke in the northe halows his nest.

All three poems are from MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Kk. 1. 5, the same MS. that contains *Lancelot of the Laik in Lowland Scotch*.

16. *The Tua Maryit Women and the Wedo*; by William Dunbar, about A.D. 1500; see Dunbar's works, ed. D. Laing, vol. i. p. 61. Conybeare quotes from this in his *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. lxxii.; and shows how the author sometimes kept up the same rime-letter throughout *two* couplets, as in the following:

Silver SHóuris down SHook  
as the) SHEen cristal,  
and) birdis SHóuted in the SHáw  
with their) SHrill nótis;  
the) Gólden GLittering GLéam  
so) GLáddened their héartis,  
they) máde a GLórious GLee  
among the) GRéen bóughis.

17. *Death and Life*; printed in the present work, probably by the author of No. 18.

18. *Scotish Feilde*; printed in the present work, vol. i. p. 199, written about A.D. 1513, by one of the family of the Leghs of Baguleigh in *Cheshire*.

19. *Ancient Scottish Prophecies*, reprinted by the Bannatyne Club, 1833; some of them having been printed by Waldegrave, 1603. The alliteration is often imperfect, though some are perfectly according to rule, and may be cited as among the latest English specimens of this kind of verse.

Vpon) Lóndon Láw  
a)-lóné as I láy:—  
Stríueling that strait place  
a) stréngth of that lánde:—



Then a) chiftaine vnchósen  
 shal) chóose for himsélfe,  
 And) ride through the Reálme  
 and) Róy shal be cálléd. (See pp. 26, 31, 35.)

20. I may add that the "Reply of Friar Daw Topias" and "Jack Upland" (see Wright's *Political Poems*, vol. ii. pp. 16–114) are more or less alliterative, and without rime.

21. There is yet at least one more poem, of which a fragment exists in the Vernon MS. fol. 403, and which must be older than A.D. 1400. I hardly know what it is (though it makes mention of the baptism of Vespasian); but I have already called attention to it in my "Piers Plowman," text A., p. xvii. note.

22. See also two scraps printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. pp. 84, 240.

It was, in my opinion, a mere mistake, a superfluous exertion of human ingenuity, when rimes were regularly superadded to the alliteration, and the lines arranged in regular stanzas. Yet some of these gallant efforts possess great merit; I have no space for more than the names of some of the more important.<sup>1</sup>

1. *Songs on King Edward's wars*, by Laurence Minot, about A.D. 1352, in a northern dialect. They are not all founded on a basis of *Dominants*, and therefore not all of the type now under consideration.

2. *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knigt*, about A.D. 1530, ed. Sir F. Madden, 1839; re-ed. Morris (Early English Text Society), 1864.

3. *Golagros and Gawayne*; and

4. *Awntyrs of Arthure*; in the same vol. as Sir F. Madden's *Gawayne*.

<sup>1</sup> Here, again, I am speaking of *English* poetry, in which the addition of rime to alliteration makes the poet's work a dance in fetters. The *difficulty*

of writing such poems in English is very great, whence many of the specimens are rather short. A like objection does not apply to Icelandic poetry.



5. "Susanna and the Elders, or the Pistill of Susan;" see *Select Remains of Scottish Poetry*, by D. Laing, 1822.

6. *Tail of Raul Coilzear*; see the same work.

7. "Saint John the Evangelist," printed in *Religious Pieces*, ed. Perry (Early English Text Society), 1867.

8. *The Buke of the Howlat*, by Sir R. de Holande, about A.D. 1455. Printed by Pinkerton, 1792; and for the Bannatyne Club, 1823.

9. The prologue to book viii. of Gawain Douglas's translation of the *Æneid*.

10. See also three poems in the *Reliq. Antiq.* at p. 291 of vol. i., and pp. 7 and 19 of vol. ii.; and a fourth in Guest's *Eng. Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 298.

In the above poems the longer lines are of the standard length, and have the true swing. Poems (such as those of William Audelay) in which alliteration abounds, but which are not of the true type, are very numerous.

These are all that I have noticed, though I dare say these lists are not altogether complete.

It may be interesting to observe that the alliterative rhythm is suitable for all Teutonic and Scandinavian languages. Examples from some old German dialects will be found in Conybeare's *Illustrations*, at p. li. It is also the rhythm of the *Heliand*, an Old-Saxon poem of about A.D. 840. The best examples, both ancient and modern, are to be found in Icelandic, in which language they are all-abundant at the present day.

I have before remarked that, in Anglo-Saxon, the prevalent foot is a *Tonic*, but in Old English the prevalent one is a *Dominant*. Something of this change may be observed in canto xxi. of Tegnèr's *Frithiofs Saga*, written in Swedish in 1825; and doubtless any one writing in this metre in modern English would have to do the same, or would find it convenient to do so at the very least. Our older poems remind one of the



ringing of hammer-blows on an anvil, or the regular tramp of an army on the march; our later ones have often the rapidity and impetuosity of a charge of cavalry, and a sound as of the galloping of horses. One special characteristic belongs equally to both, that it was evidently considered a beauty (and rightly so) to make every line, if possible, end with a *Tonic*, and not with a *Tone* or a *Dominant*. By forgetting to pronounce his final *e*'s, a modern reader is very apt to lose something of this effect; yet an analysis of the 109 lines in the prologue to the earliest version of *Piers Plowman* gives the following results:

Lines ending in a *Tone*, 7.

Lines ending in a *Dominant*, 1.

Lines about which there may be doubt, 21.

Lines certainly ending in a *Tonic*, 80.

That is, 73 per cent. at the very lowest computation, which is quite enough to give a very decided character to the verse.

This is the place to mention also an empirical rule, which is the result of my own observation. In verses beginning with such a common formula as "He saide," or "And saide," and the like, these words *sometimes* form no part of the verse whatever, not even belonging to the initial catch. We may well suppose that they were uttered in a lower tone by the reciter, who immediately after raised his voice to the loud pitch which he had to maintain in recitation, and proceeded to give the words of the speech which such a phrase introduced.

The same rule holds good for the words "quoth he," "quoth I," &c., even in the middle of a line. This accounts for the greater length of lines wherein such phrases occur. I may instance the following:

"And seide—

Hedde I) loue of the kýng,

luíte wolde I récche." (*Piers Plowman*, A. iv. 51.)



“ Woltou) wédde this wómmon—quod the kyng—  
 gif) I’ wol assénte ? ” (*Piers Pl.* A. iii. 113.)  
 I) wás not wónt to wórche—quod a wastour—  
 git) wól I nó’t biginne. (*Piers Pl.* A. vii. 153.)  
 & sayd—  
 O) louelye líffe,  
 ceáse thou such wórdes: (*Death & Liffe*, 258.)

The usefulness of the rule consists in this: that the examples of it are rather numerous, especially in *Piers Plowman*.

Alliterative verse is well deserving of careful study and attention. Although not altogether confined to “ Gothic poetry ”—for it has been “ employed by the Finlanders, and by several Oriental nations ”—it is a special characteristic of it.<sup>1</sup> It is the prevailing measure in Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon, and appears in the Old Saxon of the *Heliand*, as well as in the song of “ Hildibrant and Hadubrant,” and in the “ Wessobrunn Prayer.”<sup>2</sup> It has been employed by poets during some fifteen hundred years, and is employed still. Considering it as an English rhythm, we may fairly say that, at any rate when unfettered by rime, it is of a bold and vigorous character, and is marked also, in the later poems, by considerable rapidity. This characteristic, viz. of vigour, has been very generally conceded to it, but it has not often been credited with other merits which it possesses in quite an equal degree, when employed by a skilful writer. It has much versatility, and is as suitable for descriptions of scenery and for pathetic utterances as it is for vivid pictures of battle-scenes or even for theological disquisitions. See Mr. Perry’s preface to *Morte Arthure*, p. xi. Owing to a loss of many very convenient words of Anglo-Saxon origin, it would be found much more difficult to compose in it at the present day than formerly, besides the additional difficulty arising from a want of familiarity with it; for though the ear of a

<sup>1</sup> Marsh, *Lectures on English*, 1st series, p. 550.

<sup>2</sup> Bosworth’s *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*, pp. cxxiv, cxxvi.



modern Englishman can perceive alliteration, it is not trained to perceive it *at once*, as readily as it does rimed endings. But the metre is in itself a *good* one, and might still be employed by us with effect if skilfully adapted to suitable subject-matter. The same not overwise energy that has been bestowed upon the attempt to naturalize hexameters, would have revived this metre long ago, and the gain would have been greater. The verses quoted above from Dunbar, though they are more loosely and irregularly written than they should be, are quite sufficient to show that something may be made of it, though I have nowhere seen any example of it in modern English except in a few lines of my own, some of which are quoted in the preface to Text A. of *Piers Plowman*.

There is yet one more point too important to be disregarded. It has often been remarked that the metre of Milton has so influenced English writers that many a passage in modern English prose presents a succession of nearly perfect blank verses. There are several such in Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. Now this suggests that alliterative verse may have influenced Old English prose in like manner. This is a point which has hardly ever been considered; but it might throw much light on the rhythm of such prose writings. The succession of *dominants* would introduce a remarkable rapidity, very different from the measured cadence, which is due to an imitation of Milton. There is an undoubted instance of the kind in one of Dan Jon Gaytrigg's sermons, in *Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse* (ed. Perry, Early English Text Society). There the cadence is so evident that the scribe has in many places *written it as verse*, and I can safely repeat what I have once before said, that it affords an example of "the regular alliterative verse, *perfect* as regards accent, *imperfect* as regards alliteration; in fact, the very kind of metre into which the old *Piers Plowman* metre would naturally dege-



nerate.”<sup>1</sup> It contains several *perfect* lines, alliteration and all, such as,

Wélthe or wándreth, whéthire so betýde.

Mr. Perry has remarked that he does not see his way to bringing the whole of the sermon into this form. But I am clear that I see mine, and I could easily show that, with a little close attention, very nearly the whole piece can be marked off into well-defined lines from one end to the other, though it occupies over thirteen pages. What makes me sure that this is no mere fancy, is that a similar attempt to mark off other prose pieces in the same volume failed signally. I could not find a single true line in a whole page of it, whilst in a page of the *Sermon* I found forty. Be this as it may, the hint is, I am sure, well worth attention.

A good example of this rhythmical prose, founded on alliterative verse at its base, appears even in Anglo-Saxon times. The prologue to the A.-S. version of “St. Basil’s Advice to a Spiritual Son,” was marked as *verse* by Hickes; but its latest editor, Mr. Norman, remarks that “although not in verse, it (like some of the Homilies, as for instance that of St. Cuthbert, &c.) may be said to be a sort of alliterative prose.” I should add that the prologue is not the only part of it to which the remark applies. I propose for it the name of *Semi-alliterative Rhythmical Prose*, for it is marked rather by the *want* of alliteration than by its *presence*, the rhythm and length of the lines being at the same time well preserved. Or it may be termed, with almost equal fitness, *Imperfect Alliterative Verse*, as it is open to any one to call it *bad verse* instead of *good prose*. I think that good prose is the fairer title of the two.

For the help of the student who wishes to see more of this subject, or to form judgments about it for himself, I subjoin the following references :

<sup>1</sup> *Religious Pieces*, ed. Perry, p. vi. of Preface.



- Guest, *History of English Rhythms*, vol. i. p. 142, &c.  
 Rask, *Anglo-Saxon Grammar*, tr. by Thorpe, 1830, p. 135.  
 Conybeare, *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. xxxvi., &c.  
 Marsh, *Lectures on English*, 1st series, p. 546.  
 Craik, *Hist. Eng. Literature*, i. 243.  
 Whitaker, *Preface to Piers Plowman*.  
 Professor Morley, *English Writers*, i. 264.  
 Percy, *Reliques*, ii. 298, 5th ed.<sup>1</sup>  
 Vernon, *Anglo-Saxon Guide*, p. 135.  
 Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. ii.  
 Hyde Clarke's *English Grammar*, p. 137.

I may also refer him to further remarks of my own, at the end of Mr. Perry's edition of *Morte Arthure*, and in my edition of *Piers Plowman*, Text A. preface p. xxx.; also to my essay on the versification of Chaucer, at the end of the preface to the Aldine edition, as edited by Mr. Richard Morris (Bell and Daldy, 1865). On the more general subject of English metre, see Guest's *English Rhythms*; a Treatise on Versification, by R. W. Evans; and the excellent essay by W. Mitford, called *An Inquiry into the Principles of Harmony in Language, and of the Mechanism of Verse*, 2nd ed. 1804.

<sup>1</sup> The reader must be warned against three extraordinary misstatements in this essay, following close upon one another near the end of it. These are (1) that Robert of Gloucester wrote in anapæstic verse, whereas he wrote in the long Alexandrine verse, containing (when perfect) six *Returns*; (2) that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre [the twelve-syllabled Alexandrine] for their serious poems, whereas we may be sure that Michael Drayton, the author of the *Polyolbion*, meant his poem seriously; and (3) that the cadence of *Piers Plowman* "so exactly resembles the French Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced which cannot be exactly matched

in the alliterative metre." This is indeed a curious craze, for the alliterative metre is founded on *Dominants*, the Alexandrine on *Returns*. Percy gives some examples, and the metre which he selects for murdering is the *French* one, as the reader may easily judge for himself, when he finds that the line

Lē succēs fūt toujōurs | ūn ěnfānt dē l'aūdāce

is marked by him as it is marked here, and is supposed to consist of FOUR ANAPÆSTS! Yet one more blunder to be laid at the door of the "Anapæsts"! Would that we were well rid of them, and that the "longs" and "shorts" were buried beside them!



CHAPTER I  
THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA  
The first discovery of America was made by Christopher Columbus in 1492. He was an Italian explorer who sailed for Spain. He discovered the New World on October 12, 1492. This event marked the beginning of European exploration and colonization of the Americas.

CHAPTER II  
THE EARLY YEARS OF THE COLONIES  
The early years of the colonies were marked by struggle and hardship. The settlers faced many difficulties, including lack of food, shelter, and protection. Despite these challenges, the colonies grew and developed. The Pilgrims, for example, established the Plymouth colony in 1620. The Jamestown colony in Virginia was founded in 1607. These early settlements laid the foundation for the future of the United States.

CHAPTER III  
THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR  
The Revolutionary War was fought between the thirteen American colonies and Great Britain from 1775 to 1783. The war was fought over the issue of self-governance. The colonies wanted to be free from British rule and to establish their own government. The war ended with the signing of the Treaty of Paris in 1783, which recognized the independence of the United States.



## NOTES.

p. xxviii., Allit. Essay, Chaucer's lines are :

But trusteth wel, I am a suthern man,  
I can not geste, rim, ram, ruf, by letter.

v. iii. p. 202, l. 42-3, ed. Morris.

p. 16, l. 1, 2. *Sir Degree*. The Affleck MS. of this Romance is not complete. It wants both beginning and ending, and a few other lines. Some of its deficiencies were supplied by Mr. Laing from the Cambridge University MS., which contains the first 602 lines of the romance. The Affleck MS. starts with

Kniȝt . . . . .  
Ferli fele wolde fonde  
And sechen aventouris, bi niȝte and dai,  
How ȝhe miȝte here strengthe asai;  
So did a Knyȝt SIRE DEGARRÉE,  
Ich wille ȝou telle wat man was he.

and ends with—

“ Certes, Sire, (he saide,) nai;  
Ac ȝif hit your wille were,  
To mi Moder we wende i-fere,  
For sche is in gret mourning.”  
“ Blethelich, (quath he,) bi Heuene King.”

From line 1070 to line 1115—the end—is printed by Mr. Laing in the Abbotsford Club *Sir Degarré* (as he gives notice) from a black-letter edition (Copland's).

The Romance has been printed *five* times in editions known to us, not *four* only as stated in p. 16, l. 6, for the edition printed by John Kynge, mentioned on p. 18 below, is noticed by Mr. Laing in these words: ‘Among Selden's books in that [the Bodleian] Library, there is a copy of the edition printed at London by John King, in the year 1560, 4to, 16 leaves (Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, vol. iv. p. 338).’ Further, Mr. Laing mentions that “the late learned Archdeacon Todd, in his ‘Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer,’<sup>1</sup> has described a fragment on two leaves containing 160 lines of this Romance, as forming part of a Manuscript supposed to be of the Fourteenth Century, now the property of the Earl of Ellesmere; but the volume, at present, is unfortunately not accessible.”

Mr. Laing also states that the Wynkyn de Worde 4to is in 18 leaves, and is described in Dibdin's *Typ. Ant.* ii. 376; that the mutilated Douce transcript, apparently made from W. de Worde's edition, is dated 1564;

<sup>1</sup> Page 167, Lond. 1810, 8vo and 4to.



and that Utterson reprinted Copland's edition (probably about 1545) which is in the Garrick collection in the British Museum.—F.

p. 56, l. 11, "*noe truse can be taken*," i.e. no truce, no peace can be made:—

"Could not *take truce* with the unruly spleen  
Of Tybalt deaf to peace."

Shakespeare's *Romeo & Juliet*, iii. 1.

"With my vex'd spirits I cannot *take a truce*."

Shakespeare's *King John*, iii. 1.—Dyce.

The linking of *treasure* with *truse* makes me hold still that the two are like in kind, and that my note is right.—F.

p. 135, *Thomas of Potte*. Ritson printed another version in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 248, from a large white letter sheet, published May 29, 1657; among the King's pamphlets in the Museum. Its title is "The Two Constant Lovers in Scotland; or, a Pattern of True Love: expressed in this ensuing Dialogue, between an Earls daughter in Scotland, and a poor Serving-man; she refusing to marry the Lord Fenix, which her Father would force her to take; but clave to her first love Tomey o' the Pots. To a pleasant new tune." A slightly different version of the present Ballad was printed in 1677, for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke, and reprinted by Ritson in his *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, with collations. Utterson had an undated edition printed by A. P. for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. From this, collated with the 1677 ed., Mr. Hazlitt printed the Ballad in his *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 251, with the heading, "The Lovers Quarrel or Cupids Triumph. Being the Pleasant History of fair Rosamond of Scotland. This may be sung to the tune of Floras Farewel." Ritson printed a different version of the tale in his *Ancient Songs*, 1790. See other bibliographical details in Halliwell's *Notices of Popular English Histories*, No. 15, p. 17, 18, and Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 251-2. Compare the opinions of the deceased wife of *The Knight of la-Tour Landry*, ab. 1370 (p. 178-9, E. E. Text Soc. 1868) against her daughters marrying men of a lower degree than themselves: "I wylle not that they haue or take ony plesaunce of them that ben of lower estate or degrez than they be of; that is to wete, that no woman vnwedded shalle not sette her loue vpon no man of lower or lesse degree than she is of. . . These whiche louen suche folke, done ageynste theyre worship and honoure. . . I, theyr modyr, charge and deffende them that they take no playsaunce, ne that in no wyse sette theyr loue to none of lower degree then they be come of. . . Also they whiche putte and sette theyr loue on thre maner of folke, that is to wete, wedded men, prestes, and monkes, and as to seruantes and folk of noughte, these maner of wymmen whiche take to theyr peramours and loue suche folke, I hold them of none extyme ne valewe, but that they be more gretter harlottes than they that ben dayly at the bordell. For many wymmen of the world done that synne of lechery but only for nede and pouerte, or els by cause they haue ben deceyued of hit by false counceyllle of bawdes. But alle gentylle women whiche haue ynough to lyue on, the whiche make theyre peramours or louers suche maner of folke as before is sayd, it is by the grete ease wherin they be, and by the brennyng lecherye of theyr bodyes. For they knowe wel that, after the lawe of theyr maryage, they may not haue for theyr lordes, ne to be theyr husbondes, men of the chirche *ne other of no valewe*. This loue is not for to recouere ony worship, but alle dishonour and shame."—F.

p. 151. Thorne (Twysden's *X Scriptores*, c. 1786) is the earliest authority for the story told in this ballad. He brings his chronicle down to the end of the fourteenth century, but professes to base it on Sprot, who had written down to 1232, and whose work seems to have perished, though there is a spurious chronicle called Sprott's.



I. Thorne points to Kent as the only county where the old English custom still prevailed. He probably alludes to the law of gavelkind or socage tenure, by which all the children shared equally. This was stipulated for by the citizens of London (*Liber Albus*, ed. Riley, ii. pp. 246, 247, 504), and undoubtedly prevailed in other parts of England besides Kent, but gradually died out before the growing use of primogeniture. Elton says (*Tenures of Kent*, p. 50) that the body of Kentish usages as we now possess them was formally allowed in the 21st year of Edward I., also "The Kentish usage was not a mere partition as it has come to be in our time, but it was curiously mingled with a custom of borough English."

As early as Glanville's time (lib. vii. cap. 3, v. 6) socage lands only went to the daughters, failing sons. But this, I think, was an innovation. See Coote on *A Neglected Fact in English History*, p. 57, and the authorities he cites.

II. Fitz-Stephen says (*Vita S. Thomæ*, p. 230), that by the custom of Kent, a man condemned for contempt of court pays a customary fine of 40s. instead of 100s. as in London. This he ascribes to the burdens arising from its exposed position.

III. There is a legal distich, which I, as a Kentish man, remember, but cannot give a reference for, "The traitor to the bough, and his son to the plough," implying that in cases of felony the lands of the felon did not escheat to the crown.

IV. On the other hand, the claims of the county of Kent to be exempt from making presentments of Englishry was disallowed in 6 Edward II. and 7 Edward III. *Yearbooks of Edward I.*, 30 and 31, ed. Horwood, p. xl. —C. H. Pearson.

p. 151, l. 4; p. 153, l. 35; p. 155, l. 83, 94. The *Consuetudines Cantie* or Customs of Kent, are given in the Record Commission Statutes, i. 223-5.

1. that all the Bodies of Kentishmen be free, as well as the other free Bodies of England.

2. they do not choose the King's Escheator.

3. they may give and sell lands without license asked of their Lords.

4. they may plead by Writ of the King, or Pleint, for the obtaining of their right, as well of their Lords as of other Men.

5. they ought not to come to the common Summonee of the Eire, but only by the Borsholder and four Men of the Borough.

6. if attainted of Felony, they lose their goods only, and their heirs shall take their lands; whereupon it is said in Kentish 'the Father to the Boughe, and the Sonne to the Plough.'

7. a Felon's Wife is dowable out of his lands, and the King shall not have the lands for a year, or wast them.

8. a man's lands are shared between all his sons, the messuage going to the youngest.

9. a dead man's goods shall be parted in 3 parts, 1 to pay his debts, 1 for his children equally, the third for the widow.

10. an infant heir is taken charge of, not by the lord, but by his next of blood to whom the inheritance cannot descend.

11. the heir is married, not by the lord, but by his own friends.

12. the heir comes of age at 15 years.

13. the widow has  $\frac{1}{2}$  her husband's land for dower while she is chaste, and the widower  $\frac{1}{2}$  his wife's.

&c. &c.—F.

p. 174. *The Nuttbrowne Maid*. "1558-9. John Kynge ys fyned for that he did



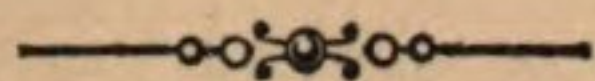
- prynt the nutbrowne mayde w<sup>t</sup>out lycense, ij<sup>s</sup>. vj<sup>d</sup>." *Collier's Registers*, i. 16.  
See the note there.
- p. 177, l. 1, notes, for *i tshalle* read *it shalle*.
- p. 301, *Cressus*. See the "curious ballad" on "Troylus & Cressyd," from MS. Ashmole, 48, fol. 120, in *The Marriage of Wit & Wisdom*, (Shaksp. Soc.) p. 102.
- p. 374. *Maudline*. This ballad should have been divided into 4-line verses. It is printed also in *Early Ballads*, ed. R. Bell, 1856, p. 217.—F.
- p. 402, l. 17. See Henry's answer, August 12, 5th year of his reign, in Harl. MS. 787, leaf 58.—F.
- p. 466, last line, p. 470, l. 10. See the "Articles of Enquiry for the Monastery of Walsingham," in Harl. MS. 791, leaf 27.—F.
- p. 473. There are several charters or grants by Godiva and Leofricus in Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*.—F.
- p. 499, *Queene Dido*. 1564–5. A ballett intituled the Wanderynge prynce. [No doubt the ballad printed by Percy (*Reliques*, iii. 244), under the title of "Queen Dido," and which Ritson, in closer adherence to the old printed copies, calls, "The Wandering Prince of Troy." See *Ancient Songs*, ii. 141, edit. 1829.] *Collier's Extracts*.—F.
- p. 541, The Egerton MS. gives the name of the writer (and not the copier, seemingly), of the *Sege of Rone*, thus :
- Thys processe made Johan page,  
Alle in raffe,<sup>1</sup> and not in ryme,  
By cause of space he hadde no tyme;  
But whenne thys werre ys at A nende,  
And he haue lyffe and space, he wylle hit a-mende,  
They that haue hyrde thys redynge,  
To hys blysse he tham brynge  
That for vs dyde vppon a tree  
Say Amen for Charyte, Amen!  
Explicit þ<sup>e</sup> sege of Rone.—F.

<sup>1</sup> *Raff*=refuse, a confused heap, a jumble. Here it means in lines jumbled together: see *Raffle* in Wedgwood. *Ryme* would mean *regular* verses with properly rimed endings.—Skeat.



# Bishop Percy's Folio MS.

## Ballads and Romances.



### Sir Cauline :<sup>1</sup>

“THIS old romantic tale,” says Percy, in his Introduction to the Sir Cauline of the *Reliques*, “was preserved in the Editor’s folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.”

The First Part of the Bishop’s version concludes with the triumphant return of Sir Cauline from his encounter with the Eldridge Knight, and the acceptance of his love by the King’s daughter. It comprises the first 129 lines of the MS. copy ; it consists of 189 lines. The Second Part has only one feature in common with the latter stanzas of the MS. copy, viz., the fight with the Giant. All its other incidents—the stolen interviews of the lovers, their interruption by the King, Sir Cauline’s

<sup>1</sup> A strange romantic old song—very defective & obscure. N.B. This seems to have been originally a Scotch Song:

which will account for its being so corrupted.—P.



banishment, his reappearance in disguise, his death, her death—are the Bishop's own production. Altogether, the MS. copy contains 201 lines; that in the *Reliques* 392. These additional stanzas show, indeed, an extensive acquaintance with old balladry, and a considerable talent of imitation. Percy could write such mimicries with a fatal facility, “stans pede in uno.” Of his capacity in this respect there is no better instance than his Sir Cauline. For our part we prefer the Folio copy, with all its roughness and imperfections, to the Bishop's revision, with all its cleverness. Ever so few gold-grains are more precious than heaps of tinsel. If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, one touch of affectation mars and dissolves that universal kinsmanship. Percy's version abounds in affectations. The general sense of unreality that pervades his interpolations and additions reaches its climax in the concluding passage of his Second Part, where Sir Cauline, wounded to his death in his fight with the Soldan, is recognised by his lady.

It is my life, my lord, she sayes,  
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
When he heard his ladye crye,  
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,  
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,  
He closed his eyes in deathe,  
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,  
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte  
Indeed was dead and gone,  
Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,  
And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
For mee thy faithfulle feere;  
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
Who hast bought my love soe deare.



Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoone,  
 And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
 That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,  
 Fayre Christabelle did dye.

As Mr. Furnivall in his original Proposal for the publication of the Folio said, "With a true instinct Professor Child remarked in his *Ballads* (ed. 1861, vol. iii. p. 172), "It is difficult to believe that this charming romance had so tragic and so sentimental a conclusion."

However, the Bishop understood and served his generation.

The story of the fight with the Eldridge Knight is told in the Scotch ballad of *King Malcolm and Sir Colvin*, given by Buchan in his *Ballads of the North of Scotland* (copied by Professor Child). But there can be little doubt that this is one of that collector's many fabrications.

4 IESUS : lord mickle of might,<sup>1</sup>  
     that dyed ffor vs on the roode  
     to maintaine vs in all our right,  
     that loues <sup>2</sup> true English blood.

ffor by <sup>3</sup> a *Knight* I say my song,  
     was bold & ffull hardye ;  
 8 Sir Robert Briuse wold fforth to ffight  
     in-to Ireland ouer the sea ;

I'll sing you  
 a song of

& in *that* land dwells a king  
     which ouer all does beare the bell,  
     & with him there dwelled a curteous *Knight*,  
 12 men call him Sir Cawline.

an Irish  
 knight,

Sir Cawline,

<sup>1</sup> For the first four stanzas Percy has in the *Reliques* these two :

THE FIRST PART.  
 In Ireland, ferr over the sea,  
 There dwelleth a bonnye kinge ;  
 And with him a yong and comlye knighte,  
 Men call him syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,  
 In fashyon she hath no peere ;  
 And princely wightes that ladye wooed  
 To be theyr wedded feere.—F.

<sup>2</sup> love.—P.

<sup>3</sup> of.—P.



who loved a  
king's lovely  
daughter,

And he hath a Ladye to his daughter,  
of ffashyon shee hath noe peere;  
Knights & lordes they wooed her both,  
16 trusted to haue beene her peere.<sup>1</sup>

but durst not  
disclose his  
love,

Sir Cawline loues her best of oné,<sup>2</sup>  
but nothing durst hee say  
to discreate<sup>3</sup> his counsell to noe man,  
20 but deerlye loued this mayd.<sup>4</sup>

and had at  
last to take  
to his bed,

till itt beffell vpon a day,<sup>5</sup>  
great dill<sup>6</sup> to him was dight;  
the maydens loue remoued his mind,  
24 to care bed went the Knight;

and declares  
he should  
die.

& one while he spread his armes him ffroe,  
<sup>7</sup> & cryed soe pittiouslye  
“ffor the maydens loue *that* I haue most minde,  
28 this day may comfort mee,  
or else ere noone<sup>8</sup> I shalbe dead!<sup>9</sup>”  
thus can Sir Cawline say.

Just before  
dinner,  
the King  
asks for him,

when our parish masse *that* itt<sup>10</sup> was done,  
32 & our<sup>11</sup> king was bowne to dine,  
he sayes, “where is Sir Cawline  
*that* was wont to serue me with ale & wine?<sup>12</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> perhaps *fere*.—P. peere is equal, mate, match.—F.

<sup>2</sup> All, or any.—P. loveth her best of all.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> *discreate*, discribe, discover. Chauc. *forté*, diskevere.—P. He discreate.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> he lovde this may.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> on a daye it so beffell.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> grief. A.-S. *deol*, deceit, trouble?—F.

<sup>7</sup> For the next five lines *Rel.* has three:

One while he spred them nye:  
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,  
For dole now I mun dye.

<sup>8</sup> Only half the second *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> This was the usual resource of love-sick knights. Compare *Sir Generides*, p. 237, and *Will Stewart* below.—F.

<sup>10</sup> And whan our parish-masse.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> Our.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> That is wont to serve the wyne.—*Rel.*



but then answered a curteous *Knight*  
 36      fast wringing his hands,<sup>1</sup>  
 “*Sir Cawlines sicke, & like to be dead*  
     *without and a good leedginge.*<sup>2</sup>”

and is told  
 that he's  
 very ill.

“*ffetch yee*<sup>3</sup> *downe my daughter deere,*  
 40      *shee is a Leech full ffine*<sup>4</sup>;  
*I, and take you doe*<sup>5</sup> *& the baken bread,*  
*and eene*<sup>6</sup> *on*<sup>7</sup> *the wine soe red,*<sup>8</sup>  
*& looke no day[n]tinesse ffor him to deare,*  
 44      *for ffull loth I wold him teene.*<sup>9</sup>”

The King  
 sends his  
 daughter to  
 cure Sir  
 Cawline.

this Ladye is gone to his chamber,<sup>10</sup>  
     her maydens ffollowing Nye,  
 “O well,” shee sayth, “how doth my Lord?”  
 48      “O sicke!” againe saith hee.<sup>11</sup>

She goes to  
 him,

asks how  
 he is,

“I, but rise vp wightlye, man, for shame!  
     neuer lye soe cowardlye here<sup>12</sup>!  
 itt<sup>13</sup> is told in my ffathers hall,  
 52      ffor my loue you will dye.”<sup>14</sup>”

and tells him  
 not to lie  
 there like a  
 coward.

“itt is ffor your Loue, ffayre Ladye,<sup>15</sup>  
     that all this dill I drye.  
 ffor if you wold comfort me with a Kisse,<sup>16</sup>

He says he's  
 in love wit  
 her;

if she'll kiss

<sup>1</sup> fast his hands wringing.—P.

<sup>2</sup> leechinge; to Leche is to heal, cure. Iye.—P. *Leedginge* is from the Fr. *alleger*, to assuage, mitigate, allay, solace. Cotgrave. This stanza is in *Rel.*:

Then aunswerde him a courteous knyghte,  
 And fast his handes gan wringe:  
 Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye  
 Without a good leechinge.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Fetche me.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> Cp. Loospaine in *Eger & Grime*, vol. i. p. 362-3, p. 393.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Goe take him doughe.—*Rel.* An odd misreading of Percy's. The & is redundant (as it so often is), and *doe* is

the auxiliary verb.—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? MS. edne.—F.

<sup>7</sup> And serve him with.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> the red wine.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Lothe I were him to tine.—*Rel.* -

<sup>10</sup> Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> thou fayr ladye.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> here *delend* [as in *Rel.*].—P. ? here soe cowardlye lye.—F.

<sup>13</sup> For it.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> You dye for loue of mee.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> Fayre ladye, it is for your love.—*Rel.*

<sup>16</sup> Compare *Sir Generides* again, p. 238.



him he'll get  
up.

56 then were I brought ffrom bale to blisse;  
noe <sup>1</sup> longer here <sup>2</sup> wold I lye."

But he can't  
be her peer

<sup>3</sup> "alas! soe well you know, Sir *knight*,  
I cannott bee your peere."

60 "ffor some deeds of armes ffaine wold I doe  
to be your Bacheeleere.<sup>4</sup>"

unless he'll  
watch all  
night by  
Eldridge  
Hill,

"vpon Eldrige hill there growes <sup>5</sup> a thorne  
vpon the mores brodinge <sup>6</sup>;  
64 & wold you,<sup>7</sup> Sir Knight, wake there all night  
to day of the other <sup>8</sup> Morninge <sup>9</sup>?

and fight the  
Eldridge  
King.

"ffor the Eldrige King *that* is <sup>10</sup> mickle of Might  
will examine you beforne;  
68 & there was neuer man *that* bare his liffe away  
since the day *that* I was borne.<sup>11</sup>"

This, Sir  
Cawline  
undertakes,

"but I will ffor your sake, ffair Ladye,  
walke on the bents [soe] <sup>12</sup> browne,<sup>13</sup>  
72 & Ile either bring you a readye token  
or Ile neuer come to you againe.<sup>14</sup>"

Again, when Sir Generides is expecting  
death:

The flesh wasted fro the boon,  
He was so feble he might not goon,  
In him was noon hope of life: (p. 304)  
his love, Clarionas, comes to kiss him,  
and at once

So glad he was of hir comyng,  
Of his euel he felt no-thing;  
He kist and clipt with al his might,  
And kept hir in his armes al that night.  
(p. 308.)—F.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. now.—F. <sup>2</sup> No lenger.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> For the next stanza *Rel.* has:

Syr knighte, my father is a kinge,  
I am his onlye heire;  
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,  
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,  
And I am not thy peere,  
But let me doe some deedes of armes  
To be your bacheleere.

Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,  
My bacheleere to bee,  
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,  
Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

<sup>4</sup> knight.—P. <sup>5</sup> groweth.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> *brode*, to prick. G.D.—P. ? breadth,  
cp. l. 76.—F. <sup>7</sup> dare ye.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> Untill the fayre.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> id est, till Day of the next Morning.  
—P.

<sup>10</sup> knighte, so.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> And never man bare life awaye,  
But he did him scath and scorne.

—*Rel.* <sup>12</sup> Cp. l. 81.—F.

<sup>13</sup> That knighte he is a foul paynim,  
And large of limb and bone;  
And but if heaven may be thy speede  
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile  
walke,  
For thy sake, faire ladie.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> never more you see.—*Rel.*



- but this Ladye is gone to her Chamber,<sup>1</sup>  
her Maydens ffollowing bright;  
76 & Sir Cawlins gone to the mores soe broad,<sup>2</sup>  
ffor to wake there all night. and goes to  
the moor.
- vnto midnight they<sup>3</sup> Moone did rise,  
he walked vp and downe,  
80 & a lightsome bugle then<sup>4</sup> heard he blow  
ouer the bents soe browne. a bugle  
blows;
- saies hee, "and if cryance<sup>5</sup> come vntill<sup>6</sup> my hart,  
I am ffarr ffrom any good towne<sup>7</sup>;"
- 84 & he spyed ene a litle him by,<sup>8</sup>  
a ffurious King<sup>9</sup> & a<sup>10</sup> ffell,  
& a<sup>11</sup> ladye bright his brydle led,  
that seemlye itt was to see<sup>12</sup>; he sees a  
furious king,
- 88 & soe fast hee called vpon<sup>13</sup> Sir Cawline,  
" Oh man, I redd thee fflye!  
ffor if cryance come vntill<sup>14</sup> thy hart,  
I am a-feard least<sup>15</sup> thou mun dye." who warns  
him that  
if he's craven  
he'll die.
- 92 he sayes, "[no] cryance comes to<sup>16</sup> my hart,  
nor ifaith I ffeare not thee<sup>17</sup>;  
ffor because<sup>18</sup> thou minged<sup>19</sup> not christ before,  
Thee lesse me dreadeth thee." [page 370]

<sup>1</sup> The ladye is gone to her owne chaumbere.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,  
And to the Eldridge hills is gone.—*Rel.* Two bad lines for one good one.—*F.*

<sup>3</sup> that the.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> Then a lightsome bugle.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> MS. cryamce. Fear, Old Fr. *criente*, crainte.—*F.*

<sup>6</sup> Quoth hee, If cryance come till.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> My life it is but gone.—*Rel.* 1st ed.; printed right in the 2nd, with a note:

"This line is restored from the folio MS."—*F.*

<sup>8</sup> And soone he spyde on the mores so broad.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> knight: vide infra.—*P.*

<sup>10</sup> wight and.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> A.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> Clad in a fayre kyrtell.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> on.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> For but if cryance come till.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> I weene but.—*Rel.*

<sup>16</sup> He sayth, 'No' cryance comes till.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> in faith, I wyll not flee.—*Rel.*

<sup>18</sup> For, cause.—*Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> *id est*, mentionedst.—*P.*



Cawline  
charges the  
King.

Their spears  
break ;

they fight  
with swords.

96 but Sir Cawline he shooke a speare,  
the King was bold, and abode<sup>1</sup>,  
& the timber these 2 Children bore<sup>2</sup>  
soe soone in sunder slode,<sup>3</sup>  
100 ffor they tooke &<sup>4</sup> 2 good swords,  
& they Layden on good Loade.<sup>5</sup>

Cawline cuts  
off the  
King's right  
hand.

but the Elridge King<sup>6</sup> was mickle of might,  
& stiffly to the ground did stand ;<sup>7</sup>  
104 but Sir Cawline with an aukeward<sup>8</sup> stroke  
he brought him ffrom his hand,<sup>9</sup>  
I, & fflying ouer his head soe hye,<sup>10</sup>  
ffell downe of<sup>11</sup> that Lay land :

His Queen  
begs him to

108 <sup>12</sup> & his lady stood a litle thereby,  
ffast ringing her hands :

spare  
her Lord,

"for they maydens loue *that* you haue most meed,  
smyte you my Lord no more,

<sup>1</sup> The Eldridge knight, he pricked his  
steed ;  
Syr Cauline bold abode :  
Then either shooke his trustye  
speare.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> bare.—*Rel.* <sup>3</sup> yode.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> "&" is often redundant : compare  
line 120.—*Dyce.*

<sup>5</sup> Then tooke they out theyr two good  
swordes,  
And layden on full faste,  
Till helme and hawberke, mail and  
sheelde,  
They all were well-nye brast.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> The Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> And stiffe in stower did stande.—  
*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> a backward.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> smote off his right hand.—*Rel.*

<sup>10</sup> That soone he with paine and lacke  
of bloud.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> on.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> For the next two stanzas *Rel.* has six :

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande  
All over his head so hye :  
And here I sweare by the holy roode,  
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,  
Faste wringing of her hande :  
For the maydens love, that most you  
love,  
Withold that deadlye brande.

For the maydens love, that most you  
love,  
Now smyte no more I praye ;  
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,  
He shall thy hests obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge  
knighte,  
And here on this lay-land,  
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,  
And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come  
To sporte, gamon, or playe :  
And that thou here give up thy armes  
Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knight gave up his armes  
With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;  
And sware to obey syr Caulines hest,  
Till the tyme that he shold dye.



112 “ & heest neuer come vpon Eldrige [hill]  
 him to sport, gamon, or play,  
 & to meete noe man of middle<sup>1</sup> earth,  
 & *that* liues<sup>2</sup> on christs his lay.<sup>3</sup> ”

and he'll  
 never fight  
 Christian  
 again.

116 but he then vp, and *that* Eldryge King<sup>4</sup>  
 sett him in his sadle againe,<sup>5</sup>  
 & *that* Eldryge King<sup>6</sup> & his Ladye  
 to their castle are they gone.<sup>7</sup>

The King

and Queen  
 ride off.

120 <sup>8</sup> & hee tooke then vp & *that* Eldryge sword  
 as hard as any flynt,

Cawline  
 takes up  
 his sword,

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. *mildle*; or *middle*, with the left stroke of the first *d* dotted for *i*. On “middle earth” see note <sup>4</sup>, p. 92, vol. i. —F.

<sup>2</sup> leeves, i.e. believes.—P.

<sup>3</sup> lay, i.e. law.—P.

<sup>4</sup> And he then up and the Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> anone.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> And the Eldridge knight.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> gane.—Dyce.

<sup>8</sup> Henceforth Percy has it all his own way, except in three stanzas. For the next six stanzas he has these thirty-six:  
 Then he tooke up the bloody hand,  
 That was so large of bone,  
 And on it he founde five ringes of gold  
 Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,  
 As hard as any flint;  
 And he tooke off those ringes five,  
 As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline  
 As light as leafe on tree:  
 I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,  
 Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee  
 Before that lady gay:  
 O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;  
 These tokens I bring away.

Now welcome, welcome, syr Cauline,  
 Thrice welcome unto mee,  
 For now I perceive thou art a true  
 knighte,  
 Of valour bolde and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,  
 Thy hests for to obaye:  
 And mought I hope to winne thy love!—  
 Ne more his tonge colde saye.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,  
 And fette a gentill sighe:  
 Alas! syr knight how may this bee,  
 For my degree's soe highe?

But sith thou hast hight, thou comely  
 youth,  
 To be my batchilere,  
 Ile promise if thee I may not wedde  
 I will have none other fere.

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white  
 hand  
 Towards that knight so free:  
 He gave to it one gentill kisse,  
 His heart was brought from bale to  
 blisse,  
 The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsayl, syr Cauline,  
 Ne let no man it knowe;  
 For and ever my father sholde it ken,  
 I wot he wolde us sloe.

From that daye forthe that ladye fayre  
 Lovde syr Cauline the knighte:  
 From that daye forthe he only joyde  
 Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea and oftentimes they mette  
 Within a fayre arboure,  
 Where they in love and sweet daliaunce  
 Past manye a pleasaunt houre.



rings and  
hand,

& soe he did those ringes 5,  
harder then ffyer, and brent.

and gives  
them to  
his love.

124 ffirst he presented to the *Kings* daughter  
they hand, & then they sword.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,  
And everye sweete its sowre :  
This founde the ladye Christabelle  
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline  
Was with that ladye faire,  
The kinge her father walked forthe  
To take the evenyng aire :

And into the arboure as he went  
To rest his wearye feet,  
He found his daughter and syr Cauline  
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, I-wys,  
And an angrie man was hee :  
Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,  
And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,  
And throwne in dungeon deepe :  
And the ladye into a towre so hye,  
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,  
And to the kinge sayd shee :  
I praye you save syr Caulines life,  
And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shal be sent  
Across the salt sea fome :  
But here I will make thee a band,  
If ever he come within this land,  
A foule deathe is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentil knight  
To parte from his ladye ;  
And many a time he sighed sore,  
And cast a wistfulle eye :  
Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,  
Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,  
Was had forthe of the towre ;  
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,  
As nipt by an ungentle winde  
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe  
To tint her lover soe :  
Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,  
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,  
And lords of high degree,  
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love ;  
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a day was past and gone,  
Ne comforte she colde finde,  
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,  
The \* cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came  
knights,  
Fro manye a farre countrye,  
To break a spere for theyr ladies love  
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette  
In purple and in palle :  
But faire Christabelle soe woe-begone  
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of  
might  
Before his ladye gaye ;  
But a stranger wight, whom no man  
knewe,  
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,  
His hewberke, and his sheelde,  
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,  
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,  
Whan they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past  
In feates of chivalrye,  
When lo upon the fourth morninge  
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,  
All foule of limbe and lere ;  
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,  
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,  
That waited on his knee,

\* To. 2nd edition.—F.



- “but a serrett <sup>1</sup> buffett you haue him giuen,  
the *King* & the crowne!” shee sayd.
- 128 “I, but 34 <sup>2</sup> stripes  
comen beside the rood.” <sup>3</sup> But he has  
more to do.
- & a Gyant that was both stiffe [&] strong,  
he lope now them amonge,  
132 & vpon his squier <sup>4</sup> 5 heads he bare,  
vnmackley <sup>5</sup> made was hee. A five-  
headed giant  
leaps in,
- & he dranke then on the *Kings* wine,  
& hee put the cup in his sleeue;  
136 & all thé trembled & were wan  
ffor feare he shold them greeffe.<sup>6</sup> drinks the  
King’s wine,
- “Ile tell thee mine Arrand, *King*,” he sayes, and demands  
“mine errand what I doe heere;  
140 ffor I will bren thy temples hye,  
or Ile haue thy daughter deere;  
in, or else vpon, yond more soe brood  
thou shalt ffind mee a ppeare.<sup>7</sup>” his  
daughter.
- 144 the *King* he turned him round about,  
(Lord, in his heart he <sup>8</sup> was woe!), The King’s  
in a great  
fright,  
says, “is there noe *Knight* of the <sup>9</sup> round table and asks  
who’ll  
fight for  
him,  
this matter will vndergoe?

And at his backe five heads he bare,  
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,  
Behold that hend Soldain!  
Behold these heads I beare with me!  
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,  
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:  
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,  
And to thee, all thy knightes among,  
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath  
Thy daughters love to winne:  
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,  
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;  
Or else thy daughter deere;

Or else within these lists soe broad  
Thou must finde him a peere.

<sup>1</sup> ? closed fist. Serre, to join closely.  
Halliwell. Fr. *serrer*, to close .. force or  
presse neere together; to locke, shut or  
put up. Cotgrave. If a king’s daughter  
might talk slang, “a shutting-up blow”  
would just do here.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Read “four and thirty.”—F.

<sup>3</sup> Some very great omission here.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *swire*, neck. Percy turns the  
“squier” into a dwarf, with five dead  
kings’ heads at his back. But the Bishop  
knew what *swire* meant.—F.

<sup>5</sup> *unmackley*, uneven, unequal, mis-  
shapen. *Makly* is even, equal. G. D.  
—P. <sup>6</sup> greeve.—P.

<sup>7</sup> MS. appeare.—F. a peere.—P.

<sup>8</sup> And in his heart.—*Rel*.

<sup>9</sup> Is there never a knight of my.—*Rel*.



and have his  
lands

148

and  
daughter.

<sup>1</sup> "I, & hee shall haue my broad Lands,  
& keepe them well his liue;  
I, and soe hee shall my daughter deere,  
to be his weded wiffe."

<sup>1</sup> Percy composes again:

Is there never a knighte amongst yee all  
Will fight for my daughter and mee?  
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,  
Right fair his meede shall bee.

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,  
And of my crowne be heyre;  
And he shall winne faire Christabelle  
To be his wedded fere.

But every knighte of his round table  
Did stand both still and pale;  
For whenever they lookt on the grim  
soldan,  
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,  
When she sawe no helpe was nye:  
She cast her thought on her owne true-  
love,  
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,  
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd:  
Ile fight for thee with this grimme  
soldan,  
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge  
sworde,  
That lyeth within thy bowre,  
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende  
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge  
sworde,  
The kinge he cryde, with speede:  
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous  
knighte;  
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,  
And sayd, Awaye, awaye:  
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,  
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forthe the stranger knight he came  
In his blacke armoure dight:

The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,  
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be  
mett  
Within the lists soe broad;  
And now with swordes soe sharpe of  
steale,  
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan stricke the knighte a stroke,  
That made him reele asyde;  
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,  
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan stricke a second stroke,  
That made the bloude to flowe:  
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,  
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,  
Which brought the knighte on his  
knee:  
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,  
And she shriekt loud shreikings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,  
All recklesse of the pain:  
Quoth hee, But heaven be now my speede,  
Or else I shall be slaine.

He grasped his sworde with mayne and  
mighte,  
And spying a secrette part,  
He drave it into the soldan's syde,  
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,  
Whan they sawe the soldan falle:  
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,  
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons  
Rose uppe from offe his seate,  
And downe he stepped into the listes  
That curteous knighte to greeete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude  
Was fallen into a swounde,



- 152 & then stood vp Sir Cawline  
his owne errand ffor to say :  
“ ifaith,<sup>1</sup> I wold to god, Sir,” sayd Sir Cawline,  
“ *that* Soldan I will assay. Sir Cawline  
agrees to  
fight the  
Giant.
- 156 “ goe, ffeitch me downe my Eldrige sword,  
ffor I woone itt att [a] ffray.”  
“ but away, away ! ” sayd the hend Soldan,  
“ thou tarryest mee here all day ! ”
- 160 but the hend Soldan & Sir Cawline He does so,  
thé ffought a summers day :  
now has hee slaine *that* hend Soldan,  
& brought his 5 heads away. and slays  
him.
- 164 & the *King* has betaken him his broade lands The King  
gives  
Cawline  
all his lands,  
& all his venison.<sup>2</sup>
- “ but take you too & your Lands [soe] broad,  
& brooke<sup>3</sup> them well your liffe,  
168 ffor you promised mee your daughter deere but Cawline  
asks for his  
daughter,  
to be my weded wiffe.”
- And there all walteringe in his gore,  
Laye lifelesse on the grounde.  
Come downe, come downe, my daughter  
deare,  
Thou art a leech of skille ;  
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,  
Than this good knyghte sholde spille.
- Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,  
To helpe him if she maye ;  
But when she did his beavere raise,  
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,  
And shriekte and swound awaye.
- Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes  
When he heard his ladye crye,  
O ladye, I am thine owne true love,  
For thee I wisht to dye.
- Then giving her one partinge looke,  
He closed his eyes in deathe,
- Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,  
Begane to drawe her breathe.
- But when she found her comelye knyghte  
Indeed was dead and gone,  
Shee layde her pale cold cheeke to his,  
And thus she made her moane.
- O staye, my deare and onlye lord,  
For mee thy faithfulle feere ;  
’Tis meet that I shold followe thee,  
Who hast bought my love soe deare.
- Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,  
And with a deepe-fette sighe,  
That burste her gentle hearte in twayne,  
Fayre Christabelle did dye.
- <sup>1</sup> In faith.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> all for his warryson, i.e. reward.  
—P.  
<sup>3</sup> broke, i.e. enjoy.—P.



and the  
King

“now by my ffaith,” then sayes our *King*,  
“ffor *that* wee will not striffe;

promises her  
to him  
at once.

172 ffor thou shalt haue my daughter dere  
to be thy weded wiffe.”

[page 371]

Cawline

the other morninge Sir Cawline rose  
by the dawning of the day,

goes into a  
garden to  
pray,

176 & vntill a garden did he goe  
his Mattins ffor to say;

where a  
steward

& *that* bespyed a ffalse steward—  
a shames death *that* he might dye!—

lets a lion  
out on him

180 & he lett a lyon out of a bande,  
Sir Cawline ffor to teare;

weaponless.

& he had noe wepon him vpon,  
nor noe wepon did weare.

He thrusts  
his cloake into  
the lion's  
mouth  
till its heart  
bursts.

184 but hee tooke then his Mantle of greene,  
into the Lyons mouth itt thrust;  
he held the Lyon soe sore to the wall  
till the Lyons hart did burst.<sup>1</sup>

A watchman  
cries, “Sir  
Cawline's  
slain.”

188 & the watchmen cryed vpon the walls  
& sayd, “Sir Cawlines slaine!  
and with a beast is not ffull litle,  
a Lyon of Mickle mayne.”

His love  
swoons,

192 then the *Kings* daughter shee ffell downe,  
“for peerlesse is my payne!”

but Sir  
Cawline

“O peace, my Lady!” sayes Sir Cawline,  
“I haue bought thy loue ffull deere.

says “I am  
here,”

196 O peace, my Lady!” sayes Sir Cawline,  
“peace, Lady, ffor I am heere!”

<sup>1</sup> brast.—P.



then he did marry this *Kings* daughter  
 with gold & siluer bright,  
 200 & 15 sonnes this Ladye beere  
 to Sir Cawline the Knight.<sup>1</sup>

marries her  
  
and they  
have 15 sons.

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> N.B. I ventured to make great additions to this Fragment; of which I have given notice to the Reader, in my 1<sup>st</sup> Vol. of Reliques &c.—P. The “notice” consists of Percy’s “it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, & still more in the second, to connect & complete the story”; inverted commas to a *but* and *No*; his \* \* \* at the end; and two notes that he has altered—*slode*, l. 99, to *yode*, and *aukeward*, l. 104, to *backward*.—F.

Between the first and second parts, Percy put in his second edition the following note:

\* \* \* In this conclusion of the FIRST PART, and at the beginning of the SECOND,

the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of SIGISMUNDA AND GUISCARD, as told by Boccace and Dryden: See the latter’s Description of the Lovers meeting in the Cave, and those beautiful lines, which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, “EVERYE WHITE, &c. viz.

“But as extremes are short of ill and good,  
 And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;  
 So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,  
 Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.  
 Tancred, who fondly loved, &c.”



## Sir Degree :

[In five Parts.—P.]

THERE are extant two complete MS. copies of this romance—one in the Auchinleck MS., one here at last printed from the Folio. Besides these, there are imperfect MS. copies, one in the Public Library of Cambridge (Ff. ii. 38), containing some 602 lines, one in the Douce Collection (MS. Selden, c. 39), containing some 352 lines in all. The romance has been four times printed—by Wynkyn de Worde, by Copland, in Mr. Utterson's *Early Popular Poetry*, and more recently for the Abbotsford Club.

Of all these copies, the earliest and the most perfect is that treasured in the Auchinleck MS., printed for the Abbotsford Club. Next in merit, so far as it goes, is the Cambridge copy. This opens as follows :

(*From Camb. Univ. MS. Ff. ii. 38, fol. 257 b.*)

Lystenyþ, lordynges gente & fre,  
y wyll yow tell of *sir* degare.  
knyztes þat were some tyme in lande,  
Far þey wolde þem-selfe fande  
To seke auenturs nyght & day,  
How þat þey myzt þer strenkyth assay.  
So dud a knyght *sir* degare,  
I schall yow telle what man was he.  
In bretayne þe lasse þer was a kyng,  
Of grete power in all thyng;  
Styffeste in armour vndur schylde,  
And moost doghtyest to fyzt in fylde;  
For ther was none verament  
That myzt in warre nor in *turnament*,  
Nodur in Iustyng for no thyng,  
Hym owte of hys sadull brynge,  
Nor owt of hys sterop brynge hys fote;  
[fol. 258] So stronge he was of boone & blode.

There was an unique copy of Wynkyn de Worde's edition sold at Heber's sale. Probably the edition issued by Copland *circ.*



1545, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum, differed but slightly from that of the earlier printer. From one of these printed editions the Douce fragments would seem to have been transcribed; from one of these the following version, viciously executed, as indeed are generally the Percy folio versions. The correspondence of the three copies will be sufficiently illustrated by comparing the following two extracts together, and with verses 381-92 of the Folio version :

(*From Copland's Edition.*)

Syr Degore stode in a studye than  
 And thought he was a doughtie man  
 And I am in my yonge bloud  
 And I haue horse and armure good  
 And as I trowe a full good steede  
 I wyll assaye if I may spede  
 And I may beare the kinge downe  
 I maye be a man of great renowne  
 And if that he me fel can  
 There knoweth no body what I am  
 Death or lyfe what so betide  
 I wyll once against hym ryde.  
 Thus in the citie hys ynne he takes  
 And resteth him and merye makes.

(<sup>1</sup> *From Douce's MS. 261, fol. 8.*)

Syr Degore stode in study than  
 And thought he was a doughtye man  
 And I am in my younge bloode  
 And I haue horse and armure good  
 And as I trowe a full good steede  
 I wyll assaye yf that I may spede

<sup>1</sup> Douce's MS. note in MS. 261 :

"This MS. was purchased by some bookseller at the sale of the Fairfax library at Leeds Castle, in 1831.

"The MS. from which the metrical romance of *Robert the Devil* was printed by J. Herbert in 1798 was certainly written by the person who wrote the present MS., and illuminated with the same kind of rude drawings. He was probably a collector of metrical romances like the transcriber of Bishop Percy's

celebrated MS., which was written about the time of Charles II.; and there may be other volumes of the like nature as the present existing in obscure libraries, and even made up by the present transcriber.

"Qy. what became of the MS. of *Robert the Devil*, which was successively in the possession of Mr. Rawlinson, Horace Walpole, Mr. Edwards of Pall Mall, Mr. Egerton, Mr. Allen, Mr. Caulfield, and 'Masterre Samuelle Irelande'?"



And yf I maye beare the Kinge downe  
 I maye be a man of greate renowne  
 And yf that he me fall canne  
 There knoweth no bodye what I am  
 Death or lyfe what me betyde  
 I wyll ones agaynste hym ryde  
 Thus in the cyttye hys ynne he takes  
 And rested hym and myrry makes  
 (So vpon a daye the Kinge he mette  
 He kneled downe and fayre hym grette  
 He sayde Syr Kinge of muche myght  
 My lorde hathe sent me to youe right  
 To warne youe howe yt shalbe  
 My lorde will come and iuste with the  
 . . . . .)

The Auchinleck MS. narrates this same "study" in this wise :

(*From Abbotsford Club Copy.*)

Sire Degarre thous thenche gan,  
 "Ich am a staleworht man;  
 And of min owen Ich haue a stede,  
 Swerd, & spere, & riche wede;  
 And 3if Ich felle the Kyng adoun,  
 Euere Ich haue wonnen renoun.  
 And thei that he me harte sore,  
 No man wot wer Ich was bore;  
 Whether deth other lif me bitide  
 A3en the King Ich wille ride."  
 In the cite his in he taketh,  
 And resteth him & meri maketh.

No doubt many other copies, of various degrees of inferiority, were once in circulation. In the Registers of the Stationers' Company (see Mr. Collier's *Extracts*) occurs this entry :

Recevyd of John Kynge for his lycense for pryntinge of these copyes Lucas Vrialis, nyce wanton, impatiens poverté, the proud wyves pater noster, the Squyre of Low deggre, Syr deggre; graunted the X of June 1560. ij<sup>s</sup>.

A sketch of the romance from Copland's edition is given by Ellis in his *Early English Metrical Romances*, with all the ponderous facetiousness that characterises that work.



The romance is certainly older than the middle of the fourteenth century, for that is the date at which the Auchinleck MS. was written. Warton (who gives a most inaccurate analysis of it, which is transcribed by the editor of the Abbotsford Club edition) conjectures that it may belong to the same century as the *Squire of Low Degree* and *Sir Guy*—that is, according to him, the thirteenth.

For the name, says the Auchinleck MS. :

Degarre nowt elles ne is  
But thing that not never whar is  
O the thing that negth forlorn al so  
For thi the schild he nemmede thous tho.

The romance is, in our opinion, of more than ordinary merit. It possesses the singular charm of brevity and conciseness; does not impair or destroy its power by the endless diffuseness and prolixity which are the besetting disfigurements of that branch of literature to which it belongs. How often in romances does what bids fair to be a mighty river spread out vaguely into a marsh! what should grow into a stately tree, end in a weak wild wanton luxuriance! This so common fault at least is avoided in this romance of Sir Degoré. But there are other than negative merits. There is, indeed, no considerable novelty about the incidents introduced; a jealous father, a clandestine child-delivery, a fight between son and father (here between son and grandfather too), an unconsummated marriage between son and mother—these are persons and situations that were never wearied of by that simple audience for whose ears romances were designed. The romance-writer's business was rather to re-dispose these than to cancel and supersede them. This work of rearrangement is well performed in the present case. The old figures are skilfully re-dressed and introduced; fresh lights are thrown upon their faces, fresh vigour is infused through their limbs.



## [The First Part.]

[How Sir Degree's Father ravished a Princess, and begat him ; and how he was brought up by a Hermit.]

|                                    |                                                                  |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| I'll tell you a                    | LORDINGS, & you will hold you still,                             |
|                                    | a gentle tale I will you tell,                                   |
|                                    | all of knights of this countrie                                  |
|                                    | 4 the <i>which</i> haue trauelled beyond the sea,                |
| tale of Sir Degree.                | as did a <i>knight</i> called Sir Degree,                        |
|                                    | one of the best was ffound him before. <sup>1</sup>              |
|                                    | <i>that</i> <sup>2</sup> time in England dwelled a <i>King</i> , |
| An English king,                   | 8 a stout man in manners and all thinge,                         |
|                                    | both in Armour and on the sheeld <sup>3</sup>                    |
| feared in fight,                   | he was much doubted in battell & in ffeild.                      |
|                                    | there was noe man in verament                                    |
|                                    | 12 <i>that</i> Iusted with him in turnament                      |
|                                    | <i>that</i> out of his stirropps might stirr his ffoote,         |
|                                    | he was soe strong without doubt.                                 |
|                                    | the <i>King</i> had no more Children but one,                    |
| has a beautiful daughter.          | 16 a daughter white as whales bone <sup>4</sup> ;                |
|                                    | <i>that</i> mayd hee loued as his liffe ;                        |
|                                    | her mother was dead, the Queene his wiffe ;                      |
|                                    | in trauell of Chyld shee dyed, alas !                            |
|                                    | 20 & when this mayd of age was,                                  |
| She is wooed by well-born suitors, | Kings sonnes her wooed then,                                     |
|                                    | Emperoures, Dukes, & other men,                                  |
|                                    | for to haue had her in Marryage                                  |
|                                    | 24 for loue of her great heritage.                               |

<sup>1</sup> then found was hee: *sic leg<sup>m</sup> metri gratia*, but as Degree is occasionally written Degore, Pt. 2, l. 303 [Pt. 3, l. 483] it may perhaps have been so here.—P. The old edition reprinted by Utterson calls the hero "Sir Degore" throughout.—Skeat (who gives the various readings here).

<sup>2</sup> what.—P.

<sup>3</sup> in Shield.—P.

<sup>4</sup> when first taken out of the fish it is

very white.—P. Strange that Percy should have supposed, as our earliest writers did, that the ivory of those days was made from the bones of the whale! It was, in fact, made from the teeth of the walrus. The simile in the text is frequently found in much later poets; e.g. To show his teeth as *white as whale's-bone*.

Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. —Dyce.



- but then they *King* he made answer,  
 “ *that* neuer man hee shold wedd her  
 with-out hee might with stout Iustinge  
 28 the *King* out of his sadle bringe,  
 to make him loose his stirropps too.  
 many one assayd, & cold not doe ;  
 but euery yeere, as right itt wold,  
 32 a great ffeast the *King* did hold  
 vpon his Queenes <sup>1</sup> mourning day,  
 the which was buryed in an abbey.  
 soe vpon a day the *King* wold ryde  
 36 vnto an abbey there besyde,  
 to a dirges & masses <sup>2</sup> both,  
 the pore to ffeed, & the naked to cloth.  
 his owne daughter shee with him rode,  
 40 & in the fforrest shee still abode,  
 & sayd, ‘ downe shee must light,  
 better her clothes to amend right.’  
 a-downe they be light all three  
 44 her damsells, & soe did shee.  
 a ffull long stond <sup>3</sup> they there abode  
 till all they men away rode.  
 They gatt vp, & after they wold, [page 372]  
 48 but they cold not they right way hold ;  
 the wood was roughe & thicke I-wis,  
 & they tooke their way all amisse.  
 they rode south, they rode west,  
 52 vnto the thicke of *that* fforrest,  
 & vnto a bane <sup>4</sup> thé came att Last.  
 then varryed they wonderous ffast,<sup>5</sup>

but none can  
win her

by unhorsing  
the King in a  
joust.

On the  
anniversary  
of his wife's  
death,  
the King  
rides to an  
Abbey near  
to hear Mass  
and give  
alms.

His daughter

and her  
maids  
dismount in  
the forest,

and then

cannot find  
their way  
out.

They stop at  
a glade,

<sup>1</sup> Three strokes for the *u*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *masques*; but see l. 124, 125.  
—F.

To do *diriges* and masses bothe.—Utt.  
To do *dyryges* & masses bothe.—Ff.  
(Cambr. MS. Ff. ii. 38.)

<sup>3</sup> space of time.—P.

<sup>4</sup> perhaps Lane. see Part 5, line 58.  
—P.

<sup>5</sup> And into a lande they came at the  
laste,  
Then weried they wonderfaste.—Utt.  
In-to a launde they are comen  
And haue ryght well vndurnomen.  
—Ff.



ffor thé wist amisse they had gone,  
 56 & downe thé light euery one.  
 the wheather was hott affore none ;  
 thé wist not what was best ffor to haue done,  
 but layd them downe vpon the greene.  
 60 some of them ffell on sleepe, as I weene,  
 & thus they fell on sleepe euerye one  
 sauing the Kings daughter,  
 who wanders off,  
 & shee went fforth to gather fflowers  
 64 & to heare the song of the small ffowles.  
 soe long shee did fforth passe  
 loses her way,  
 till *that* shee wist not where itt was.  
 then can shee cry wonderous sore,  
 68 shee weeped & wrange her hands thore,<sup>1</sup>  
 & sayes, “ alacke *that* I was borne !  
 and fears she shall be  
 her in <sup>2</sup> this fforrest I am fforlorne,  
 & wilde beasts will me rende  
 torn by wild beasts.  
 72 or <sup>3</sup> any man may mee ffind ! ”  
 they way to her damsells shee wold haue came,  
 but shee-wist not how to come.<sup>4</sup>  
 then shee was ware of a Ioyfull sight :  
 But then she sees a handsome knight,  
 76 a-fore her there stood a ffayre *Knight*  
*that* was wellfauored of ffoote & hand ;  
 there [was] not such a one in all the Land ;  
 & by the rich clothing *that* hee had on,  
 80 hee seemed to be a gentleman.<sup>5</sup>  
 soe stout a man then was hee,  
 who tells her that  
 he sayes, “ Madam, god yee see !  
 be yee dread arright of nought ;  
 84 I haue noe armour with me brought,  
 but I haue loued you this many a yeere,  
 he has long loved her, and she  
 & now *that* I haue ffound you here

<sup>1</sup> there.—P.<sup>2</sup> MS. herin.—F.<sup>3</sup> before.—P.<sup>4</sup> The waye to her damosels she wolde haue nome.—Utt.To hur maydenys sche wolde anone,  
But sche wyste not whych wey to  
goon.—Ff.<sup>5</sup> gentlemon.—P.



- you shall bee my Lemman ere I goe,  
 88 whether itt turnes to wayle or woe.<sup>1</sup> ”  
 but then no more adoe cold shee,  
 but wept and cryed, and cold not flee.  
 anon he began her to behold,  
 92 & he did with her whatsoeuer hee wold,  
 & there hee bereft her of her maydenhead.<sup>2</sup>  
 & right before her the Knight stoode :  
 & hee sayes, “Madam gentle & ffree,  
 96 now with child, Madam, I doe thinke you bee,  
 & well I wott hee will be a knaue<sup>3</sup> ;  
 therefore my good sword he shall haue,  
 my sword heere vpon my hand,  
 100 therewith the Last I did kill a Gyant,  
 & I brake the poynt of itt in his head,  
 & here in the fforrest I haue him Layd.<sup>4</sup>  
 take itt vp now, dame, ffor itt is heere ;  
 104 thou speakes not with mee this many a yeere ;  
 yett peraduenture they time may come  
 that I may speake with my owne sonne,  
 & by this sword I may him ken.”  
 108 hee kist his loue, & went then ;  
 the knight passed as hee come.  
 all weeping the Ladye the sword vp nume,<sup>5</sup>  
 & shee went fforth sore weeping,  
 112 & there shee ffound her mayds sleeping.  
 shee hid the sword as well as shee might,  
 & called them vp anon-right,  
 & tooke<sup>6</sup> their horssees euerye one,  
 116 & began to ryde fforth anon.  
 then they were ware att the Last,  
 many a Knight came pricking ffast ;

must now  
yield to him.

He then  
ravishes her,

tells her  
he has  
begotten  
a boy on her,

and leaves  
his sword  
with her for  
the boy

so that he  
may here-  
after know  
him by it.

He then goes  
away.

The Princess  
takes his  
sword,

returns to  
her maids,

and they ride  
till they  
meet her  
father's  
knights,

<sup>1</sup> weale or woe.—P.

<sup>2</sup> maydenhood.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A boy, a male child. So in Chauc.  
—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. Lqyd or Lqgd.—F. layd.—P.  
And in the felde I it leued.—Utt.

I brake the poynt in his hedd,  
Where-of y wot þat he was dedd.

—Ff.

<sup>5</sup> nume, nome, took ; Sax. *niman*, to  
take.—P.

<sup>6</sup> They took.—P.



- ffrom they *King* they were sent  
 120 to witt *which* way his daughter went.  
 they brought them into the right way,  
 & rodden ffayre vnto the Abbey.  
 there was done service and all thinge,  
 124 with many a Masse, with rich offeringe ;  
 & when these masses were all done,  
 & come to passe the hye noone,  
 the *King* to his pallace did ryde,  
 128 And much people by his syde, [page 373]  
 & after, euery man was glad & blythe.  
 this Ladye swooned many a sithe,<sup>1</sup>  
 & euer her belly waxed more & more;  
 132 shee weeped & wrang her hands ffull sore.  
 soe vpon a day shee can sore weepe,  
 & a mayd of hers tooke good heede <sup>2</sup>  
 & said, “Madam, ffor S<sup>t</sup> Charytye,  
 136 why weepe yee soe sore ? tell itt mee !”  
 “mayden, if I shold tell itt before,  
 if thou shold mee beraye <sup>3</sup> I were but Lore ;  
 ffor euer I haue beene meeke & mild,  
 140 & trulye now I am with chyld ;  
 & if any man itt vnder-yeede,  
 men wold tell in euerye steade <sup>4</sup>  
*that* mine owne ffather of mee itt wan,  
 144 ffor I neuer loued any other man.  
 & if my ffather he might know itt,  
 such sorrow his hart wold gett  
*that* hee wold neuer merry bee,  
 148 ffor all his loue is Layde on mee.”  
 “O gentle Lady, greeue itt nought ;  
 stilly itt shall bee fforth brought ;  
 there shall none know itt certainlye,  
 152 trully, Madam, but you and I.”

<sup>1</sup> time.—P.<sup>2</sup> perhaps, keep.—P.<sup>3</sup> bewray.—P.<sup>4</sup> place.—P.



- the time was come *that* shee was vnbound,  
 & deliuered whole and sound.  
 a ffayre man Chylde there was borne :
- 156 glad of itt was the Lady fforlorne.  
 this mayd serued her att her will,  
 & layd the Child in a cradle,  
 & wrapped him in clothes anon,
- 160 & was ready till haue gone.  
 then was this Child to with mother hold <sup>1</sup> ;  
 shee gaue itt 20<sup>li</sup> in gold,  
 and 10<sup>li</sup> in siluer alsoe ;
- 164 vnder his head shee can itt doe ;  
 & much itt is *that* a Child behoues.<sup>2</sup>  
 with itt shee giues a payre of gloues,  
 & bade the child wed no wiffe in Lande
- 168 without those gloues wold on her hand ;  
 & then the gloues wold serue no where,  
 sauing the mother *that* did him beare.  
 a letter with the Child put shee,
- 172 with the gloues alsoe perdye :  
 then was itt in the Letter writt,  
 whosoener itt found, shold itt witt,—  
 ‘ ffor gods loue, if any good man
- 176 This litle Child ffind can,  
 gett him to be Christened of the preists hand,  
 & helpe him ffor to line on Land  
 with this siluer *that* is heare,
- 180 till the time *that* hee may armoure beare ;  
 & helpe him with his owne good,  
 ffor hee is come of a gentle blood.’  
 & when *that* they had all this downe,<sup>3</sup>
- 184 the Mayd shee tooke her way right soone :

The Princess  
gives birth

to a boy,

who is put in  
a cradlewith 30*l*.  
under his  
head,a pair  
of gloves,  
(the boy is to  
marry a  
girl unless  
they'll  
fit her,)

and a letter

asking the  
finderto have the  
boy  
christened,  
and bring  
him up till  
he can fight.Then the  
maiden  
carries the

<sup>1</sup> to its—hold, i. e. held.—P.  
 Yet was the childe vnto the mother  
 hold.—Utt.

3yt hys modur can hym beholde  
 And toke iiij pownde of golde.—Ff.  
<sup>2</sup> is of use to.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> perhaps done.—P.



boy and  
cradle

with this Child in the cradle, and all thinge,  
shee stale away in an eueninge,  
& went her way, & wist not where,  
188 through thicke and thinn, & through bryar.<sup>1</sup>

to a  
hermit's

then shee was readylye ware anon  
of an hermitage made in stone,  
a holy man *that* there was wooninge,<sup>2</sup>  
192 & thither shee went without Leasinge.

door,

and leaves  
them there.

& when shee came to the hermitts dore,  
shee sett the cradle there before,  
& turned againe anon-right,

196 & came againe the same night.

Next  
morning

the hermitt wakened in the morrow,  
& eke his knaue<sup>3</sup> alsoe.  
the Hermitt sayd, "Lord, I crye thee mercye !  
200 methinke I heare a younge chyld crye."

the hermit  
finds the  
boy,

this holy man his dore vndid,  
& ffound the Child in *that* stead.

there he lift vp the sheete anon,

204 & looked on the litle groome<sup>4</sup> ;  
then held he vp his right hand,<sup>5</sup>

thanks  
Christ,

& thanked Iesus christ in *that* stond,<sup>6</sup>  
& bare the child into the Chappell.

208 ffor ioy of him hee wronge the bell,

And layd vp the gloues & the treasure,

[page 374]

christens the  
child

& christened the child with much honor,  
& in the worshipp of the holy Trinytye

Sir Degree  
(t. i. almost  
lost),

212 he called the childs name Sir Degree ;  
ffor Degree, to vnderstand I-wis,  
a thing *that* almost lost itt is ;  
as a thing *that* was almost lost agoe,<sup>7</sup>

216 therfore he called his name soe.

<sup>1</sup> briere.—P. Pronounced *brere* : see *Levins*, col. 209, l. 15.—F.

<sup>2</sup> dwelling.—P.

<sup>3</sup> servant-boy.—P.

<sup>4</sup> puer, famulus. Jun.—P. grome.—Utt. grome.—Ff.

<sup>5</sup> honde.—P.

<sup>6</sup> There is a tag at the end like an *s*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> gone, past.—P. A *Degarer* would no doubt be formed from a Low-Latin *devagari*, as *degaster* from *devastare*.—F.



- the Hermitt he was a holy man of liffe,  
 & he had a sister *which* was a wiffe,  
 & sent this child to her full raue <sup>1</sup>  
 220 with much moné by his knaue,  
 & bade *that* shee shold take good heede  
 the litle child to Nourish & ffeede.  
 this litle Chyld Degree,  
 224 vnto the Cytte borne was hee.  
 the goodman & the wiffe in ffere  
 kept the child as itt their owne were  
 till the time 10<sup>n</sup> <sup>2</sup> winters were come & spent;  
 228 then to the hermitt they him sent.  
 the hermitt longed him to see;  
 then was [he] a ffayre child & a ffree,  
 & he taught this child of clarkes Lore  
 232 other 10 winters without more;  
 & when hee was of 20 yeere,  
 hee was a man of great power,<sup>3</sup>  
 a staleworth <sup>4</sup> man in euerye worke,  
 236 & of his time a well good clarke.<sup>5</sup>  
 then he tooke [him] his fflorence & his gloues  
*that* he had kept ffrom [him] in his house,<sup>6</sup>  
 & gaue him his owne letter to reade.  
 240 hee looked there-in the same steade <sup>7</sup>;  
 "hermitt," hee sayd, "ffor St. Charytye,  
 was this letter made by <sup>8</sup> mee?"

and sends  
him to his  
sister

to be suckled.

She brings  
the boy up

till he is 10  
years old,  
and then  
sends him  
back to the  
hermit,

who teaches  
him till he's  
20,

then gives  
him his  
mother's  
money,  
gloves, and  
letter,

<sup>1</sup> rathe [in pencil] P. C.—P. rathe  
(=raue).—Utt. soon.—Ff. *and* grome  
for knaue in l. 220.

<sup>3</sup> powere.—P.

<sup>5</sup> And of his tyme,\* a well good clerke.  
—Utt.

And also of hys tyme, a gode clerke.  
—Ff.

<sup>6</sup> He toke hym hys tresure and hys  
gloffé

That he had token to hys be-hoffe.  
—Ff.

Utt. has no *him* in l. 237, but has it in  
l. 238.—Skeat.

<sup>7</sup> He loked therin the same stede.†

—Utt.

And he behelde all that dede.—Ff.

<sup>8</sup> about, concerning.—F. Same in  
Utt. as in Percy. Was þys lettur wretyn  
for me?—Ff.—Skeat.

\* "of hys time"=*for* his time, *for* his day.—Skeat.

† "the same stede"=thereupon; lit. at the same place,=Fr. *sur le champ*.—Skeat.



and tells him  
how he  
found  
him.

Degree  
thanks the  
hermit,

“I, Sir,” hee sayes, “by him *that* mee deeme shall,  
244 thus I you ffound ;” and told him all.  
he sett him on his knees ffull blythe,  
& thanked the hermitt often sythe ;  
& he gaue the hermitt halfe of the golde ;  
248 & the remnant vp did hee ffoulde.

### [The Second Part.]

[How Degree kills a Dragon, and prepares to fight a King.]

and says he'll  
search out  
his father,

2<sup>d</sup> parte.

armed only

with a good  
oak sapling.

Degree sets  
off through a  
forest,

Then sayes Degree, “I will not blinne <sup>1</sup>  
till I haue ffound my ffather or some of my  
kinne.<sup>1</sup>”  
“to seeke thy kinne <sup>1</sup> thou mayst not endure  
without horsse or good armour.<sup>2</sup>”  
then sayd Degree, “by St. Iohn,  
horsse nor harnesse Ile haue none,  
but a good bitter <sup>3</sup> in my hand,  
256 mine enemyes therewith to withstand,  
A full good sapline of an oke ;  
& home <sup>4</sup> therewith Ist sett a str[o]ke,—  
haue hee neuer soe good armour him on,  
260 or be hee neuer soe tall a man,<sup>5</sup>—  
I shall him fell to the ground  
with this same batt in *that* stond.”  
the Child kissed the hermitt thoe,<sup>6</sup>  
264 & alsoe tooke his leaue to goe.  
fforth went Degree, the sooth to say,  
throughout a fforrest halfe a day ;  
he heard noe man, nor saw none,  
268 till itt passed the hye noone ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. *me for* nne.—F.

<sup>2</sup> armoure.—P.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *bitel*, beetle.—F.

<sup>4</sup> on whom. The *o* of *stroke* in this  
line is eaten out by ink.—F.

<sup>5</sup> mon.—P.

<sup>6</sup> then.—P.



- then heard hee great stroakes ffall  
*that* made great noyse withall.  
 ffull soone he thought *that* thing to see,  
 272 to witt what the stroakes might bee.  
 there was an Erle stout & gay  
 was come thither *that* same day  
 to hunt ffor a deere or a doe,  
 276 but his hounds were gone him ffree.  
 & there was a Dragon ffeirce and grim,  
 ffull of ffyer & alsoe of venim,  
 with a wyde throate, & tushes great,  
 280 vpon the Erle can he beate;  
 & as a Lyon were his ffeete;  
 his tayle was long & ffull vnmeete;  
 betweene his head & his tayle  
 284 22 ffoote without ffayle.  
 his belly was like a whole tunn,  
 itt shone ffull bright againe the <sup>1</sup> ssunn.  
 His eyen as bright as any glasse, [page 375]  
 288 his scales as hard as anye <sup>2</sup> brasse;  
 & therto hee was necked like a horsse,  
 & bare his head vpp with great fforce;  
 hee was to looke on, as I you tell,  
 292 as thoe hee had beene a ffeende of hell;  
 many man hee had shent,<sup>3</sup>  
 & many a horsse hee had rent;  
 & to this Erle hard battell he began,  
 296 but hee defended him like a man,  
 & boldlye stroke on him with his sword<sup>4</sup>;  
 but of his stroakes he was not affeard,  
 ffor his skin was as hard as anye stone,  
 300 where-ffore hee cold him noe harme done.  
 & when the Erle degree see,  
 he sayd "helpe, ffor Charytye!"

and at noon  
 hears a  
 noise of  
 blows.

He finds a  
 grim dragon

24 feet long,

looking like  
 a fiend of  
 hell,

attacking an  
 Earl.

The Earl  
 calls on  
 Degree to  
 help him,

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag to the *e*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *int. al.* marred, spoiled, &c.—P.

<sup>4</sup> swerde.—P.



- then answered Sir Degore,  
 304 "gladlye!" he sayes, and god before.<sup>1</sup>  
 when the dragon of Degree had a sight,  
 hee left the Erle, & came to him right.  
 and Degree then the Child *that* was soe younge  
 308 tooke his staffe *that* was soe stronge,  
 & smote the dragon on the crowne  
*that* in the wood hee ffell downe.  
 knocks the dragon down.  
 But it recovers,  
 312 the dragon recouered anon-right,  
 & hitt the Child with such might  
 with his tayle in *that* tyde,  
*that* hee ffell downe vpon his side.  
 and cuts Degree down.  
 then degree<sup>2</sup> recouered anon-right,  
 316 & defended him with much might;  
 with his staffe *that* was soe longe  
 he broke of him ffoote and bone  
*that* itt was wonder ffor to see.  
 For which  
 320 hee was soe taughe<sup>3</sup> hee might not dye,  
 yett hee hitt<sup>4</sup> him on the crowne soe hye  
*that* hee made his braines out fLye.<sup>5</sup>  
 Degree smashes the dragon's brains out.  
 The Earl then the Erle was glad & blythe,  
 324 & thanked Degree often sithe,<sup>6</sup>  
 & he prayed him hee wold with him ryde  
 vnto the pallace there beside;  
 asks Degree to his palace,  
 & there he made him a *Knight*,  
 knights him,  
 328 & made him good cheere *that* night;  
 rents, tresure, & halfe of his Land  
 and offers him half his land  
 hee wold haue seized<sup>7</sup> into his hand,

<sup>1</sup> God before (Utt.; Ff. omits it.—Sk.)  
*i. e.* God going before, God giving his  
 aid. Compare, —

"for, *God before*,  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's  
 door."

Shakespeare's *Henry V.* i. 2.

"Yet, *God before*, tell him we will  
 come on."—*Ibid.* iii. 5.

I quote these passages to show that

this expression, which was very common  
 in our earliest poetry, continued long in  
 use.—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. dregree.—F.

<sup>3</sup> toughe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> smote.—Utt.

<sup>5</sup> And on the hed he hym batrid,  
 That hys hedd all-to-clatride.—Ff.

<sup>6</sup> times.—P.

<sup>7</sup> put into possession. Jun.—P.



- & alsoe his daughter to be his wiffe,  
 332 & all his lands after his liffe.  
 & then Sir Degree thanked him hartilye,  
 and prayed him, "of his curtesye  
 to lett his women affore him come,  
 336 wiues, mayds, more and some,  
 & alsoe *your* daughter eke ;  
 & if my gloues be ffor them meete,  
 or will vpon of any of their hands,  
 340 then wold I be ffaine <sup>1</sup> to take my <sup>2</sup> Lands ;  
 & if my gloues will not doe soe,  
 I will take my leaue and goe."  
 all the women were out brought  
 344 *that* thereabout might be sought,  
 & all assayd the gloues then,  
 but they were ffitt for no woman.  
 Sir Degree tooke his gloues thoe,  
 348 & alsoe tooke his leaue to goe.  
 the Erle hee was a Lord of gentle blood,  
 hee gaue Sir Degree a steede ffull good,  
 & therto gaue him good armour <sup>3</sup>  
 352 *which* was ffaire and sure,  
 & alsoe a page his man to bee,  
 & a hackney to ryde on trulye.  
 then fforth went Sir Degree, the sooth to say,  
 356 many a mile vpon a summers day.  
 soe vpon a day much people he mett ;  
 he houed <sup>4</sup> still, & ffayre them grett ;  
 he asked the squier what tydinge,  
 360 & wence came all those people rydinge.  
 the squier answered verament,  
 he sayd, "they came ffrom the parlement.  
 & when they parlaiment was most planere,<sup>5</sup>  
 364 the King lett cry both farr & nere
- and his daughter.  
 Degree asks  
 to see all his womankind :  
 if his gloves fit any one,  
 he'll wed her ;  
 if not, he'll go away.  
 The gloves fit none of the women,  
 so Degree takes leave of them.  
 The Earl gives him a steed, armour,  
 and a page mounted.  
 They start,  
 and meet a crowd  
 coming from the Parli-  
 ment  
 of a King who has

<sup>1</sup> glad.—P.<sup>2</sup> your.—P.

MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> P. has added an *e* at the end in the<sup>4</sup> halted, stood.—F.<sup>5</sup> full.—F.



promised his  
lands and  
daughter  
to any  
knight  
who'll joust  
with him.

368 ' If any man durst be soe bold  
As with the *King* Iust wold,  
he shold haue his daughter in marryage,  
& all his lands & his herytage.'

itt is a land good and ffayre,  
& the king thereto hath no heyre.

No one has  
been able to  
do it,

372 certaine no man dare grant thereto ;  
many a man assayd, & might not doe,  
for there is no man that rides to him  
but hee beates them with stroakes grim ;

for the King  
has broken  
their necks  
or backs,  
or speared  
or killed  
them.

376 of some hee breakes the necke anon ;  
of some he brakes backe and bone ;  
some through the bodye hee glyds ;  
& some to the death hee smites.

Degree

380 vnto him may a man doe nothings,  
such a grace euer hath our Kinge."

Sir Degree stood in a study then,  
& thought hee was a mighty man,  
" & I am in my younge blood ;

resolves to  
try the King,

384 & I haue horsse & armour goode,  
& as I trow I haue a good steede ;  
I will assay if I can speede ;  
& if I can beare *that King* downe,

388 I shalbe a man of great renowne ;  
& if hee mee ffell can,  
there knowes no body who I am."

meets him,

thus in the Citye his inne he takes ;  
392 he rested him, & merry makes.  
soe on a day the *King* hee mett,  
he kneeled downe, & faire him grett,  
& sayd, " my Lord, thou *King* of much might !

and says he'll  
joust with  
him.  
The King is  
glad.

396 my Lord hath sent mee to thee right  
to warne you how itt must bee :  
my Lord will come & ffight with yee ;  
to Iust with thee my Lord hath nomm.<sup>1</sup> "  
400 the *King* sayd, " hee shalbe welcome,

<sup>1</sup> nomm, i.e. taken ; undertaken ; or taken upon him.—P.



- be hee *Knight* or Barrowne,  
 Erle, duke, or Churle <sup>1</sup> in towne :  
 theres no man Ile <sup>2</sup> fforsake ;  
 404 who all may winn, all let him take.”  
 soe on the Morrow the day was sett,  
 the *King* aduised much the bett,  
 but there was not any liuing man  
 408 *that* Sir Degree trusted vpon ;  
 but to the church *that* day went hee  
 to heare a Masse to the trinitye ;  
 & to the ffather hee offered a ffloren,  
 412 & to the sonne another ffine ;  
 the 3<sup>d</sup> to the holy ghost hee offered ;  
 the preist in his masse ffor him hee prayed.  
 & when the Masses were done,  
 416 vnto his inne hee went ffull soone,  
 where hee did arme him well indeed  
 in rich armor good att need.  
 his good steed he began to stryde ;  
 420 he tooke his speare, & fforth gan ryde.  
 his man tooke another spere,  
 and after his *Master* did itt beare :  
 thus in the ffeild Sir Degree abode then,  
 424 & the *King* came with many men.
- Next  
 morning  
  
 Degree  
  
 goes to Mass,  
  
  
 then arms  
 himself,  
  
 mounts,  
 and rides  
  
 into the field,  
 where the  
 King meets  
 him.

<sup>1</sup> a slave, a vassal. See Chauc.—P.

<sup>2</sup> there is . . . I will.—P.



## [The Third Part.]

[How Degree throws the King, and marries his own Mother.]

The lookers-  
onhave never  
seen so fair a  
man  
as Degree.3<sup>d</sup> parte.

432

Many came thither readylye  
ffor to see their iusting trulye ;  
& all *that* euer in the ffeild were,  
they sayd & did sweare  
*that* 'ere *that* time thé neuer see  
soe ffayre a man with their eye  
as was *that* younge Knight Sir Degree ;'  
but no man wist ffrom wence came <sup>1</sup> hee.

The King

436

They rode together att the last  
vpon their good steeds ffull ffast :  
to dashe him downe he had meant,  
& in his sheild sett such a dint <sup>2</sup>  
*that* his good speare all to-brast ;  
but Sir Degree was strong, & sate fast.  
then sayd the King, " alas, alas !

breaks his  
spear on  
Degree  
without  
moving him,  
and says

440

this is a wonderffull case.  
there was neuer man *that* I might hitt  
*that* might euer my stroake sitt !

he is a man.

444

this is a man ffor the nones <sup>3</sup> !  
he is a man of great bones ! "

They charge  
again,

and the King

448

they rode together then with great randome,<sup>4</sup>  
& he had thaught to haue smitten the child downe,  
& he hitt Sir Degree soone anon

nearly  
unhorses  
Degree,

Right vpon the brest bone,  
*that* his horsse was reared on hye,  
& Sir Degree he was ffallen nye,  
& yett Sir Degree his course out yode,

who gets  
angry.

452

& waxed angrye in his moode ;  
he sayd, " alacke ! I haue mist yett,  
and hee hath mee twyse hitt ;

<sup>1</sup> cane MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> perhaps *dent*, impression, mark.  
—P.<sup>3</sup> made on purpose for this adventure.  
—P.<sup>4</sup> precipitation, see Jun.—P.



- by god I will aduise better,  
 456 I will not long be his debtor ! ”  
 then they rode together with much might,  
 & in their shields their speres pight <sup>1</sup> ;  
 & in their sheelds their speres all to-broke <sup>2</sup>  
 460 vnto their hands with *that* stroke.  
 & then the *King* began to speake,  
 “ giue me a speare *that* will not breake,  
 & he anon shall be smitten downe  
 464 If hee were as strong as Sampson.  
 & if hee bee the devill of hell,  
 I shall him downe ffell ;  
 & if his necke will not in too,  
 468 his backe shall, ere I doe goe.”  
 the *King* tooke a spere stiffe & strong,  
 & Sir Degree another strong & longe,  
 & stoutlye to the *King* hee smitt.  
 472 [The <sup>3</sup> ] *King* ffayled ; Sir Degree him hitt,  
 he made the *Kings* horsse turne vp his ffete,  
 & soe Sir Degree him beate.  
 then there was much noyse & crye ;  
 476 the *King* was sore ashamed welnye,  
 & well I wott his daughter was sorrye,  
 ffor then shee wist *that* shee must marrye  
 vntill a man of a strange cuntrye  
 480 the *which* before shee neuer see,  
 & to lead her liue with such a one  
*that* shee neuer wist ffrom whence hee came.<sup>4</sup>  
 the *King* sayd then to Sir Degore,  
 484 “ come hither, my ffayre sonne, me before,  
 ffor if thou were as a gentle a man  
 as thou art seeming to looke vpon,  
 & if thou coldest witt & reason doe  
 488 as thou art doughtye man too,

They charge  
again,

and shiver  
their spears.

The King  
calls for a  
fresh one :

he'll break

Degree's  
neck or  
back.

But Degree  
upsets him  
and his  
horse too.

The King's  
daughter is  
sorry  
that she'll  
have to  
marry a  
stranger.

The King  
calls Degree,

<sup>1</sup> struck, Gl. Chaucer.—P.

<sup>2</sup> There is a blotted letter in the MS.

with an *r* over it.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The.—P.

<sup>4</sup> come.—P.



I wold thinke my Lands well besett  
 if itt were 5 times bett <sup>1</sup> ;  
 ffor words spoken I must <sup>2</sup> needs hold.  
 492 afore my Barrons *that* beene soe bold,  
 I take thee my daughter by the hand,  
 & I cease <sup>3</sup> thee into my Land  
 to be my heyre after mee,  
 496 in Ioy and blisse ffor to bee."  
 great ordinance then there was wrought,  
 & to the church dore they were brought,  
<sup>4</sup> & there were wedd in verament  
 500 vnto the holy Sacrament.  
 & looke what ffolly hapened there !  
*that* he shold marry his owne mother,<sup>5</sup>  
 the *which* had borne him of her syde !  
 504 & hee knew nothing *that* tyde <sup>6</sup> ;  
 shee knew nothing of his kinne,  
 nor yett shee knew nothing of him,  
 but both together ordayned to bed,  
 508 yet peradventure they might be sibb.<sup>7</sup>  
 this did Sir Degree the bold,  
 hee weded her to haue & hold.  
 itt passed on the hye time of noone,  
 512 & the day was almost done ;  
 to bed were brought hee and shee  
 with great myrth and solempnytye.  
 Sir Degree stood & behold then,  
 516 & thought on the hermitt, the holy man,  
*that* hee shold neuer [wed] ffor-thy  
 neither wydow nor Ladye

gives him  
his  
daughter,  
and makes  
him heir of  
his lands.

Degree  
marries  
the  
daughter,  
(not trying  
his gloves  
on her),

and she's his  
own  
mother !

But neither  
knows this.

After noon

they are  
put to bed  
solemnly,

and then  
Degree

<sup>1</sup> better, larger.—F.

<sup>2</sup> There are six strokes for *mu* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> seize, give possession.—P.

<sup>4</sup> The Cambridge MS. Ff. ii. 38 is incomplete, and ends here with

And were weddyd to-gedur verament  
vndur holy sacramente ;

lo ! what fortune and balaunce

Be-fallyth many a man borow chaunce,  
And comyþ forþe in-to vncowþe lede,  
And takyth a wyfe.—Skeat.

<sup>5</sup> P. has added *e* at the end in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Cp. the same incident in *Eglamore*, vol. ii. p. 380, l. 1065.—F.

<sup>7</sup> kin, relations.—P.



- with-out shee might the gloues doe  
 520 lightlye on her hands towe.  
 "alacke!" then sayes Sir Degree,  
 "the time *that* euer I borne shold bee!"  
 & sayd anon with heauy cheere,  
 524 "rather then all my Kingdome heere  
*that* is now ceazed into my hands,<sup>1</sup>  
 That [I were fayre out of this lande."<sup>2</sup>] [page 378]  
 the *King* these words hard thoe,  
 528 & sayes, "my sonne, why sayst thou soe?  
 is there ought against thy will  
 either done or sayd, *that* doe thee ill,  
 or any man *that* hath misdoone?  
 532 tell mee, & itt shall be amended soone."  
 "no, Lord," sayes degree then,  
 "but for this marryage<sup>3</sup> done has beene.  
 I will not with no woman meddle,  
 536 neither wiffe, widdow, nor damsell,  
 without shee may these gloues doe  
 Lightly vpon her hands tow."  
 & when they Lady can *that* heere,  
 540 anon shee changed all her cheere,  
 for shee knew *that* the gloues longed to her,  
 & sayes, "giue me the gloues, fayre Sir."  
 shee tooke the gloues in *that* steede,  
 544 & lightly vpon her hands them did.  
 then shee fell downe & began to cry;  
 says, "Lord god, I aske thee mercy!  
 I am the mother *that* did you beare,  
 548 & you are mine owne sonne deere!"  
 Sir Degree tooke her vp thoe  
 ffull lightly in his armes towe.

thinks of  
his gloves,

and laments

his careless-  
ness.

The King  
asks what  
the matter  
is.

Degree says  
he can lie  
with no  
woman  
whom his  
gloves will  
not fit.

His wife

asks for  
the gloves,  
puts them  
on,

and tells  
Degree  
she is his  
mother.

They reioice

<sup>1</sup> Here follow a leaf and three quarters in a different handwriting.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. cut away.—F.

That nowe is seased into my hande  
That I were fayre out of this lande!—Utt.

<sup>3</sup> The tag to the *g*, which I read *e* here, and in lines 555, 567, 568, may not be meant for one; but *marryag* would look ugly.—F.



- then either of other were ffull blythe,<sup>1</sup>  
 and kiss. 552 & kissed together many a sithe.  
 the *King* of them had much marueile,  
 & at the noyse without fayle,  
 & was abashed of their weepinge.  
 556 “daughter! what meanes this thing?”  
 Then she  
tells her  
father “father,” shee sayd, “will you itt heere?  
you wend *that* I a mayden were.  
no, truly, ffather, I am none!  
560 for itt is 20 winters a-gone.  
that Degree  
is her son,  
this is my sonne, god doth know,  
& by these gloues see itt, Lowe!”  
and how he  
was begotten  
on her. 564 shee told him altogether there  
how hee was begotten of her.  
Degree asks  
& then bespake Sir Degree,  
“O sweet mother!” sayd hee,  
her where  
his father  
is. 568 “where is my fathers wooninge,<sup>2</sup>  
or when heard you of him any tydinge?”  
She can’t  
tell him,  
“sonne,<sup>3</sup>” shee sayd, “by heauen *Kinge*  
I can tell you of him noe tydinge.  
but when thy father from me went,  
572 a poyntles sword he me Lent,  
& hee charged me to keepe itt then  
till *that* time thou wert a man.”  
but she  
gives him  
his father’s  
pointless  
sword.  
Degree 576 shee feicth<sup>4</sup> the sword anon tho,  
& Sir degree itt out drew:  
Long & broad itt was, *pardye*;  
there was not such a one in *that* country.  
declares “now truly,” sayes Degree then,  
580 “hee *that* weelded itt was a man!  
but if god of heauen hee may<sup>5</sup> keepe,  
night nor day I will not sleepe  
till *that* time I may my father see,  
584 in Christendome if *that* hee bee.”  
that he’ll  
not sleep  
till he finds  
is  
father.

<sup>1</sup> bliðe, lætus, Sax.—P.<sup>2</sup> dwelling.—P.<sup>3</sup> ? MS. sonnd.—F.<sup>4</sup> Here again is the *cth* for *tch* noticed before, vol. i. p. 23, l. 73, &c. &c.—F.<sup>5</sup> hee mee.—P.



## [The Fourth Part.]

[How Sir Degree sets out in search of his Father, falls in love, and undertakes to fight a Giant.]

- 4<sup>d</sup> parte { He made [him merry that ilk night,]<sup>1</sup> [page 379]  
 & on the morrow when itt was day light  
 hee went to the Chirch to heare a masse,  
 & made him ready for to passe.  
 the King sayd, "my next kinne,<sup>2</sup>  
 I will giue thee *Knights* with thee to winne.<sup>3</sup>"  
 "Gramercy, Lord," sayes Degree then,  
 592 "but with me shall goe no other man  
 But my knaue *that* may take heede  
 of my armour & of my steede."  
 hee leapt on his horsse, the sooth<sup>4</sup> to say,  
 596 & forthe he rode on his Iourney.  
 many a mile & many a way  
 hee rode forth on his palfrey,  
 & euermor<sup>5</sup> hee rode west  
 600 vntil hee came to [a]<sup>6</sup> forrest.  
 there wild beasts came him by,  
 & Fowles song therto merrely.  
 they rode soe Long *that* itt grew to night;  
 604 they sun went downe, & fayled light.  
 soone after thé found a castell cleere,—  
 a Lady truly dwelled there,—  
 a fayre Castle of lime & stone,  
 608 but other towne there was none.  
 Sir Degree sayd to his knaue *that* tyde,  
 "wee will to yonder castle ryde,  
 & all night abyde will wee,  
 612 & aske Lodging ffor Charity."

Degree  
makes  
ready to  
start,

and will  
take only

his own  
man with  
him.

They ride  
westward,

and one  
night

come to a  
castle,

where  
Degree  
resolves

to ask for  
lodging.

<sup>1</sup> p[rinted] c[opy].—P. MS. pared away.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has one stroke too many.—F.

<sup>3</sup> A.S. *winnan*, laborare, contendere,

pugnare, superare, lucrari, Bens<sup>n</sup> Voc.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Truth.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ever anon.—P.

<sup>6</sup> a.—P.



the bridge itt was undrawen thoe,  
 they gates they stood open alsoe.  
 into they castle they can speede,  
 They ride  
 in,  
 and stable  
 their horses,  
 616 but first they stabled vp their steede,  
 & thé sett vp their hackney.  
 enoughe they found of corne & hay.  
 they yode <sup>1</sup> about & began to call  
 620 both in the court & in the hall;  
 but neither for loue nor awe,  
 but can find  
 no one  
 about,  
 only a fire.  
 624 they found a fayre fyer in *that* hower.  
 his man sayes, "leaue Sir,  
 I haue wonder who hath made this ffyer?"  
 "but if hee come againe to night,  
 628 I will him tarry, as I am true *knight*."  
 hee sett him downe vpon the desse,<sup>2</sup>  
 & hee made him well att ease.  
 and soon  
 632 soone after hee was ware of one  
*that* into the dore gan to come:  
 3 girls in  
 knicker-  
 bockers  
 3 maydens ffayre & ffree  
 were trussed vp aboue the knee;  
 come in  
 from  
 hunting,  
 636 2 of them bowes did beare,  
 & other towe charged were  
 with venison *that* was soe good.  
 then Sir Degree vp stoode,  
 & blessed them anon-wright.  
 but will not  
 speak to  
 him.  
 640 but they spake not to the *Knight*,  
 But into a chamber they be gone,  
 & they shut they dore ffull soone.<sup>3</sup>  
 anon then after *that* withall  
 644 a dwarffe came into the hall:  
 4 foote was they lenght of him;  
 his visage was both great & grim;

[page 379, col. 2]

<sup>1</sup> went.—P.<sup>3</sup> Only one stroke for the *n* in the MS.<sup>2</sup> *Dease*, the upper Part of the Hall: —F.  
where the high table stood.—P.



- the hayre *that* on his head was,  
 648 looked as yellowe as any glasse ;  
 with milke white Lace & goodly blee,  
 ffull stoutly then Looked hee ;  
 hee ware a sercote <sup>1</sup> of greene,  
 652 with blanchmere <sup>2</sup> itt was ffringed, I weene ;  
 hee was well cladd & well dight,  
 his shoes were crooked as a *Knight* ;  
 & hee was large of ffoote & hand  
 656 as any man within the Land.  
 Sir degree looked on him thoe,  
 & to him reuerence he did doe ;  
 but he to him wold not speake <sup>3</sup> a word,  
 660 but made him ready to lay the bord.  
 he Layd on clothe, & sett on bread,  
 alsoe wine white and red ;  
 torches in the hall <sup>4</sup> hee did light,  
 664 & all things to supper he did dight.  
 anon then with great Honor  
 there came a *Lady* forth of her bower,  
 & with her shee had mayds 15  
 668 *that* were some in red, & some in greene.  
 Sir degree ffollowed anon-right,  
 but they spake not to the *Knight* ;  
 they yode <sup>5</sup> & washed euery one ;  
 672 & then to super wold shee gone,  
*that* ffayre Lady *that* was soe bright.  
 att middest of the messe shee sate downe right,  
 & of euery side her maydens 5,  
 676 ffayre & goodlye [as any were] <sup>6</sup> aliue.<sup>7</sup>

yellow-  
haired,green-  
coated,shoe-  
crooked.He too  
won't say a  
word to  
Degree, but  
lays the  
table

for supper.

Then comes  
a lady  
with fifteen  
maids,who also  
won't speak  
to Degree.The lady  
andher maidens  
sit down to  
supper.<sup>1</sup> Sur-coat.—P.<sup>2</sup> ? a kind of fur.—F.<sup>3</sup> nold speake, *sic leg<sup>m</sup>*—P.<sup>4</sup> The Sloane MS. Boke of Curtasye assigns wax candles to the sitting- and bed-rooms, Candles of Paris (whatever they were) to the hall at supper time.In chambur no ly3t *per* shalle be brent,Bot of wax *per*-to, yf 3e take tent.In halle at soper schalle caldels (*so*)  
brenneof parys, *per*-in *pat* alle men kenne.*Babees Boke* &c. p. 327, l. 833-6.<sup>5</sup> went.—P.<sup>6</sup> & goodlye as any were. p. c.—P.<sup>7</sup> On the back of page 379, column 2<sup>d</sup>,



- 1 "By god," then sayes Sir Degree,  
 "I haue you blessed, & you not mee;  
 but you seeme dumbe. by St. Iohn  
 680 I will make you speake & I can!"  
 Sir Degree cold of curtesye;  
 he went & sett him before the Ladye.  
 & when hee had taken his seate,  
 684 hee tooke his kniffe & cut his meate.<sup>2</sup>  
 ffull litle att [supper] eates hee,  
 soe much hee beholds this Mayden ffree;  
 hee thought shee were the fayrest Ladye  
 688 *that* euer before hee did see.  
 & when *that* they had supped all,  
 the dwarffe brought watter into the hall;  
 thé yode & washed euery one,<sup>3</sup>  
 692 & then to Chamber wold shee gone.  
 "now trulye," sayes Degree, "& after I will  
 to looke on this Ladye all my ffill."  
 soe vpon the stayres the way hee nome,<sup>4</sup>  
 696 & soone into the Chamber hee come.  
 the Lady *that* was ffayre and bright,  
 vpon her bed shee sate downe right,  
 & harped notes sweete and ffine.  
 700 her mayds ffilled a peece<sup>5</sup> of wine;

Degree sits  
down too,

and takes  
out his  
knife,  
but can  
hardly eat  
anything for  
looking at  
the beautiful  
lady.

After supper

the lady goes  
to her bed-  
room,  
and Degree  
follows her.

She plays

the harp,

are written, in a later hand, the follow-  
ing lines:—

I promised Silvia to be true,  
 nay out of zeale I swore it tooe;  
 & *that* She might beleive me more,  
 gave her in writeing what I swore.—  
 nor vowes nor oathes can lovers bind;  
 Soe long as pleased, soe long are kinde.—  
 it was on a leafe: *the* wind but blew;  
 away both leafe & promise flew.

[a space, and then] I tell *thee* Char-  
miorn.—F.

<sup>1</sup> Here the ordinary handwriting of  
the MS. begins again.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Remember that forks were a luxury  
not then introduced. Assume that Degree  
had washed his hands, and then he'd

have fulfilled the requirements of *Trac-  
tus Urbanitatis*:

To þe mete when þou art sette,  
 Fayre & honestly thow ete hyt:  
 Fyrst loke þat þy handes be clene,  
 And þat þy knyfe be sharpe & kene,  
 And cutte þy breed & alle þy mete  
 Ry3th euen as þou doste hit ete.

*Babees Boke* &c. p. 14, l. 39–44.

<sup>3</sup> See the laying of the *surnape*, or towel  
for the lord to wash with, described in  
Russell, p. 132 of *Babees Boke* &c., and  
the washing at p. 323.—F.

<sup>4</sup> nome, took.—P.

<sup>5</sup> cup. See "Ffor to serve a Lord" in  
*Babees Boke*, and *Ladye Bessye*.—F.



- & then Sir Degree sett him downe  
 ffor to heare the harpe sound ;  
 & through the notes of the harp shrill  
 704 he layd him downe and slept his ffill. plays Degree  
to sleep,  
*that ffaire Lady that ilke night*  
*shee bade couer the gentle Knight ;*  
 & rich clothes on him they cast, and has him  
covered with  
rich clothes.  
 708 & shee went to another bed att Last.  
 & soe on the morrow when itt was day,  
 the Lady rose, the sooth to say, In the  
morning  
 & into the chamber they way can take.  
 712 shee sayd, " Sir *Knight*, arise and wake ! " she wakes  
him  
 & then shee sayd all in game,  
 " you are worthy ffor to haue blame !  
 ffor like a beast all night you did sleepe ;  
 716 & of my mayds you tooke no keepe." and  
reproaches  
him for his  
rudeness.  
 & then bespake Sir Degree,  
 " mercy, madam, & fforgiue mee !  
 the notes *that* thy harpe itt made,<sup>1</sup>  
 720 or else the good wine *that* I had.  
 but tell me now, my Ladye hend,<sup>2</sup> and asks  
her  
 ere I out of this chamber wend,<sup>3</sup>  
 who is Lord in this Lande,  
 724 or who holds this castle in his hand,  
 & whether you be mayd or wiffe,  
 & in what manner you lead your liffe,  
 & why you [have] soe<sup>4</sup> manye women  
 728 alone with-out<sup>5</sup> any men." and why she  
has no men  
there.  
She says  
 " Sir," shee sayd, " I wold you tell  
 & if you wold amend itt well.  
 my ffather was a bold Barron,  
 732 & holden Lord ouer tower & towne,  
 & hee had neuer child but mee,  
 & I am heyre heere in this countrie ; that she is  
her father's  
heiress,

<sup>1</sup> of thy harpe it made, i. e. caused it,  
 Sc. my sleepiness.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *hend*, gentle. Gl. Chau.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *wend*, go.—P.

<sup>4</sup> you [have] so. p. c.—P.

<sup>5</sup> withouten.—P.



and has had  
many  
suitors,

736 & there hath wood [me] many a *Knight*  
& many a Squier well dight<sup>1</sup>;

but a giant  
who wants  
her

but there then woones there beside  
a stout Gyant, & hee is ffull of pryde,  
& hee hath me desired long and yore<sup>2</sup>;

740 & him to loue I can neuer more;

has killed  
'em all.

& hee hath slaine my men eche one,  
all sauing my sorry dwarffe alone."

She swoons,

as shee stood talking, shee fell to the ground

744 & swooned there in *that* stond.

& then her Damsells about her come  
& comfort her, & her vp nome.<sup>3</sup>

the Ladye wakened, & looked on Sir Degree.

and on her  
recovery,  
Degree  
declares he'll  
help her.

748 "O Leaue Dame!" then sayes hee,  
"be not adread while I am here;  
ffor I will helpe thee to my power.<sup>4</sup>"

She promises  
him her  
lands

"Sir," shee sayes, "all my Lands

752 I doe itt ceaze into *your* hands,  
& all my goods I will thee giue,  
& alsoe my body while I doe liue,<sup>5</sup>

and herself

& ffor to bee att *your* owne will

to do what  
he will with.

756 earlye, late, lowde, and still,  
yea and *your* Lemman ffor to bee,  
to wreake<sup>6</sup> mee vpon my enemye."

Degree is  
glad

then was Sir Degree ffaine<sup>7</sup> to ffight

760 to defend this Ladye in her wright,

& ffor to sloe the other Knight

of the  
chance of  
winning her.

& winne the Ladye *that* was soe bright.

& as the stood talking in ffeere,<sup>8</sup>

764 her damsells came with a heauy cheere,

& bade "draw the bridge hastilye;

The giant  
approaches,  
and the  
drawbridge  
is drawn up.

for yonder comes *your* enemye;

without you itt draw soone, anon

768 hee will destroye vs euerye one."

[page 381]

<sup>1</sup> deck'd, dressed.—P.

<sup>2</sup> before, formerly.—P.

<sup>3</sup> nome, took.—P.

<sup>4</sup> P. has added an *e* at the end.—F.

<sup>5</sup> This line is partly pared away.—F.

<sup>6</sup> revenge.—P.

<sup>7</sup> glad.—P.

<sup>8</sup> together.—P.



## [The Fifth Part.]

[How Sir Degree kills the Giant, fights and finds his Father, and marries his Love.]

- 5<sup>d</sup> parte { Sir Degree hee start vp anon Degree  
 & thought to make him readye soone,  
 & out of a window hee him see ;  
 then to his horsse ffull soone did hye.  
 soe stout a man as hee was one,  
 in armor say <sup>1</sup> shee neuer none.  
 then Sir Degree rode fforth amaine rides forth.  
 776 ffor to ryde this Gyant againe :
- Thé smote together hard in soothe  
 that Sir Degrees horsse backe brake in 2. The giant  
 charges him,  
 and breaks  
 his horse's  
 back in two.
- 780 "thou hast," sayes Sir Degree, "slaine my good steede,  
 but I hope Isl quitt well thy meede !  
 to sloe thy steed nought I will,  
 but ffight with thee all my ffill."  
 then they ffoughten on ffoote in ffeere
- 784 with hard strokes vpon helmetts Cleere.  
 the Gyant hee gaue Sir Degree  
 huge strokes that were great plentye,  
 and Sir Degree did him alsoe giving one  
 another  
 huge  
 strokes.
- 788 till his helmett & basenett <sup>2</sup> were burst in 2.  
 the Gyant hee was agreeued sore The giant  
 because he had of his blood fforlore,<sup>3</sup>  
 & such a stroke he gaue Sir Degree thoe fells Degree ;
- 792 that to the ground he made him goe.  
 Sir Degree recouered anon-right, but he  
 recovers  
 himself,  
 & such a stroke hee gaue that Knight,  
 & vpon the crowne soe hee itt sett,
- 796 that througe his helme and basenett  
 he made his sword to goe through his head,  
 & then the gyant fell downe dead. and kills  
 the giant.
- this Ladye lay in her castle,  
 800 & shee saw the whole battell, The lady is  
 as glad as

<sup>1</sup> saw.—P.<sup>2</sup> head-piece.—P.<sup>3</sup> lost.—P.



the birds of  
daylight,

& shee was glad to see *that* sight  
as euer the bird was of daylight.  
then Sir Degree came into the hall,

thanks  
Degree,

804 & against him came the damsell,  
& shee thanked him ffor his good deed,  
& into her chamber shee did him lead,  
& vnarmed him anon thoe,

kisses him  
100 times,

808 & kist a 100 times and moe,  
& sayd, "Sir, now all my Lands  
I doe ceaze into thy hands,

gives him all  
her lands  
and goods  
and herself.

& all my goods I doe thee giue,  
812 & my bodye the whilest I liue,  
& ffor to bee att your owne will  
earlye, late, lowd, and still."

Degree

he sayd, "Madam, godamercye  
816 ffor all the ffavour you haue granted mee!

says he must  
first seek  
adventures  
for a year;

but I must into ffarr countryee,  
more aduentures ffor to see  
vntill this 12 monthes be agoe,<sup>1</sup>

then he'll  
come to her.

820 & then I will come you toe."  
hee betooke her to the heauen *King*.  
the Lady wept att their departinge.

hee leaped on his horsse, the soothe to say,

824 & rode fforth on his Iourney;

He rides  
westward

& euermore he rode west

till a Lane he ffound in a fforrest,

till a knight

& there came to him [pricking a] *Knight*<sup>2</sup>

828 That well was armed, & on his horsse dight [page 382]

in rich  
armour  
rides up to  
him

in armour *that* wold well endure,

with ffine gold and rich azure,

& 3 bores heads where therin,

832 the *which* were of gold ffine;—

itt might well bee his owne, soones ffell,<sup>3</sup>

ffor once hee woone them in battell;—

<sup>1</sup> gone, past.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. cut away.—F. pricking a Kt.—P. —F.

<sup>3</sup> *sans faile*, without fail. See l. 841.



- & he sayd, "villaine! what doest thou here  
 836 within my fforrest to sloe my deere?"  
 Sir Degree answered him with words meeke,  
 & sayes, "of thy deere I take noe keepe,  
 but I am an aduenturous *Knight*,  
 840 & I am goinge to seeke warr & ffight."  
 his ffather answered & sayd sans ffell,  
 "if thou be come ffor to seeke battell,  
 buske<sup>1</sup> thee shortlye in a stonde,  
 844 ffor thy ffellow thou hast ffounde."  
 then looke what ffolly happened *that* tyde!  
 the sonne againe the ffather did ryde,  
 & neither knew of other right;  
 848 & thus they began to ffight.  
 they smote together soe hard in soothe  
*that* their horsses bacckes brake bothe;  
 & then they ffought on ffoote in fere  
 852 with hard strokes vpon helmetts cleere.  
 & this his ffather amarueyled was  
 of his sword *that* was poyntles,  
 & sayd to him anon-right,  
 856 "abyde awhile, thou gentle *Knight*!  
 where was thou borne, in what Land?"  
 "Sir," hee sayd, "in England.  
 a *Kings* daughter is my mother;  
 860 but I cannott tell who is my ffather.  
 "what is thy name?" then sayes hee.  
 "Sir, my name is Degree."  
 "O Sir Degree, thou art right welcome!  
 864 ffor well I know thou art my sonne.  
 by *that* sword I know thee heere;  
 the poynt is in my poteuere.<sup>2</sup>"  
 hee tooke the poynt & sett itt tooe,<sup>3</sup>  
 868 & they accorded both tooe.<sup>4</sup>
- and asks  
him why he's  
come to kill  
his deer.  
  
Degree says  
he doesn't  
want his  
deer,  
  
but to fight.  
  
The knight  
tells him  
to make  
ready,  
  
and they  
fight  
  
fiercely  
till the  
knight  
sees that  
Degree's  
sword is  
pointless,  
  
and asks him  
where he was  
born.  
  
"In  
England.  
  
But I know  
not my  
father."  
  
"Welcome,  
my son!  
  
I know you  
by your  
sword."  
He fits the  
point on to  
it,

<sup>1</sup> prepare.—P.<sup>2</sup> A pocket or pouch. See *Boy* &*Mantle*, vol. ii. p. 305, l. 21.—F.<sup>3</sup> ? MS. looe.—F. to.—P. <sup>4</sup> tho.—P.



and father  
and son are  
reconciled.

They go  
together  
to England.

Degree's  
mother

recognises  
his father,

and they are  
married.

Degree

marries his  
own love ;

and so his  
troubles  
are over.

- soe long they haue spoken together,  
both the sonne and the ffather,  
*that* they haue both accorded att one,  
872 the ffather & the sonne alone.  
then went fforth Sir Degree  
with his owne ffather trulye.  
vntill they might England see,  
876 they drew thither as they wold bee ;  
& when they to the *Kings* palace were come,  
they were welcome with all and some.  
& there they Ladye spyed them ouer a wall,  
880 & to them shee began to call,  
& shee sayd, "my deere sonne, Sir Degree,  
thou hast thy ffather brought with thee !" "  
"now thankes be to god !" sayd the *Kinge*,  
884 "ffor now I know with-out leasinge  
who is Degrees ffather indeede."  
the Ladye swooned in *that* steade.  
then shee & her sonne were parted in twaine,  
888 ffor hee & shee were to nye of kinne ;  
& then this *Knight* wedded *that* ffayre Ladye  
before all the Lords in *that* countrie.  
& then went fforth Sir degree,  
892 & soe did the *King* & all his meanye ;  
vnto the castle thé roden in ffere—  
with a companye right ffayre—  
where dwelled this <sup>1</sup> Ladye bright  
896 *which* before he wan in ffight.  
& there Sir Degree marryed *that* gay Ladye  
before all the nobles in *that* countrie.  
& thus came the *Knight* out of his care.  
900 god grant vs all well to ffare !

ffins.

<sup>1</sup> that.—P.

[“*In a May Morning*” and “*The Turke in Linen*,” printed in L. & Hum.  
Songs, p. 74–79, follow here, and take up p. 383 of the MS.]



Death & Liffe.<sup>1</sup>

[page 384]

<sup>2</sup> THIS poem, which is certainly one of the finest in the Folio Manuscript, is now printed for the first time, and, as it would appear at present, from the only copy of it in existence. From its allegorical nature, it contains no historical allusions to assist us in discovering its date or its author, and the only way left is to examine the internal evidence. From this, however, it is plain that the author wrote the poem in imitation of Langland's *Vision of Piers Plowman*; and a comparison of the two throws considerable light upon its construction and its language. The author seems most indebted to the later *passus* of *Piers Plowman*, and I should infer from the line,

& bade them barre bigglye · Belzebub his gates,<sup>3</sup> (l. 390)

and from other indications, that the particular text of *Piers Plowman* which he knew best was the *latest* one. And since the latter part of this latest text was very likely not written much before 1380, we may be tolerably certain at the outset that the date of "Death and Liffe" is, at any rate, later than this.

Again, if we compare "Death and Liffe" with one of the latest pieces of alliterative verse known, viz., the "Scotish ffeilde" (see vol. i. p. 199 of the present work), we see a remarkable similarity

<sup>1</sup> 2 fitts. Two of these short Lines are properly but one.—P. The Anglo-Saxon alliterative poems are usually written as prose with frequent dots, and printed commonly in short lines; the Early English ones in long lines. The lines of the present poem in the Folio MS. are written short to l. 87 of the text. They are here printed long, with an inverted full stop at the break between them, after Mr. Skeat's plan in his *Piers Plowman*, from

Langland's *Vision* of whom this poem is imitated. And as the stop helps the reader by marking the pause in each line, it has been carried on through the lines which are written long in the MS. and without pause-marks.—F.

<sup>2</sup> This Introduction is by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See Whitaker's edition of *Piers Plowman*, p. 354. The passage about "barre we þe 3ates" is not in Wright's edition.



in the style, diction, and rhythm of these two poems. I have little doubt but that the same man was the author of both. There is, in both, the same free use of the words *leeds*, *frekes*, *bearnes*, *segges*, as equivalent to *men*; the same choice of peculiar words, such as *weld* (to rule over), to *keyre to* (to turn towards), to *ding* (to strike), even down to the occurrence in both of the unusual word *nay*, as equivalent to *ne*, i.e. nor. Where we find in "Death and Liffe,"

the *red rayling roses* · the *riches* of flowers (l. 24),

we find the corresponding line in "Scottish ffeilde," viz.

*rayled* full of *red roses* · and *riches* enowe (l. 26).

So too, the line in "Death and Liffe,"

a *bright burnisht blade* · *all bloody beronen* (l. 172),

is explained by

till all his *bright* armour · was *all bloudye beronen* (l. 31 of S. F.).

We may even venture, with confidence, to correct one poem by help of the other. Thus, in S. F. l. 337,

many squires full swiftly · were snapped to the death,

it is certain, no less from the Lyme MS. than from the alliteration, that *squires* and *snapped* should be *swires* and *swapped*. And we find the word *sweeres*, accordingly, in D. & L. l. 54. As another instance, take D. & L. l. 407 :

he cast a *light* on the *Land* · as *beames* on the sunn.

Here *on* is obviously an error for *of*; and it at once occurred to me that *beames* is an error for *leames*, the older form, and the only one that agrees with the alliteration. This conjecture is changed to certainty by observing S. F. l. 309 :

with *leames* full *light* · all the *land* over.

Once more, we find, in D. & L. l. 185,

both enuye & anger · in their yerne weeds.



If we consider *yerne* to mean *eager* (cf. l. 250), we get no particular sense, and destroy the alliteration; but if we take it to mean *iron*, we are right both ways. That this is correct, is rendered probable by a similar expression in S. F. l. 363, viz., "in their *steele* weeds," which is not dubious at all.

It may be observed, too, that the two poems are very nearly of the same length, and are both similarly divided into two parts. I shall show presently that the author of "Death and Liffe" was familiar with "Piers Plowman," and it is equally certain that the author of "Scotish ffeilde" was so too. Compare S. F. l. 106,

& profer him a present · all of pure gold,

with the original line as it stands in "Piers Plowman,"

And profrede Pees a present · al of pure golde.

(P. Pl. ed. Wright, p. 70; or ed. Skeat, p. 47.)

Percy himself seems to have been in two minds about this poem. In one place he says, that "for aught that appears, [it] may have been written as early [as], if not before, the time of Langland;"<sup>1</sup> and in another place he says, of the "Scotish ffeilde," and with reference to "Death and Liffe," that "from a similitude of style, [it] seems to have been written by the same Author."<sup>2</sup> The former opinion is out of the question; the latter is, I think, as good as proved to be correct. Percy further says: "The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between 'our lady Dame LIFE,' and the 'ugly fiend Dame DEATH;' who, with their several attributes and concomitants, are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting."<sup>3</sup> It is, indeed, written with great boldness and vigour, and with no small skill. LIFE is represented as beautiful, loving, cheering and blessing all things with her gracious and happy presence, whilst, on the other hand, and in perfect contrast, DEATH is

<sup>1</sup> Reliques, vol. ii. p. 303 (5th ed.)

sent work.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i. p. 199, *note*, of the pre-

<sup>3</sup> Reliques, vol. ii. p. 304.



repulsive, terrifying, unsparing, with sorrow and sickness in her train.

The picture of Lady Life as she comes "ever laughing for love," is the happiest piece of description in the Folio. All nature "sways to her as she moves, and circles her with music:"

.. as shee came by the bankes · the boughes eche one  
they lowted to that Ladye · & layd forth their branches ;  
blossomes & burgens · breathed full sweete,  
fflowers ffourished in the frith · where shee fforth stepedd,  
& *the grass that was gray · greened belive ;*  
breme birds on the boughes · busilye did singe,  
& *all the wild in the wood · winlye the ioyed.* (l. 69-75.)

The dispute between the Ladies turns upon the real meaning of the death of Christ. Death boasts of the fall of Adam and of the thousands she has slain, and how she had pierced the heart of our Lord himself. But, at the mention of His hallowed name, Life rises up to reply victoriously, and to reprove unanswerably. She reminds Death of Christ's resurrection, of His triumph over all the powers of hell, of the impotence of her boasting, and of her everlasting defeat and condemnation. The poet has a glimpse of the glories of the general resurrection, and awakes renewed in hope and comforted at heart with the indwelling desire of the blessings of bliss everlasting.

I now proceed, finally, to show to what extent the poet was indebted to his older and greater brother-artist, William Langland, from whom no one need be ashamed to borrow. His obligations are such as detract very little from his originality and genius, but they are instructive to the reader, and therefore it is worth while to point them out. I refer to Wright's edition of "Piers Plowman," citing by the page as being most convenient.

A few similarities of expression may be first noticed.

(1) till that itt neighed neere noone (l. 137).

Cf. And it neghed neigh the noon (P. Pl. p. 425).

(2) how didest thou Iust att Ierusalem · with Iesu my lord (l. 368).

Cf. And justen with Jhesus (P. Pl. p. 374); and again,

And who sholde juste in Jerusalem (P. Pl. p. 370).



## 3. It is said of Lady Life,

& yett beffore thou wast borne · shee bred *in thy hart* (l. 128).

So, of Lady *Anima*, who is also Lady Life,

And *in the herte* is hir hoom · and hir mooste reste. (P. Pl. p. 162.)

4. The expression “care thou noe more” (l. 131) occurs in a different poem altogether, viz. in *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede* (l. 131, ed. Skeat, 1867); but the expression “to ken kindlye,” in the former half of the same line, is from P. Pl. p. 20.

5. In l. 119, *praysed* should be *prayed*. Cf.

Thanne I *courbed on my knees* · and cried hire of grace,  
And *preide* hire pitously, &c. (P. Pl. p. 19.)

But I pass on to points of greater interest and importance.

Here is the passage which gives the keynote to the whole poem :

DEETH seith he shal fordo · and adoun brynge  
Al that lyveth and loketh · in londe and in watre.  
LIF seith that he lieth · and leieth his lif to wedde,  
That for al that DEETH kan do · withinne thre daies  
To walke and fecche fro the fend · Piers fruyt the Plowman,  
And legge it ther hym liketh · and Lucifer bynde,  
And for-bete and adoun brynge · bale deeth for evere.  
*O mors, ero mors tua*, &c. (P. Pl. p. 371.)

Again,

LIF and DEETH in this derknesse · hir oon fordooth hir oother.  
Shall no wight wite witterly · who shal have the maistrie  
Er Sonday aboute sonne risyng. (P. Pl. p. 373.)

The idea of beholding all in a *vision* is common enough, as in Chaucer's *House of Fame* and the *Romaunt of the Rose*; but there are points in the present poem which are obviously adopted from Langland, and from no one else. Thus the poet wanders through a frith full of flowers (l. 22):

I seigh floures in the fryth · and hir faire colours. (P. Pl. p. 224.)

He wanders by the river-side, and falls asleep (l. 26–36):

I was wery forwandred · and wente me to reste  
Under a brood bank · by a bournes side;  
And as I lay and lenede · and loked on the watres,  
I slombred into a slepyng · it sweyed so murye. (P. Pl. p. 1.)



Or, as Langland says on another occasion,

Blisse of the briddes · broughte me a-slepe. (P. Pl. p. 155.)

Next, he imagines himself on a great mountain (l. 40):

On a mountaigne that myddel-erthe · highte, as me thoughte. (P. Pl. p. 221.)

Line 49 he adopts from Langland, almost without alteration:

Me bifel a ferly · of fairye, me thoghte. (P. Pl. p. 1.)

He sees in his vision an innumerable host of people (l. 50–56):

A fair feeld ful of folk · fond I ther bitwene  
Of alle manere of men · the meene and the riche. (P. Pl. p. 2.)

In particular, he observes a lovely lady (l. 60):

A lovely lady of leere · in lynnyn yclothed,  
Cam down from a castel · and called me faire. (P. Pl. p. 15.)

She is in gorgeous attire, like a second lady described by Langland:

And was war of a womman · worthiliche y-clothed,  
Purfiled with pelure · the fyneste upon erthe,  
Ycorouned with a coroune · the kyng hath noon bettre, &c. (P. Pl. p. 28.)

The lady, however, is called *Life*, and has in her train Sir Comfort, Sir Hope, Sir Hind, Sir Liffe, Sir Likinge, &c. (l. 100–4.) This is evidently Langland's Lady *Anima*, with her attendants Sir Se-wel, Sir Sey-wel, Sir Here-wel, &c. (P. Pl. p. 160.) After this, however, the poet's mind again reverts to Langland's *Lady Holichirche*, who says of herself:

I underfeng thee first · and the feith taughte. (P. Pl. p. 19.)

Life offers to instruct him, but he is rather afraid of her, just as Langland is of *Holichirche*. But just then, a noise is heard "in a nooke of the *north*;" i.e. in the quarter where Lucifer dwells; cf. *ponam pedem in aquilone*, quoted in P. Pl. p. 22, or, as it stands in Whitaker's edition, at p. 18,

Lord, why wolde he tho · thulke wrechede *Lucifer*  
Lepen on a lofte · in the *northe* syde?

The earth trembles at the approach of Death (l. 147):

The wal waggede and cleef · and al the world quaved. (P. Pl. p. 373.)



Death appears, terrible and resistless, described by Langland with astonishing vigour in the lines :

DEETH cam dryvyng after · and al to duste passhed  
Kynges and knyghtes · kayzers and popes.<sup>1</sup>  
Lered and lewed · he leet no man stonde  
That he hitte evene · that evere stired after.  
Manye a lovely lady · and lemmans of knyghtes  
Swowned and swelted · for sorwe of hise dyntes. (P. Pl. p. 431.)

There is next a strife between Death and Life, as in the passages of Langland already quoted, and we find Death boasting of her jousting with Jesus at Jerusalem. After this point in the narrative, the reader will no longer have to look hither and thither for parallel passages, but should read over Passus XVIII. of "Piers Plowman," and he will find there the same account of Christ's descent into hell, or as it is more generally termed, "the harrowing of hell," because our Lord *harried* or ravaged hell, despoiling Satan of his prey. At Christ's descent, a wondrous *leme*<sup>2</sup> (or *gleam*) shines around :

The while this light and this *leme* · shal Lucifer ablende. (P. Pl. p. 377.)

whilst a loud voice is heard, commanding Lucifer to unbar the gates :

A vois loude in that light · to Lucifer crieth,  
Prynces of this place · unpynneth and unlouketh. (P. Pl. p. 385.)  
And with that breeth helle brak · with Belialles barres. (P. Pl. p. 388.)

and Christ enters in triumph, and binds Lucifer in chains (P. Pl. p. 393). He next delivers "Adam and his issue," returning with them to Paradise :

and tho that oure Lorde lovede · into his light he laughte. (P. Pl. p. 388.)

After this triumph the poet beholds a glimpse of the general resurrection, but the sublimity of the spectacle wakes him :

men rongen to the resurexion · and right with that I wakede. (P. Pl. p. 395.)

I have only to add that the poem known by the title of "The

<sup>1</sup> Two more forcible lines are seldom to be met with.

<sup>2</sup> I have before shown that *leames* is the true reading in l. 407.



Harrowing of Hell" has been edited by Mr. Collier and by Mr. Halliwell; that another version of it is to be found in "The Parliament of Devils" (see "Hymns to the Virgin and Christ, &c.," ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. Soc. 1867); and that the common source of all these appears to be a curious passage in the Apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, for which see Cowper's recently published translation of these Gospels.

[The First Part.]

Christ,

give us  
grace to  
serve thee,

for all  
strength

and learning

must come  
to nought  
when we  
die.

The good go  
to bliss,

the wrong-  
doers to  
woe.

CHRIST, christen king · *that* on the crosse tholed,<sup>1</sup>  
hadd<sup>2</sup> paines & passyons · to deffend our soules,  
giue vs grace on the ground · the<sup>3</sup> greatlye to serve  
4 for *that* royall red blood · *that* rann ffrom thy side,  
& take<sup>4</sup> away of thy winne<sup>5</sup> word · as the world asketh,<sup>6</sup>  
*that* is richer of<sup>7</sup> renowne · rents or others.  
for boldnesse of body · nor blythenesse of hart,  
8 coninge of Clearkes · ne cost vpon earth;  
but all wasteth away · & worthes<sup>8</sup> to nought.  
when death driueth att the doore<sup>9</sup> · with his darts  
keene,  
then noe truse<sup>10</sup> can be taken · noe treasure on earth,  
12 but all Lordshipps be lost · & the liffe both.  
if thou haue pleased the prince · *that* paradise weldeth,<sup>11</sup>  
there is noe bearne<sup>12</sup> borne · *that* may thy blisse recon;  
but if thou haue wrongffully wrought · & will not  
amend,  
16 thou shalt byterlye bye<sup>13</sup> · or else the booke ffayleth.

<sup>1</sup> qu. tholedst, i.e. suffered. Jun.—P.

<sup>2</sup> qu. haddest.—P.

<sup>3</sup> thee.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. & to take &c. in proportion (or in the same measure) as the World asks other things.—P.

<sup>5</sup> winne. A.S. *winlic*, jucundus; *winn*, amicus. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Cp. *Vis. of P. Pl.*, Prol.: werchynges & wandrynges · as the world asketh.—Skeat.

<sup>7</sup> Qu. or.—P.

<sup>8</sup> turns or becomes, S. *worþan*, esse, Fieri. Lye. *worth*, to wax, to become. Gloss. to G. D. —P.

<sup>9</sup> ? MS. doere.—F.

<sup>10</sup> trusse, package.—F.

<sup>11</sup> i.e. governeth. Juni.—P.

<sup>12</sup> i.e. child, human creature: man &c. See Gaw<sup>n</sup>. Doug<sup>s</sup>. passim.—P.

<sup>13</sup> *byan*, Sax., habitare, possidere.—P. abye, A.-S. *abiegan*. Cp. "Shal abien it bittre. · or the book lieth." *P. Pl.* ed. Wright, p. 58.—Skeat.



- therefore begin in god · to greaten our workes,  
 & in his ffaythffull sonne · *that* ffreelye him followeth  
 in hope of the holy ghost · *that* yeeld shall neuer.
- 20 god *that* is gracyous · & gouerne vs all,  
 bringe vs into blisse · *that* brought vs out of ball<sup>1</sup>!  
 thus ffared I through a ffryth<sup>2</sup> · were fflowes were  
     manye,  
 bright bowes in the banke · breathed ffull sweete,  
 24 the red rayling<sup>3</sup> roses · the riches<sup>4</sup> of fflowes,  
 land<sup>5</sup> broad on their bankes · with their bright Leaues,  
 & a riuer *that* was rich · runn ouer the greene  
 with still sturring streames · *that* streamed ffull bright.  
 28 over the glittering ground · as I there<sup>6</sup> glode,<sup>7</sup>  
 methought itt Lenghtened my liffe · to looke on the  
     bankes.  
 then among the fayre flowers · I settled me to sitt  
 vnder a huge hawthorne · *that* hore was of blossomes;  
 32 I bent my backe to the bole<sup>8</sup> · & blenched<sup>9</sup> to the  
     streames.  
 thus prest I on apace · vnder the greene hawthorne.  
 ffor breme<sup>10</sup> of the birds · & breath of the fflowes,  
 & what for waching & wakinge · & wandering about,  
 36 in my seate where I sate · I sayed a sleepe,  
 lying Edgelong on the ground · list<sup>11</sup> all my seluen,  
 deepe dreames and dright<sup>12</sup> · droue mee to hart.  
 methought walking *that* I was · in a wood stronge,  
 40 vpon a great Mountaine · where Mores<sup>13</sup> were large,

May God  
bring us into  
bliss!

I walked  
through  
a wood full  
of flowers,

with a  
river  
running  
through,

and the  
sight  
seemed to  
lengthen  
my life.  
I sat down,

and the  
birds' song

sent me to  
sleep,

and I  
dreamed  
that I  
walked on a  
mountain

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<sup>1</sup> bale, sorrow, misery.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *frith* olim *sylvam* Nota vit. Ita Jul. Burns devenerat. [?MS.] "Wherever you fare, by frith or by fell," i.e. quocunque Iter feceris, sive per sylvam, sive per Campum. Gloss. ad G. D. So Douglas Æn. 6. 793, regnata per arva, "rang (reign'd) baith be fryth & fald." And in Prol. to Lib. 13. In frith or feilde.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Cp. "The rose *rayleth* hir rode." Morris's *Specimens*, glossed "*rayle*, to deck, ornament; *rayleth*, puts on (as a garment). A.-S. *hrægel*, a garment; whence night-rail." But see *railinge*, l. 376 below.—F.

<sup>4</sup> richest.—P.

<sup>5</sup> ? leaned, or layd, as in l. 63.—F.

<sup>6</sup> It there, qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> i.e. glided. *glade*, Scot. *apud G. Douglas, est, went, passed, swiftly.* Gloss. ad G. Douglas.—P.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. the body or trunk.—P.

<sup>9</sup> shrunk, started, leaned towards.—P. Cf. blink.—Skeat.

<sup>10</sup> A. S. *bremman*, fremere: celebrare.—P.

<sup>11</sup> ? for *lift*, left, left alone.—Sk.

<sup>12</sup> great, noble, fine, A.-S. *driht*.—Sk.

<sup>13</sup> *more*, Mons, borealibus Anglis. A.S. *mor*, Mons. L[ye].—P. Moors.—Skeat.



whence I  
saw

all the world  
in its wealth.

And on the  
South I saw  
a crowd of  
knights,

princes,  
dukes,  
earls, and  
squires.

On the  
East I saw

a lovely  
lady

- that* I might see on euerye side · 17 miles,  
both of woods & wasts · & walled townes,  
comelye castles & Cleare · with caruen towers,  
44 parkes and Pallaces · & pastures ffull many,  
all the world full of welth · vuulye<sup>1</sup> to behold.  
I sett me downe softlye · and sayd these words :  
“ I will not kere out of Kythe<sup>2</sup> · before I know more.”  
48 & I wayted<sup>3</sup> me about · wonders to know,  
& I<sup>4</sup> ffayrlye beffell · soe fayre me bethought  
I saw on the south syde · a seemelye sight,  
of comelye Knights full keene · & knights<sup>5</sup> ffull  
noble,  
52 Princes in the presse · proudlye attyred,  
Dukes *that* were doughtye · & many deere Erles,  
Sweeres<sup>6</sup> & swaynes · *that* swarmed ffull thicke ;  
there was neither hill nor holte<sup>7</sup> · nor haunt there  
beside,  
56 but itt was planted ffull of people · the plaine and the  
roughe.  
there ouer *that* oste<sup>8</sup> · Estward I looked  
into a boolish<sup>9</sup> banke · the brightest of other,  
*that* shimered<sup>10</sup> and shone · as the sheere<sup>11</sup> heauen  
60 throughe the light of a Ladye · *that* longed<sup>12</sup> therin.  
shee came cheereing ffull comlye · with companye<sup>13</sup>  
noble,  
vpon cleare clothes · were all of cleare gold,

<sup>1</sup> fortè, *winlye*, i.e. pleasantly, jucunde.  
Lye.—P. ? viewlye.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Kythe, knowledge.—P. region, A.-S.  
*cyð*.—Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> Old French *gaiter*, to spy about.—  
Sk.

<sup>4</sup> it, query.—P. “Me bifel a ferly ·  
of fairye me thoghte.” *Vis. of P. Pl.*, Pro-  
logue.—Skeat.

<sup>5</sup> Kings, Qu.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *fortè* squires.—P. Yes, often used  
in *Allit. Poems*, ed. Morris &c.—F.

<sup>7</sup> holt, a wood, a rough Place, &c.  
Lye. *holtis*, Scot., are hills, higher

grounds, or rather Woods & forrests  
(so). Gloss. to G. D.—P.

<sup>8</sup> hoste.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps “tumid, swelling, rounded.”  
Thus *bole* in l. 32, from Old English  
*bolne*, to *swell*; see Partenay, s.v. *bolned*.  
Cf. “The flax was *bolled*,” Bible.—Sk.

<sup>10</sup> *idem ac* glimmered, Chauc. A.S.  
*scymrian*, to shine, glitter. L.—P.

<sup>11</sup> sheer, pure, clear. Johns.—P.

<sup>12</sup> lodged, longed. Qu.—P. Abode,  
dwelt, A.-Sax. *lengian*: *loded* is quite  
*wrong*. See l. 136.—Sk.

<sup>13</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.



- layd brode vpon the bent<sup>1</sup> · with brawdres<sup>2</sup> ffull riche,  
 64 before *that* ffayre<sup>3</sup> on the ffeeld · where shee fforth  
 passed.  
 shee was brighter of her blee<sup>4</sup> · then was the bright  
 sonn, brighter  
 than the  
 sun,  
 her rudd<sup>5</sup> redder then the rose · *that* on the rise<sup>6</sup> redder than  
 hangeth, the rose,  
 meekely smiling with her mouth · & merry in her  
 lookes,  
 68 euer laughing for loue · as shee like wold. laughing  
 for love.  
 & as shee came by the bankes · the boughes eche one The boughs  
 they lowted<sup>7</sup> to *that* Ladye · & layd forth their branches. bowed to  
 her,  
 blossomes & burgens<sup>8</sup> · breathed ffull sweete, the blossoms  
 breathed  
 sweet,  
 72 fflowers flourished in the frith · where shee fforth  
 stepedd,  
 & the grasse *that* was gray · greened beliue ; the grey  
 grass turned  
 green,  
 breme birds on the boughes · busilye did singe,  
 & all the wild in the wood · winlye thé ioyed. the wild  
 beasts were  
 glad,  
 76 Kings kneeled on their knees · knowing *that* Ladye, kings  
 kneeled to  
 her,  
 & all the princes in the presse · & the proud dukes, the nobles  
 bowed,  
 Barrons & bachelours<sup>9</sup> · all they bowed ffull lowe ; and all  
 proffered to  
 please her.  
 all profrereth her to please · the pore and the riche. She wel-  
 comed them  
 all.  
 80 shee welcometh them ffull winlye · with words ffull  
 hend, [page 386]  
 both barnes<sup>10</sup> & birds · beastes & fowles.  
 then *that* lowly Ladye<sup>11</sup> · on Land where shee standeth,

<sup>1</sup> bent, where rushes grow—the field. Gloss. ad G. Doug<sup>s</sup>. Declivity. In Scotch it signifies a field. See Gloss.—P. layd brode=spread out, i.e. her train lay on the ground. Cf. l. 25.—Sk.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. embroideries.—P.

<sup>3</sup> i.e. Fair thing, Fair Creature, v. l. 450.—P.

<sup>4</sup> complexion ; S. *bleoh*, color.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *rudd*, complexion. Jun.—P. A.-S. *rudu*, ruddiness.—Sk.

<sup>6</sup> *rises*, Scot., are bulrushes, flags, ulva. or it may signify shrubs, bushes. Gloss. ad G. D. *rise*, Chaucero est virga, surculus, a shoot, sprig, &c.: e.g. “As

white as is the blossom on the Rise.” Mi. G. 216: “As white as Lillie or Rose on the rise.” R. R. 1015. Jun.—P. Ger. *reis*, a twig.—Skeat.

<sup>7</sup> A.S. *hlutan*, incurvare &c. Jun.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *burgen*, burgeon, the same as *bud*. Jun.—P.

<sup>9</sup> i.e. Knights. Thus in King Richard F's Song (Qu. printed in Hor. Walpole's roy! Authors. St. 6. *il bachaliers qi son legiere sain* doubtless means Knights. See also many other places in this collection.—P. See Gloss. to *Lancelot*.—Sk.

<sup>10</sup> i.e. children, human creatures.—P.

<sup>11</sup> lovely Lady. Vid. Lin. 258.—P.



She was  
clad  
in green

84 *that* was comelye cladd · in kirtle & Mantle  
of goodlyest greene · *that* euer groome<sup>1</sup> ware,  
for the kind<sup>2</sup> of *that* cloth · can noe clarke tell;  
& shee the most gracyous groome · *that* on the ground  
longed;

her dress  
cut low to  
show her  
breasts

88 of her druryes<sup>3</sup> to deeme · to dull be my witts,  
& the price of her [perrie<sup>4</sup>] · can no P[erson]<sup>5</sup> tell;  
& the colour<sup>6</sup> of her kirtle · was caruen ffull lowe,  
*that* her blisfull breastes · bearnes might<sup>7</sup> behold,  
with a naked necke · *that* neighed<sup>8</sup> her till,

and her  
beautiful  
neck.

92 *that* gaue light on the Land · as beames of the sunn.  
all the Kings christened · with their cleere gold  
might not buy *that* ilke broche<sup>9</sup> · *that* buckeled her  
mantle,

A crown  
was on her  
head, and a  
sceptre in  
her hand.

96 & the crowne on her head · was caruen in heauen,  
with a scepter sett in her hand · of selcoth<sup>10</sup> gemmes:  
thus louelye to looke vpon · on Land shee abydeh.

Her suite  
were,

merry were the Meanye<sup>11</sup> · of men *that* shee had,  
blyth bearnes of blee · bright as the sunn:

Comfort,  
Hope,  
Love,  
Courtesy,

100 Sir Comfort, *that* Knight · when the court dineth,  
Sir Hope & Sir Hind · yee<sup>12</sup> sturdye beene both,  
Sir Liffe & Sir Likinge · & Sir Loue alsoe,  
Sir Cunnigne<sup>13</sup> & Sir Curtesye · *that* curteous were of  
deeds,

and Honour  
her steward.

104 & Sir Honor ouer all · vnder her seluen.  
a stout man & a staleworth<sup>14</sup> · her steward I-wisse.

<sup>1</sup> *groome*, puer, famulus, also a young man, see Johnson, from Fairfax: "in-treat this groom & silly Maid."—here it is used equivalent to *homo*, m. & f.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. *kind*: if *knid*, perhaps from *knitt*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *Drurie*, chaucero denotat amicitiam, amorem. Lye. Scot. gifts, presents, love-tokens. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.

<sup>4</sup> In this line a word is missing. It is surely the word *perrie*, precious stones, never missed in describing ladies: see *P. Pl.* ed. Wright, p. 511, note to l. 901.—Skeat.

<sup>5</sup> Person.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Qu. Collar, or y<sup>e</sup> Part round the neck. See Johnson.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *nnight* MS.—F.

<sup>8</sup> neighed them till. Qu.—P.

<sup>9</sup> i.e. an ornament, jewel, clasp. Jun.—P.

<sup>10</sup> i.e. rarus. Lye.—P.

<sup>11</sup> familia, multitudo. Lye.—P.

<sup>12</sup> *that* or who. Qu.—P.

<sup>13</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>14</sup> i.e. *fortis*, stout, lusty, strong. Lye.—P.



- shee had Ladyes of loue · longed her about :  
 Dame mirth, & Dame Meekenes · & Dame Mercy the  
 hynd,<sup>1</sup> Her ladies  
 were,  
 Mirth,  
 Mercy,
- 108 dallyance & disport · 2 damsells ffull sweete, and Disport;  
 with all beawtye [&] blisse · bearnes to behold.  
 there was minstrelsy made · in full many a wise,— and about  
 her was  
 song of men,  
 112 both of <sup>2</sup> birds & beastes · & bearnes in the leaues ; of birds  
 and beasts.  
 & ffishes of the fflood · ffaine <sup>3</sup> of her were ;  
 birds made merrye with their mouth · as they in mind  
 cold.  
 tho <sup>4</sup> I was moued with *that* mirth · *that* maruell mee  
 thought ; I longed to  
 know who  
 this lady  
 was.
- 116 what woman *that* was · that all the world lowted,  
 I thought speedyllye to spy · speede if I might.  
 then I kered <sup>5</sup> to a knight · Sir Comfort the good,<sup>6</sup> I knelt to  
 Sir Comfort  
 kneeling low on my knees · curteouslye him prayesd.  
 120 I willed him of his worshipp · to witt <sup>7</sup> me the sooth <sup>8</sup> and asked  
 him to tell  
 me.  
 of yonder Ladye of loue · & of her royall meanye.  
 hee cherished me cheerlye · by cheeke & by chin,  
 & sayd, “certes my sonne · the sooth thou shalt He said,  
 “She is  
 Lady Life,  
 knowe.
- 124 this is my Lady dame Liffe · *that* leadeth vs all,  
 shee is worthy & wise · the welder of Ioye,  
 greatlye gouerneth the ground · & the greene grasse,  
 shee hath ffostered & ffed thee · sith thou was ffirst who has  
 kept you  
 from your  
 birth.  
 borne,  
 128 & yett beffore thou wast borne · shee bred in thy hart.  
 thou art welcome, I-wisse · vnto my winn Ladye.  
 If thou wilt wonders witt · feare not to ffaine,<sup>9</sup> You are  
 welcome to  
 her.”

<sup>1</sup> *Hine*, villicus, A.S. *hine*, servus, domesticus. Lye. perhaps *hend*.—P. Certainly *hynd*, *hend*, gentle.—Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> of, delend.—P. of=by, and is required by the verb *made* in l. 110.—Sk.

<sup>3</sup> faine, hilaris, glad. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> i.e. then.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *kere*, A.S. *Cerran*, *cyrran*, vertere.

Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> prayed. Qu.—P. Lines 117–19 are written as four in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> witt, *scire*, *hic est*, *facere notum*.—P. See *ken*, l. 131.—F.

<sup>8</sup> sooth, *verus*, *veritas*. Jun.—P.

<sup>9</sup> *frayne*, *interrogare*. Jun. to ask, desire. Gloss. G. D.—P.



- & I shall kindlye thee ken <sup>1</sup> · care thou noe more.”
- I thought  
I would be  
hers for  
ever, 132 then I was fearfull enoughe · & ffaythffullye thought  
‘ *that* I shold long with dame liffe · & loue her for euer,  
there shall no man vpon mold · my mind from her take  
for all the glitteringe gold · vnder the god of heauen.’
- and our  
joy lasted  
till an hour  
after noon. 136 thus in liking this liuinge · thé Longed <sup>2</sup> the more  
till *that* itt neighed neere noone · & one hower after  
there was rydinge & revell · *that* ronge in the bankes  
all the world was full woe · winne to <sup>3</sup> behold.
- But by two 140 or itt turned from 12 · till 2 of the clocke,  
much of this melodye · was maymed & marde :  
In a nooke of the north · there was a noyse hard,  
as itt had beene a horne · the highest of others,
- a horn was  
heard from  
the North, 144 with the biggest bere <sup>4</sup> · *that* euer bearne wist ;  
& the burlyest <sup>5</sup> blast · *that* euer blowne was,  
throughe the rattlinge rout · runge ouer the ffeelds.  
the ground gogled <sup>6</sup> for greeffe · of *that* grim dame ;
- blowing a  
burly blast, 148 I went nere out of my witt · for wayling care ;  
yett I bode on the bent · & boldlye looked,  
once againe into the north · mine eye then I cast.  
I there saw a sight · was sorrowfull to behold.
- and an  
ugly ghost  
appeared, 152 one of the vglyest <sup>7</sup> ghosts · *that* on the earth gone.  
there was no man of this sight · but hee was affrayd,  
soe grislye & great · & grim to behold.
- a woman  
with a gold  
crown, 156 & a quintfull <sup>8</sup> queene <sup>9</sup> · came quakinge before,  
with a carued crowne on her head · all of pure gold, [p.387]  
& shee the ffoulest ffreake <sup>10</sup> · *that* formed was euer

<sup>1</sup> ken, *scire, perspicere, intelligere*. Jun. here it signifies (transitively) to shew, make known, inform. See *Witt*, ver. 120.—P.

<sup>2</sup> abode. MS. Longer.—F.

<sup>3</sup> winn, Woe to. Qu.—P. The word *woe* is the difficulty : may it be A.-S. *wo*, *woh*, in the original sense of *bent, inclined*? Or rather, it's put for *wo[d]e* = mad. *Winne* is joy, pleasure.—Sk.

<sup>4</sup> bere, *fremere, fremitus*, roaring, raging noise. Lye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> burly, great of stature or size, bulky, corpulent. Johns.—P.

<sup>6</sup> joggled, wagged, shook.—Sk.

<sup>7</sup> most fright-causing.—F.

<sup>8</sup> quaintful, *quaint*, neat, exact, nice, having a petty elegance. N.B. *Quaint* is in Spencer quailed, depressed. Johnson.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Sc. Pride. compare this with Line 183.—P.

<sup>10</sup> freke, *homo*, a human creature. Lye.—P.



- both of hide & hew · & heare<sup>1</sup> alsoe.  
 shee was naked as my nayle · both aboue & belowe, and naked.  
 160 shee was lapped about · in Linenn breeches.  
 a more fearffull face · no freake might behold ; Her face  
 for shee was long, & leane · & lodlye<sup>2</sup> to see ; was fearful  
 there was noe man on the mold · soe mightye of Death was  
 strenght, in her look.  
 164 but a looke of *that* Lady · & his liffe passed.  
 his<sup>3</sup> eyes farden<sup>4</sup> as the fyer · *that* in the furnace Her eyes  
 burnes ; flamed like  
 they were hollow in her head · with full heauey fire.  
 browes ;  
 her cheekes were leane · with lipps full side,<sup>5</sup>  
 168 with a maruelous mouth · full of long tushes,  
 & the nebb<sup>6</sup> of her nose · to her navell hanged, Her nose  
 & her lere<sup>7</sup> like the lead · *that* latelye was beaten. hung down  
 shee bare in her right hand · & <sup>8</sup> vnrid<sup>9</sup> weapon, to her  
 172 a bright burnisht blade · all bloody beronen,<sup>10</sup> navel.  
 & in the left hand · like the legg of a grype,<sup>11</sup> In her right  
 with the talents *that* were touchinge · & teenfull<sup>12</sup> sword, hand was a  
 enoughe. in her left  
 with *that* shee burnisht vp her brand · & bradd<sup>13</sup> out a vulture's  
 her geere ; talons.  
 176 & I for feare of *that* freake · ffell in a swond. I swooned,  
 had not Sir Comfort come · & my care stinted, but Sir  
 I had beene slaine with *that* sight · of *that* sorrowfull Comfort  
 Ladye.

<sup>1</sup> hair.—P.<sup>2</sup> lodly or ledlye, Isl. *leidur*. Turpis sordidus, Al. *leid*, abominabilis. Mr Lye MS.—P. loathly, Cf. l. 303.—Sk.<sup>3</sup> Her.—P.<sup>4</sup> i. e. fared, passed, went, were.—P.<sup>5</sup> side, longus, prolixus. Lye.—P.<sup>6</sup> *nebbe*, rostrum, AS. vultus, item nasus. Jun.—P.<sup>7</sup> Lere, Lyre, Caro. Lye. *Item*, complexion. Gloss. ad G. D.—P.<sup>8</sup> an.—F.<sup>9</sup> *unrid*, perhaps the same as *unrude*in G. Doug<sup>s</sup> ; rude, hideous, horrible. Gloss. ad G. D.—P. The root seems to be the A.-S. *rēde* or *hrēde*, cruel, fierce. The prefix may be the A.-S. *an-* or *on-*.—Sk.<sup>10</sup> *Forté* beronen or berunen, vid. p. 367, St. 48 [of MS.].—P. be-run, run over with.—Sk.<sup>11</sup> i. e. Griffin.—P.<sup>12</sup> teen, *est injuria, vexatio*. Jun. Sorrow, grief. Johnson.—P.<sup>13</sup> braid, brade, vet. *experg/facere, auferre, educere*. Lye.—P.



- then he lowted to me low · & learned me well,  
 reassured me, 180 sayd, “be thou not abashed · but abyde there a while ;  
 here may thou sitt & see · selcothes<sup>1</sup> ffull manye.  
 told me she was Death, with Pride, her suite,  
 yonder damsell is death · *that* dresseth her to smyte.  
 loe, pryde passeth before · & the price beareth,  
 184 many sorrowfull souldiers · following her fast after :  
 both enuye & anger · in their yerne<sup>2</sup> weeds,  
 Envy, Wrath, Mischiefe,  
 morninge & mone · Sir Mis[c]heefe his ffere,<sup>3</sup>  
 Sorrow, Sorrow & sicknesse · & siking in hart ;  
 and all who loathed their life. 188 all *that* were lothinge of their liffe · were lent<sup>4</sup> to her  
 court.  
 when shee draweth vp her darts · & dresseth her to  
 smite,  
 there is no groome vnder god · may garr her to stint.  
 then I blushed<sup>5</sup> to *that* bearne · & balefullye looked :  
 She stept on the grass, 192 he<sup>6</sup> stepped forth barefooted · on the bents browne,  
 the greene grasse in her gate · shee grindeth all to  
 powder,<sup>7</sup>  
 trees tremble for ffear · & tipen<sup>8</sup> to the ground,  
 leaues lighten downe lowe · & leauen their might,  
 and the trees trembled, the leaves dropt. the fish were still. 196 fowles faylen to fflee · when<sup>9</sup> thé heard wapen,  
 & the ffishes in the fflood · ffaylen to swimme<sup>10</sup>  
 ffor dread of dame death · *that* dolefullye threates.  
 She hied to the happy crowd. 200 with *that* shee hyeth to the hill · & the heard ffindeth :  
 in the roughest of the rout · shee reacheth forth darts.  
 there shee fell att the first flappe · 1500  
 of comelyes Queenes with crowne · & Kings full noble,  
 and slew kings, princes,  
 proud princes in the presse · prestlye<sup>11</sup> shee quellethe ;  
 dukes, 204 of dukes *that* were doughtye · shee dang out the  
 braynes ;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. rarities, vid. L. 96.—P.<sup>2</sup> yerne, *promptus*, *cupidus*. L.—P.<sup>3</sup> fere, *socius*, vet. ang. L.—P.<sup>4</sup> led.—P. Qu. MS. letit, or a *t* crossed through for the first stroke of an *n*.—F. *lent* is short for *lenged*; thus *were lent* = abode, dwelt. See *lent* in Halliwell.—Sk.<sup>5</sup> vide Lin. 389.—P.<sup>6</sup> she.—P.<sup>7</sup> Compare this passage with the beautiful bit about Life, lines 69–75.—F.<sup>8</sup> tip, *leviter tangere*. L.—P.<sup>9</sup> *wan*. Query.—P.<sup>10</sup> MS. swimne.—F.<sup>11</sup> prest, paratus, statim. Lye.—P.



- merry maydens on the mold · shee mightilye killethe ; merry  
 there might no weapon them warrant · nor no walled maids,  
 towne.
- younge children in their craddle · they dolefullye dyen ; and babies  
 208 shee spareth ffor no specyaltie · but spilleth the too.  
 gainest<sup>1</sup> ;
- the more woe shee worketh · more mightye shee  
 seemeth.
- when my Lady dame liffe · looked on her deeds, Life then  
 & saw how dolefullye · shee dunge<sup>2</sup> downe her people,
- 212 shee cast vp a crye · to the hye King of heauen ; cried to  
 & he hearkneth itt hendlye · in his hye throne, God,  
 hee called on countenance · & bade his course take, and He sent  
 “ryde thou to the reschew · of yonder wrought<sup>3</sup> Countenance  
 Ladye. to her rescue.
- 216 hee was bowne<sup>4</sup> att his bidd · & bradd<sup>5</sup> on his way. Countenance  
 that wight,<sup>6</sup> as the wind · that wappeth<sup>7</sup> in the skye, rushes down  
 he ran out of the rainebow<sup>8</sup> · through the ragged like the  
 clouds, wind,
- & light on the Land · where the Lords [lay] slaine.
- 220 & vnto dolefull death · he dresses him to speake ; and bids  
 sayth : “thou wrathefull *Queene* · that euer woe worketh, Death  
 cease of thy sorrow · thy soueraigne commandeth, cease her  
 & let thy burnished blade · on the bent rest, slaughter,
- 224 that my Lady dame liffe · her likinge may haue.” that Life  
 then death glowed & gran · for gryme<sup>9</sup> of her talke,<sup>10</sup> might have  
 Death

<sup>1</sup> *gain*, the reverse of *ungain*, (awkward, clumsy) i.e. clever: handy, ready, dextrous. Johnson.—P.

<sup>2</sup> *dang*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> wrought, Scot. *wraik*, to vex; Sax. *wreccan*, exulare; *wreccan* persequi, ulcisci; *wrecca*, miser, exul. *Wrought* perhaps is the same with the Scotch *wrachit*, i.e. wretched.—P.

<sup>4</sup> bown, *paratus*. L.—P.

<sup>5</sup> vid. 176 ver.—P.

<sup>6</sup> *wight*, swift, nimble. Johnson.—P.

<sup>7</sup> wappeth, A.S. *wappian*, Fluctuare, [*wapean*, *wafian*, to waver, Bosworth], perhaps *waxeth*, see *Saxon*, written so in folio 105 “Saxon Harold,” also ver.

248 of this song.—P. See *Waft* in Wedgwood. *Wappe* is used in Maleore’s *Arthur* of the lapping of the waves in the bit about Arthur’s death, and Sir Bedevere.—Sk.

<sup>8</sup> The *w* is made over a *y* in the MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Query *foregrim*, i.e. very grim: *fore* in composition sometimes strengthens the meaning, e.g. fore done, fore shame, fore slow. See Johnson on these. *gryme* is foulness, dirtiness, impurity.—P. A.-S. *grim*, fury, rage; *grymetan*, to rage.—F.

<sup>10</sup> looked fiercely and grinned for rage at Countenance’s talk.—F.



- but shee did as shee dained <sup>1</sup> · durst shee noe other ;  
 shee pight the poynt of her sword · in the plaine earth,  
 earthed her sword. 228 & with a looke full layeth <sup>2</sup> · shee looked on the hills.  
 then my Lady dame Liffe · shee looketh full gay,  
 Life kisses  
 kyreth <sup>3</sup> to countenance · & him comelye thankes,  
 Countenance,  
 kissed kindlye *that Knight* · then carped <sup>4</sup> shee no  
 more,  
 and then rebukes  
 Death: 232 but vnto dolefull death · shee dresseth her to speake,  
 sayth : “ thou woefull wretch · weaknesse of care,  
 “ Devil’s daughter,  
 bold birth <sup>5</sup> full of bale · bringer of sorrowe,  
 dame daughter of the devill · death is thy name ;  
 236 but if thy fare be thy <sup>6</sup> fairer · the feend haue thy soule.  
 couldst thou any cause ffind · thou Kaitiffe wretch,  
 [page 388] That neither reason nor wright <sup>7</sup> · may raigne with  
 thy name ?  
 why kill’st thou man,  
 and grass,  
 and trees, 240 the grasse nor the greene trees · greeued thee neuer,  
 but come fforth in their kinds · christyans to helpe,  
 with all beawtye & blisse · *that barne* <sup>9</sup> might devise.  
 but of my meanye thou marreth · marveild I haue  
 244 how thou dare doe them to death · eche day soe manye,  
 & the handy worke of him · *that* heauen weldeth !  
 God’s handi-work ?  
 how keepeth thou his comandements · thou kaytiffe  
 retch !  
 He blest them,  
 bade them  
 increase and  
 multiply, 248 wheras banely <sup>10</sup> hee them blessed · & biddeth them  
 thriue.  
 waxe fforth in the word · & worth <sup>11</sup> vnto manye,

<sup>1</sup> ordained, bade.—Sk. The context wants the meaning—“was told to.”—F.

<sup>2</sup> laith, loath, A.S. *lað* ; O. E. *laid* ; invisus, molestus, odiosus, fastidium creans. Jun.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Kereth, ver. 118, quem vide.—P. A.S. *cyrran*, to turn.—F.

<sup>4</sup> to *carp*, to talk. Scottish. Lin. 361, Gloss. to Ramsays Evergreen. Here it seems used for complained. Carpit, spoke, talked, complained. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Birth, bulk. . . burthen. Gloss. ad

G. Doug.—P.

<sup>7</sup> right.—P.

<sup>9</sup> MS. *harme*. The alliteration requires *b* ; and *h* is continually miswritten for *b*. It should be *barne* = *bearne* (l. 265).—Sk.

<sup>10</sup> *banely*, perhaps readily, from *bane*, p. 363, St. 28.—P. *Bane*, kind, courteous, friendly. Northern. This is Kennett’s explanation of the word in MS. Lansd. 1033. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>11</sup> worth, *esse, fieri*, A.S. *worthan*. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> the.—Sk.

<sup>8</sup> wrought.—Sk.



- & thou lett them of their leake<sup>1</sup> · with thy lidder<sup>2</sup>  
turnes !
- but with wondering<sup>3</sup> & with woe · thou waiteth them  
full yorne,<sup>4</sup>
- & as a theefe in a rout · thou throngeth them<sup>5</sup> to death,  
252 *that* neither nature, nor I · ffor none of thy deeds  
may bring vp our bearnes · their bale thee betyde!  
but if thou<sup>6</sup> blinn<sup>7</sup> of *that* bine · thou buy must full  
deere ; and thou  
puttest  
them to  
death.
- they may wary<sup>8</sup> the weeke · *that* euer thou wast  
fformed.”
- 256 then death dolefullye · drew vp her browes,  
armed her to answer · & vpright shee standeth,  
& sayd : “ o, louelye liffe · cease thou such wordes !  
thou payneth thee with pratinge · to pray me to cease.
- 260 itt is reason & right · *that* I may rent take  
thus to kill of the kind · both *Kings* & dukes,  
Loyall Ladds & liuelye · of ilke sort some ; Death  
answers :  
all shall drye<sup>9</sup> with the dints · *that* I deale with my  
hands. “ It is right  
that I  
should kill  
some,
- 264 I wold haue kept the commandement · of the hye *King*  
of heauen,  
but the bearne itt brake · *that* thou bred vp ffirst  
when Adam & Eue<sup>10</sup> · of the earth were shapen,  
& were put into Paradice · to play with their selues,  
268 & were brought into blisse · bidd if thé<sup>11</sup> wold.  
he warned<sup>12</sup> them nothing in the world · but a wretched  
branche for the  
first man  
broke God's  
commands  
in Paradise,

<sup>1</sup> leak, vid. lin. 301.—P. A.-S. *lác*, play, sport.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *lidder*, slow, sluggish, lazy. Gloss. ad G. D. ; or perhaps as the Sax. *lič̥er*, i. e. malus, sordidus, servilis.—P. A.-S. *lȳč̥re*, *lȳč̥er*, bad, wicked. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Only half of the last *n* is in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> greedy, vid. L. 185.—P. eagerly. A.-S. *georne*.—F. *waiteth* is used for *waitest*; this agrees with *tholed* for

*tholedst* in l. 1.—Sk. <sup>5</sup> MS. then.—F.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. unless thou.—P.

<sup>7</sup> blinn, vet. A. *cessare*, *desinere*, *desistere*. Lye.—P. ? bine.—F.

<sup>8</sup> *wary*, Chauc. est detestari, execrari, vid. Junius.—P.

<sup>9</sup> drie, drien, tolerare, pati. Sax. *dreozan*. Lye. dre, to suffer, endure. Gloss. ad G. D. dye, qu.—P.

<sup>10</sup> There is a tag at the end like an *r* in the MS.—F.

<sup>11</sup> bide if they.—P. <sup>12</sup> forbade.—Sk.



- of the ffayntiest ffruit · *that* euer in ffrith grew;  
yett his bidding they brake · as the booke recordeth.
- when Eve  
plucked the  
apple. 272 when Eue fell to the ffruite · with ffingars white,  
& plucked them of the plant · & poysoned them both,  
Then I,  
Death, gript  
my sword,  
and hit  
Adam and  
Eve and  
their off-  
spring. 276 Eue & her ofspring · I hitt them, I hope,  
for all the musters <sup>1</sup> *that* they made · I mett with them  
once.
- Leave me,  
Life! I hate  
thee and thy  
servants,  
and have no  
pleasure in  
their mirth. 280 therefore, liffe, thou me leaue · I loue thee but a litle;  
I hate thee & thy houshold · & thy hyndes <sup>2</sup> all!  
mee gladdeth not of their glee · nor of their gay lookes;  
att thy dallyance & thy disport · noe daynty <sup>3</sup> I haue;  
thy ffayre liffe & thy ffairenesse · ffeareth <sup>4</sup> me but litle;  
thy blisse is my bale · breuelye <sup>5</sup> of others,
- My gladdest  
game is to  
hew at thy  
joys." 284 there is no game vnder heauen · soe gladlye I wishe  
as to haue a slapp with my ffawchyon · att thy fayre  
state."

## [The Second Part.]

Life rejoins :

"Thy sword  
shall never  
bite me;but when  
menare joyful  
with wife  
and child,

2 fitt

Then liffe on the land · Ladylike shee speakes,  
sayth : "these words thou hast wasted · wayte <sup>6</sup>  
thou no other ;  
shall thy bitter brand neuer · on my body byte.  
I am grounded in god · & grow for euermore ;  
but to these men of the mold · marvell me thinketh  
in whatt hole of thy hart · thou thy wrath keepeth :  
where ioy & gentlenesse · are ioyned <sup>7</sup> together  
betweene his wight <sup>8</sup> & his wiffe · & his winne <sup>9</sup> children.

<sup>1</sup> musters. Qu.—P. devices, tricks.  
—F.<sup>2</sup> servants.—F.<sup>3</sup> dainty, &c. I have no scruple, cere-  
mony. See Johnson, Ad Verb. 3<sup>d</sup>. sense.  
—P. dainty, delight.—F.<sup>4</sup> fear = frighten. So in Shakespeare:'Warwick was a bug, that feared us  
all.'—S.<sup>5</sup> bremely, Vid. p. 246, St. 19, vid. p.  
388, lin. 360.—P. ? briefly.—F.<sup>6</sup> Qu. wate, Scot. i.e. wott.—P.<sup>7</sup> The *i* has an accent on it as if for *c*.  
—F. <sup>8</sup> a wight.—P. <sup>9</sup> pleasant.—F.



& when ffaith & fellowship are fastened for aye,  
loue & charitye · which our lord likethe,  
296 then thou waleth <sup>1</sup> them with wracke · & wrathefully thou  
beginneth ; destroyest  
vncurteouslye thou cometh · vnkowne of them all,  
& lacheth <sup>2</sup> away the land · that the Lord holdeth, their lands  
or woryes his wiffe · or walts <sup>3</sup> downe his children. or loved  
ones :  
300 mikle woe thus thou waketh · where mirth was before.  
this is a deed of the devill · death, thou vset ; a deed of the  
devil."  
but if thou leaue not thy lake <sup>4</sup> · & learne thee a better,  
thou wilt lach <sup>5</sup> att the last · a lothelich <sup>6</sup> name."  
304 "doe away, damsell," quoth death · "I dread thee Death  
nought! answers :  
of my losse <sup>7</sup> that I losse <sup>8</sup> · lay thou noe thought ;  
thou prouet mee full prestlye · of many proper thinge ;  
I haue not all kinds soe ill · as thou me vpbraydest ; "I am not so  
guilty as  
308 where I wend on my way · the world will depart, you, Life,  
bearnies wold be ouer bold · bales for to want, would make  
me.  
the 7 sinnes for to serue · & sett them full euer, Prevent  
men from  
& giue no glory vnto god · that sendeth vs all grace. sinning,  
312 if the dint of my dart · deared <sup>9</sup> them neuer,  
to lett them worke all their will · itt were litle Ioy.  
shold I for their fayrnesse · their foolishnes allowe,  
my liffe (giue thou me leaue) · noe Leed <sup>10</sup> vpon earth and subdue  
them all.  
316 but I shall master his might · mauger his cheekes  
as a Conquerour keene · biggest of other,  
to deale dolefull dints · & doe as my list ;  
for I fayled neuer in fight · but I the feild wan Never have  
I failed  
in fight.

<sup>1</sup> to wale, *eligere*, forte hic transitive pro 'to make to wail.'—P. waleth=afflictest. A.-S. *wælan*, to afflict, vex.—Sk.

<sup>2</sup> lach, lache. To take, catch, snatch.  
A.-S. *læccan*, comprehendere, rapere.  
Urry in Chaucer — P.

<sup>s</sup> A.-S. *wæltan*, to roll, tumble.—F.

<sup>4</sup> lake, ludere. Lye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> A.-S. *læccan, gelæccan*, to take, catch,

seize. (See note <sup>2</sup>.)—F.

<sup>6</sup> i.e. loathsome.—P.

<sup>7</sup> praise, fame.—F.

<sup>8</sup> lose.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Dere, Chauc<sup>o</sup> est *lædere, nocere*. Lye.  
—P.

<sup>10</sup> Leed, leid, a Person (Scottish). Gloss. to Ramsay's Evergreen. *leid*, a man, from *leod*, Sax. Homo. Gloss. ad G. D. —P.



- 320 sith the first ffreake · *that* formed was euer,  
 & will not leaue till the last bee · on the beere layd.  
 but sitt sadlye,<sup>1</sup> thy liffe<sup>2</sup> · &<sup>3</sup> soothe thou shalt know.  
 If euer any man vpon mold · any mirth had,  
 324 *that* leaped away with thee, liffe · & laughed me to  
 scorne,  
 but I dang them with my dints · vnto the derffe<sup>4</sup>  
 earthe.
- I killed  
 Adam,  
 Methuselah,  
 Joseph, 328 Iosua & Ioseph · & Iacob the smoothe,  
 Abraham,  
 Saul, Abraham & Isace · & Esau the roughe;  
 Jonathan, Samuel<sup>5</sup>, for all his ffingers · I slew with my hands,  
 David, 332 david dyed on the dints · *that* I delt oft,  
 Solomon, soe did salomon his sonne · *that* was sage holden,  
 Alexander, & Alexander alsoe · to whom all the world lowted;  
 in the midst of his mirth · I made him to bow;  
 336 the hye honor *that* he had · helped him but litle;  
 when I swang him on the swire<sup>6</sup> · to swelt<sup>7</sup> him  
 behoued.
- Arthur,  
 Hector,  
 Lancelot,  
 Gallaway, 340 & Gallaway the good *Knight* · & Gawaine the hynde,<sup>8</sup>  
 and all the  
 knights of  
 the Round  
 Table. & all the rowte I rent · ffrom the round table:  
 was none soe hardye nor soe hye · soe holy nor soe  
 wicked,  
 but I burst them with my brand · & brought them  
 assunder.
- I jousted  
 with Jesus, 344 how shold any wight weene · to winn me on ground?  
 haue not I Iusted gentlye · with Iesu of heauen?

<sup>1</sup> seriously, composed, still.—P.<sup>2</sup> Thou Life.—P.<sup>3</sup> the.—P.<sup>4</sup> See pag. 116, St. 39.—P. fierce,  
 cruel.—F.<sup>5</sup> Saul, *lege*.—P.<sup>6</sup> swire, *swira*, *swir-ban*, collum, cervix.  
 —P.<sup>7</sup> *Swelt*, S. *sweltan*, obire, languescere.  
*Swelt*, to be choaked, suffocated, die.  
 Gloss. ad G. D.—P.<sup>8</sup> hende, as in l. 107.—Sk.



- he was frayd of my fface · in ffreshest of time.  
 yett I knocked him on the crosse · & carued <sup>1</sup> throughe and pierced  
 his hart.” his heart.”
- 348 & with *that* shee cast of her crowne · & kneeled downe At Christ's  
 lowe name all  
 kneel.
- when shee minned <sup>2</sup> the name · of *that* noble prince ;  
 soe did liffe vpon land · & her leeds all  
 both of heauen and of earth · & of hell ffeends,  
 352 all they lowted downe lowe · their Lord to honor.  
 then liffe kneeled on her knees · with her crowne in Life  
 her hand,  
 & looketh vp a long while · towards the hye heauen ;  
 shee riseth vpp rudlye <sup>3</sup> · & dresseth her to speake,  
 356 shee calleth to her companye · & biddeth them <sup>4</sup> come then calls  
 neere, her company  
 to her,  
 both Kings and Queenes · & comelye dukes:  
 “ worke wiselye by your witts · my words to heare  
*that* I speake ffor your speed · & spare itt noe longer.” <sup>5</sup>  
 360 then shee turneth to them · & talketh these words, and says :  
 shee sayth <sup>6</sup> : “ dame death, of thy deeds · now is thy witless  
 doome shapen words have  
 settled  
 thy fate.  
 through thy wittles words · *that* thou hast carped,  
 which thou makest with thy mouth · & mightylye  
 avowes.<sup>7</sup>  
 364 thou hast blowen thy blast · breemlye <sup>8</sup> abroad Thou hast  
 how hast thou wasted this world · sith wights were boasted  
 of thy  
 murders of  
 men,  
 first,  
 euer murthered & marde · thou makes thy avant.<sup>9</sup>  
 of one point lett vs proue · or <sup>10</sup> wee part in sunder :

<sup>1</sup> carve, *secare, incidere, sculpere*. Jun. See also Johnson : Sense 6<sup>th</sup>—P.

<sup>2</sup> *minn, ming*, to mention. Vid. Iun. Lye.—P. The alliteration and sense both show it should be *nemned*. *nem* is miswritten *min*.—Sk.

<sup>3</sup> rude, is stiff, strong. It. forcible, vehement, apud G. Douglas.—P. ? for *radlye*, A.-Sax. *rádlíce*, quickly, speedily.—F.

<sup>4</sup> thenn MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> The next two pages are borrowed from P. Pl. Passus xviii.—Sk.

<sup>6</sup> On these introductory words, see Mr. Skeat's Essay on Allit. Metre.—F.

<sup>7</sup> avowest.—P.

<sup>8</sup> *forté* breemlye, breme, est *atrox*, *ferox*; A.-Sax. *bremán*, fremere. Lye. vid. p. 246, St. 19, 388, l. 283.—P. MS. breenlye or breitleye.—F.

<sup>9</sup> boast.—Sk.

<sup>10</sup> ere.—Sk.



of jousting  
with Jesus.

But he  
conquered  
thee.

Thou didst  
beat and  
buffet him,  
and wound  
him on the  
cross

with a spear.

But the  
glory of his  
Godhead

drove thee  
into Hell,

where thou  
toldest

368 how didest thou Iust att Ierusalem · with Iesu my lord,  
where thou deemed his deat[h] · in one dayes time ?  
there was thou shamed, & shent<sup>1</sup> · & stripped ffor aye !  
when thou saw the King come · with the crosse on his  
shoulder ;

372 on the top of Caluarye · thou camest him against ;  
like a traytour vntrew · treason thou thought ;  
thou layd vpon my leege lord · lotheliche hands,  
sithen beate him on his body · & buffetted him rightlye,  
376 till the railinge<sup>2</sup> red blood · ran from his s[i]des,  
sith rent him on the rood · with ffull red wounds.  
to all the woes *that* him wasted · I wott not ffew,  
tho deemedst to haue<sup>3</sup> beene dead · & dressed for  
euer.

380 but, death, how didst thou then · with all thy derffe<sup>4</sup>  
words,  
when thou prickedst att his pappe · with the poynt of  
a speare,

& touched the tabernackel · of his trew hart  
where my bower was bigged<sup>5</sup> · to abyde for euer ?

384 when the glory of his godhead · glented<sup>6</sup> in thy face,  
then was thou feard of this fare · in thy false hart ;  
then thou hyed into hell hole · to hyde thee belue ;  
thy fawchon flew out of thy fist · soe fast thou thee  
hyed ;

388 thou durst not blushe<sup>7</sup> once backe · for better or worsse  
but drew thee downe ffull · in *that* deepe hell,  
& bade them barre bigglye<sup>8</sup> · BELZEBUB his gates.  
then thé told<sup>9</sup> them tydands · *that* teened them sore,

<sup>1</sup> shend, shent, confundere dedecorare.  
Lye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> railing, *ralis*, apud G. Doug<sup>s</sup> is,  
springs, gushes forth, runs. *Æn.* xi. 724,  
*Cruor & Vulsæ labuntur ab æthere plumæ*,  
which is thus rendered “al the blude ha-  
boundantly furth *ralis*,” and—the “licht  
downis up to the skyis glydis.” *rayled*  
is used by Chaucer in this Sense.—P.

<sup>3</sup> him to have.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Vid. P. 116 [of MS.]—P.

<sup>5</sup> big, Scotis est condere, ædificare.  
Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> to glent, to glance. Urry. In Chauc<sup>r</sup>  
“Her eyin *glent* aside.” Tr. & Cres.—  
P.

<sup>7</sup> so we say “at first blush.” See  
Johnson.—P.

<sup>8</sup> biggly, i.e. mightily.—P.

<sup>9</sup> thou toldest.—P.



- 392 how *that King* came · to kithen <sup>1</sup> his strenght,  
 & how shee had beaten thee on thy bent · & thy brand  
 taken,  
 with euerlasting liffe · *that* longed <sup>2</sup> him till.  
 then the sorrow was ffull sore · att Sathans hart ;
- 396 hee threw ffeends in the ffyer · many ffell thousands ;  
 &, death, thou dange itt on · whilest thou dree <sup>3</sup> might;  
 for ffalte of thy ffawchyon · thou fought with thy hand.  
 bost this neuer of thy red deeds · thou ravished bitche!
- 400 thou may shrinke for shame · when the sooth heares.  
 then I leapt to my lord · *that* caught me vpp soone,  
 & all wounded as hee was · with weapon in hand  
 he fastened foote vpon earth · & ffollowed thee ffast  
 404 till he came to the caue · *that* cursed was holden.  
 he abode before Barathron · *that* bearne, while he  
 liked,  
*that* was euer merke as midnight · with mour[n]inge  
 & sorrowe ;  
 he cast a light on the Land · as beames on <sup>4</sup> the sunn.
- 408 then cryed *that King* · with a cleere steuen,<sup>5</sup>  
 “pull open your ports · you princes within !  
 here shall come in the *King* · crowned with ioy,  
 which is the hyst burne <sup>6</sup> · in battell to smite.”
- 412 there was ffleringe <sup>7</sup> of ffeends · throughe the fyer  
 gaynest,<sup>7</sup>  
 hundreds hurled on heapes · in holes about ;  
 the broad gates, all of brasse · brake all in sunder,  
 & the *King* with his crosse · came in before.
- 416 he leapt vnto Lucifer · *that* Lord himselfe,  
 then he went to the tower · where chaynes were manye,

how Christ's  
 everlasting  
 Life had  
 beaten thee.

Boast not,  
 then, beaten  
 bitch!

For Christ  
 followed  
 thee to Hell,

and bade its  
 princes open  
 its gates  
 and receive  
 their King.

The gates  
 burst  
 asunder.

Christ bound  
 Lucifer,

<sup>1</sup> Kythe, to appear, Item, to make appear, to show, ab A.S. *cyðan*, narrare, ostendere. *cyðe* notitia, *cyðere* martyr, testis. Gloss. ad G. Doug.—P.

<sup>2</sup> belonged.—Sk.

<sup>3</sup> dree. Qu.—P. *dree*=endure, hold out. A.-Sax. *dreogan*. This is from Goth. *driugan*=serve as a soldier, fight,

the very sense here, viz. to hold out in fighting.—Sk.

<sup>4</sup> of.—P. Should be *lemes of*. *beame* is a stupid alteration for *leme*, and destroys the chief-letter.—Sk.

<sup>5</sup> voice, sound. Lye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Qu. barne.—P.

<sup>7</sup> ? fleinge. gaynest=quickest.—Sk.



- & bound him soe biglye · *that* hee for bale rored.  
 death, thou daredst<sup>1</sup> *that* day · & durst not be seene  
 420 ffor all the glittering gold · vnder god himseluen.  
 [page 390] Then to the tower hee went · where chanes are many ;  
 hee tooke Adam & Eue · out of the old world,  
 rescued Adam and Eve, Abraham, Daniel, and many more. 424 david, & danyell · & many deare bearnes  
*that* were put into prison · & pained ffull long.  
 He freed me from death, and we went forth together, leaving thee, Death, in the dungeon of devils. 428 he betooke me the treasure · *that* neuer shall haue end,  
*that* neuer danger of death · shold me deere after.  
 then wee wenten fforth · winlye<sup>2</sup> together,  
 & Left the dungeon of devills · & thee, death, in the middest.  
 & now thou prickes ffor pride · praising thy seluen !  
 therefore bee not abashed · my barnes soe deere,  
 My children, fear not then Death's sword. 432 of her ffauchyon soe ffeirce · nor of her ffell words.  
 shee hath noe might, nay no meane · no more you to greeue,  
 nor on *your* comelye corsses · to clapp once her hands.  
 I shall looke you ffull liuelye · & lache ffull well,  
 I shall lead you up to Heaven. 436 & keere<sup>3</sup> yee ffurther of this kithe<sup>4</sup> · aboue the cleare skyes.  
 Love Mary, If yee [loue] well<sup>5</sup> the Ladye · *that* light in<sup>6</sup> the mayden,  
 be christened, & be christened with creame<sup>7</sup> · & in *your* creede beleue,  
 haue no doubt<sup>8</sup> of yonder death · my deare children ;  
 and fear not Death ; 440 for yonder [death] is damned · with devills to dwell,  
 where is wondering, & woe · & wayling ffor sorrow.  
 death was damned *that* day · Daring ffull still.  
 she cannot meddle with everlasting Life." shee hath no might, nay no maine<sup>9</sup> · to meddle with yonder ost,

<sup>1</sup> deredst.—P. This *daring*, l. 442, is Chaucer's *dare*, said of a hare that *lies and dares*. See Morris, *Specimens*, p. 436, note to Wërwolf, l. 15.—Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> A.-S. *wynlice*, joyously.—F.

<sup>3</sup> turn?—Sk.

<sup>4</sup> A.-S. *cyð*, a region ; *cyððe*, a home, native country.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ye *serve* well, or *love*. Qu.—P.

<sup>6</sup> hight is. Qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> *chreame*, Gr. *χρῖσμα*, gallice *chresme*, oleum sacratum quo in Bapt<sup>mo</sup> utebantur. Lye.—P.

<sup>8</sup> fear.—Sk.

<sup>9</sup> maine, S. *mæzn*, robur, vis. Nescio an Might respiciat animi, Main, vim corporis. Lye.—P.



- 444 against euerlasting liffe · *that* Ladye soe true.”  
 then my Lady dame liffe · with Lookes soe gay,  
*that* was comelye cladd · with christall<sup>1</sup> and Mantle,  
 all the dead on the ground · doughtilye<sup>2</sup> shee rayseth  
 448 fairer by 2 ffold · then they before were.  
 with *that* shee hyeth ouer the hills · with hundreds ffull  
 manye.<sup>3</sup>  
 I wold haue ffollowed on *that* faire<sup>4</sup> · but no further I  
 might;  
 what with wandering<sup>5</sup> & with woe · I waked belue.  
 452 thus fared I throw a ffrith · in a ffresh time,  
 where I sayd a sleepe · in a slade greene;  
 there dreamed I the dreame · which dread all be-  
 frightened.  
 but hee *that* rent all was<sup>6</sup> on the rood · riche<sup>7</sup> itt him-  
 seluen,  
 456 & bring vs to his blisse · with blessings enowe!  
 therto Iesu of Ierusalem · grant vs thy grace,  
 & saue there our howse · holy for euer! Amen!  
 ffins.
- Then Life  
raised the  
dead,  
and hied  
away with  
hundreds.  
I tried to  
follow,  
but awoke.  
Such was  
my dream.  
May Christ  
fulfil it,  
and bring us  
to His bliss!

<sup>1</sup> kyrtle Query. petticoat. Lat. *Encombomata*. Jun.—P. A word like *plicor* follows in the MS., but is not in Junius.—F.

<sup>2</sup> dcughty, *strenuus*, *impavidus*, *animosus*. Jun.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> fair thing, Scilt.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Only one stroke for the second *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> *was all rent*. Qu.—P. *all* is *de trop*. —Sk.

<sup>7</sup> ? rule, control. A.-S. *ricsian*. Or *riche*=*rithe*, *rihte*, set right.—Sk.



Adam : Bell : Clime of the Cloug[he] &  
William : off Clowdeslee : <sup>1</sup>

THE version here given of this well-known ballad differs very slightly from that printed by Copland *circ.* 1550, reprinted (with some alterations from the Folio) in the *Reliques*, and again by Ritson in his *Pieces of Popular Poetry*.

The ballad is no doubt far older than the oldest copy extant. Dunbar (who died *circ.* 1530) makes mention of one of its three famous heroes. A fragment of an edition older than that published by Copland has been recovered by Mr. Payne Collier.

[The First Part.]

[How ' Clowdeslee is tane and damned to death.']

It's merry to  
hunt in the  
green forest.

MERRYE : itt was in the greene fforrest  
amonge the leaues greene,  
wheras men hunt East & west  
4 with bowes & arrowes keene,

And I'll tell  
you of 3  
northern  
yeomen,

to raise the deere out of their den ;  
such sights has oft beene seene,  
as by 3 yeomen of the north countrie,  
8 by them itt is I meane.

Adam Bell,  
Clym of the  
Cloughe,  
and William  
Clowdeslee,

the one of them hight Adam Bell,  
another Clymm of the Cloughe,  
the 3<sup>d</sup> was *william* of Clowdeslee,  
12 an archer good enoughe.

<sup>1</sup> In 3 Parts. N.B. This is in print in Old Black Letter. Some corrections may be had from this.—P.



they were outlawed for venison,  
 these yeomen eueryeche one ;  
 they swore then <sup>1</sup> brethren on a day  
 16 to English wood for to gone.

outlawed for  
 taking  
 venison.

now lithe <sup>2</sup> & listen, gentlemen  
*that* of mirth loueth to heare !  
 2 of them were single men,  
 20 the 3<sup>d</sup> had a weded ffere.<sup>3</sup>

william was the weded man ;  
<sup>4</sup> much more then was his care.  
 hee sayd to his brethren vpon a day,  
 24 to Carleile hee wold fare,

William is  
 married,

and says  
 he'll go to  
 Carlisle

there to speake with faire Allice his wiffe  
 and his children three.  
 "by my truth," said Adam Bell,  
 28 "not by the councell of mee ;

to see his  
 wife and  
 children.

Adam  
 warns him

"for if wee <sup>5</sup> goe to Carlile, Brother,  
 & from this wylde wood wende,  
 If *that* the Iustice doe you take,  
 32 *your* liffe is att an end."

that he'll  
 be taken.

"If *that* I come not to Morrow, brother,  
 by prime <sup>6</sup> to you againe,  
 trust you then *that* I am tane  
 36 or else *that* I am slaine."

hee tooke his leaue of his brethren 2,  
 & to Carlile hee is gone ;  
 there he knocked att his owne windowe  
 40 shortlye and anon.

William  
 goes to his  
 home,

knocks for

<sup>1</sup> them. *Reliques* (collated only now and then).—F.

<sup>2</sup> lithe, attend, hearken, listen. Lye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> fere, companion. Iun.—P.

<sup>4</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> ye.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> MS. prime.—F.



his wife,

“where be you, ffayre Allice?” he sayd,

and tells her  
to let him in.

“my wiffe, and children three?

lightlye lett in thy owne husband,

44

William of Clowdeslee.”

She says

“alas!” then sayd ffaire Allice,

and sighed verry sore,

the place  
is watched.

“This place hath beene beset for you

[page 391]

48

this halfe a yeere &amp; more.”

“Let me in,  
and give me  
food.”

“now am I heere,” said Clowdeslee,

“I wold that in I were;

now ffeitch vis<sup>1</sup> meate & drinke enoughe,

52

&amp; lett vs make good cheere.”

She does so.

shee ffeicht him meate &amp; drinke plentye,

like a true weded wiffe;

& pleased him with *that* shee had,

56

whom shee loued as her liffe.

An old  
woman  
kept 7 years  
by William's  
charity

there lay an old wiffe in the place,

a litle before<sup>2</sup> the ffyer,*which* william had found of charytye

60

more then seauen yeere.

goes to

vp shee rose, &amp; forth shee goes,—

Euill mote shee speede therfore!—

for shee had sett<sup>3</sup> no ffoote on ground

64

not 7 yeere before.

the Justice,

shee went into the Iustice hall

as ffast as shee cold hye:

and tells him  
Clowdeslee  
is at home.

“this night,” shee sayd, “is come to towne

68

William of Clowdeslee.”

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. for *vus*, or *vs*, *us*.—F.<sup>2</sup> besyde.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.



- therof the Iustice was full faine,<sup>1</sup>  
 soe was the Sherriffe alsoe ;  
 “ thou shalt not trauell hither, dame, for nought ;  
 72 “ thy meede thou shalt haue ere thou goe.”
- they gaue to her a right good gowne,—  
 of scarlett itt was, as I heard saine,<sup>2</sup>—  
 shee tooke the gift, & home shee went,  
 76 & couched her downe againe.
- they raysed the towne of Merry Carlile  
 in all they hast they can,  
 & came thronging to williams house  
 80 as fast as they might gone ;
- there they besett the good yeaman  
 about on euerye syde.  
 william heard great noyse of the ffolkes  
 84 *that* thitherward fast hyed.
- Alice opened a backe windowe,  
 & looked all about :  
 shee was ware of the Iustice & Sherr[i]ffe both,  
 88 & with them <sup>3</sup> a ffull great rout.
- “ Allice,<sup>4</sup> treason ! ” then cryed Allice,  
 “ Euer woe may thou bee !  
 goe into my chamber, sweet husband,” shee sayd,  
 92 “ Sweete William of Clowdeslee.”
- he tooke his sword & his buckeler,  
 his bow, & his children <sup>3</sup> ;  
 he went into the strongest chamber,  
 96 where he thought the surest to bee.

He is glad,

and gives her  
a scarlet  
gown.Then he  
raises  
the town,and  
surrounds  
William's  
house.William's  
wife Alice

sees them,

and sends  
William into  
her room.<sup>1</sup> glad.—P.<sup>2</sup> Of scarlate, and of graine.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> Alas.—*Rel.*



She seizes  
a poleaxe.

ffayre Alice, like a louer true,  
tooke a Pollaxe in her hand ;  
said, "hee shall dye *that* cometh in  
100 this dore, while I may stand."

William  
shoots the  
Justice on  
the breast,

Cloudeslye bent a right good bow  
*that* was of a trustye tree ;  
he smote the Iustice on the brest  
104 *that* his arrowe burst in 3.

but it is  
armoured.

"gods curse on his heart," sayd william,  
"this day thy cote did on !  
if itt had beene no better then mine,  
108 itt had beene neere the bone."

The Justice  
calls on him  
to yield,

"yeelde thee, Cloudeslee," said the Iustice,  
"& the bow & arrowes thee free."  
"gods cursse on his hart," sayd faire Alice,  
112 "*that* my husband councell[e]th soe !"

and orders  
the house  
to be fired.

"sett ffire on the house," said the shirriffe,  
"sith itt will noe better bee ;  
& burne wee there william," he sayth,  
116 "his wiffe & his Children 3."

His men fire  
it.

thé ffyred the house in many a place,  
the ffyer fledd on hye<sup>1</sup> :  
"alas !" then said ffayre Alice,  
120 "I see here wee shall dye."

William lets  
his wife and  
children out  
of a window,

william opened a backe windowe  
*that* was in his chamber hye ;  
& there with sheetes he did let downe  
124 his wiffe and children 3.

and prays

"haue you here my treasure," said William,  
"my wiffe & Children 3 ;

the Justice  
to spare  
them.

for gods loue doe them noe hareme,  
128 but wreake you all on mee !"

<sup>1</sup> And burnt the old woman and her scarlett gowne, I hope.—F.



- William shott soe wonderous well  
 Till his arrowes were all agoe, [page 392]  
 & ffire soe ffast about him ffell  
 132 *that* his bow string burnt in towe.
- the sparkles brent & fell vpon  
 good william of Clowdeslee;  
 but then was hee a wofull man, & sayd  
 "this is a cowards death to me!
- "leever had I," said william,  
 "with my sword in the rout to runn,  
 then here amonge my enemyes wood <sup>1</sup>  
 140 soe cruellye to burne."
- he tooke his sword & his buckeler then,  
 & amongst them all hee ran:  
 where the people thickest were,  
 144 he smote downe many a man;
- there might no man abide his stroakes,  
 soe ffeircleye on them hee rann.  
 then thé threw windowes & dores att him,  
 148 & then thé tooke *that* yeoman.
- there they bound him hand & ffoote,  
 & in a deepe dungeon <sup>2</sup> him cast.  
 "now Clowdeslee," sayd the Iustice,  
 152 "thou shalt be hanged in hast."
- "one vow shall I make," sayd the Shirriffe,  
 "a paire of new gallowes shall I ffor thee make; <sup>3</sup>  
 & all the gates of Carlile shalbe shutt;  
 156 there shall noe man come in theratt.
- He shoots on,  
 but the fire gains on him,  
 and he resolves to cut his way through his foes.  
 He rushes out,  
 and kills many,  
 but is taken,  
 and cast into a dungeon.  
 The Sheriff promises him a pair of new gallows.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. furious.—P.<sup>2</sup> One stroke too few for *un* in the MS.  
—F.<sup>3</sup> A payr of new gallowes, sayd the sherife,  
Now shall I for the make.—*Rel.*



“there shall not helpe yett Clym of the Cloughh,  
 nor yett Adam Bell,  
 tho they came with a 100<sup>d</sup> men,  
 160 nor all the devills in hell.”

Next  
 morning  
 Carlisle  
 gates are  
 shut,

Erlve in the morninge <sup>1</sup> the Iustice arose ;  
 to the gates ffast can hee gone,  
 & commanded to shutt close  
 164 lightlye euery-eche one.

and the new  
 gallows set  
 up.

then went hee to the markett place  
 as ffast as hee cold hye ;  
 there he new a paire of gallowes he sett vpp <sup>2</sup>  
 168 hard by the pillorye.

A little boy  
 (who is  
 Clowdeslee's  
 swineherd)  
 sees them,

a litle boy stood them amonge,  
 & asked what meant *that* gallow tree.  
 thé said, “to hang a good yeoman  
 172 called william of Clowdeslee.”

the litle boy was towne swinarde,  
 & kept ffaire Allice swine ;  
 \* full oft hee had seene william in the wood,  
 176 & giuen him there to dine.

runs to the  
 wood,

he went out att a crevis of the wall ;  
 lightlye to the wood hee runn ;  
 there mett hee with these wightye yeomen  
 180 shortlye & anon :

and tells  
 Clowdeslee's  
 mates of his  
 danger.

“alas !” then said the litle boy,  
 “you tarry here all too longe ;  
 Clowdeslee is tane, & damned to death,  
 184 and readye to be hanged.<sup>3</sup>”

<sup>1</sup> Only half the second *n* in the MS.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> a new paire of gallowes he set up.

—P. A payre of new gallows there he  
 set up.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> hung.—P.



“Alas,” then sayd good Adam Bell,  
 “*that* euer wee saw this day!  
 he had better haue tarryed with vs,  
 188 soe oft as wee did him pray.

Adam Bell  
 laments  
 Clowdeslee's  
 fate,

“hee might haue dwelt in greene fforrest  
 vnder the shaddowes <sup>1</sup> greene,  
 & kept both him & vs att rest,  
 192 out of all trouble and teene.<sup>2</sup>”

Adam bent a right good bowe;  
 a great hart soone hee had slaine:  
 “take *that*, child,” hee said, “to thy dinner,  
 196 & bring me mine arrowe againe.”

shoots a hart  
 for the boy,

“now goe wee hence,” said these iollye <sup>3</sup> yeomen,  
 “tarry wee no longer here;  
 wee shall him borrow, by gods grace,  
 200 tho wee buy itt ffull deere.”

to Carlile went these bold <sup>4</sup> yeomen,  
 all in a mor[n]inge of may.  
 here is a ffitt of Clowdeslee;  
 204 another is ffor to say.

and then  
 goes with  
 Clim to  
 Carlisle.

<sup>1</sup> shadowes.—*Rel.* shadowes sheene.—  
*Printed Copy*, in *Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> i.e. vexation. Jun.—P.

<sup>3</sup> wightye.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> good.—*Rel.*



## [The Second Part.]

[How Clowdeslee is rescued by Adam Bell and Clim of the Cloughe.]

They find  
Carlisle  
gates shut.208  
2<sup>d</sup> parte.

And when they came [to <sup>1</sup>] merry Carlile  
all in a morning tyde,  
they found the gates shutt them vnto  
round about on euerye syde.

212

“Alas,” then said good Adam Bell,  
“*that* euer wee were made men !  
these gates be shutt soe wonderous ffast  
*that* we may not come therin.”

Clim  
proposes  
“Let’s say  
we are the  
King’s  
messengers.”

216

then spake Clim of the Cloughe :  
“with a wile wee will vs in bringe :  
Lett vs say wee be messengers  
straight come ffrom our Kinge.”

[page 393]

Adam said, “I haue a Letter well [written <sup>2</sup> ;]  
now lett vs wiselye marke <sup>3</sup> ;  
wee will say wee haue the *Kings* seale ;  
220 I hold the porter no clarke.”

Adam beats  
at the  
gates,

224

then Adam Bell beate att the gates  
with strokes hard and stronge.  
the Porter marueiled who was theratt,  
& to the gates hee thronge.

and Clim  
says they’re  
the King’s  
messengers.

228

“who be there,” said the Porter,  
“*that* makes all this knockinge <sup>4</sup> ? ”  
“we be 2 messengers,” Quoth Clim of the Cloughe,  
“be come right ffrom our Kinge.”

<sup>1</sup> to.—P.<sup>2</sup> written.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> werke.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> dinne.—*Rel.*



“wee haue a letter,” said Adam Bell,  
 “to the Iustice wee must itt bringe;  
 let vs in our message to doe,  
 232     *that* wee were againe to the Kinge.”

“here cometh none in,” said the porter,  
 “by him *that* dyed on a tree,  
 till *that* ffalse theefe be hanged,  
 236     called william of Cloudeslee.”

The Porter  
 at first  
 refuses to  
 let them in,

then spake good <sup>1</sup> Clim of the Clough,  
 & swore by Marye ffree,  
 “if *that* wee stand long without,  
 240     like a theefe hanged thou shalt bee.

“Loe! here wee haue the Kings seale!  
 what, Lurden,<sup>2</sup> art thou woode?”  
 the Porter [weend<sup>3</sup>] itt had beene soe,  
 244     & lightlie did off his hoode.

but they  
 show him  
 the King's  
 seal,

“welcome is my Lords seale!” he said;  
 “for *that* you shall come in.”  
 he opened the gates shortlie:  
 248     an euill opening ffor him!

and then he  
 lets them  
 in.

“Now are wee in,” said Adam Bell,  
 “wheroff wee are right ffaine;  
 but christ hee knowes assuredlie<sup>4</sup>  
 252     how wee shall gett out againe.”

“had wee the Keyes,” sayd Clim of the Cloughe,  
 “right well then shold wee speede;  
 then might wee come out well enouge  
 256     when wee see time & neede.”

To make  
 sure of  
 getting out,

<sup>1</sup> the good yeman.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> a heavy stupid fellow. L.—P.

<sup>3</sup> thought.—P. went.—*Rel. i.e. weened,*  
 note *ib.*

<sup>4</sup> knowes, that harrowed hell.—*Rel.*



they wring  
the Porter's  
neck, and  
take his  
keys away.

thé called the Porter to counsell,  
& wrang his necke in towe;  
& cast him in a deepe du[n]geon,  
260 & tooke his keyes him ffroe.

"now am I Porter," sayd Adam Bell;  
"see, brother, the Keyes haue wee here;  
the worst Porter in merry Carlile  
264 *that* came <sup>1</sup> this 100<sup>d</sup> yeere.

Then they

"now wee will our bowes bend,  
into the towne will wee goe,  
ffor to deliuer our deere Brother  
268 *that* lyeth in care & woe."

bend their  
bows,

and go to  
the market-  
place,

then they ben[t] their good ewe bowes,  
& looked their strings were round <sup>2</sup>:  
the Markett place in merry Carlile  
272 they besett in *that* stonde.<sup>3</sup>

& as they looked them beside,  
a paire of new gallows there they see,  
& the Iustice with a quest <sup>4</sup> of Squiers  
276 *that* iudged william hanged to bee.

where  
Clowdeslee  
is bound,  
and has a  
rope round  
his neck.

& Clowdeslee lay ready there in <sup>5</sup> a Cart,  
ffast bound both ffoote and hand;  
& a strong rope about his necke,  
280 all readye ffor to hange.

<sup>1</sup> The have had.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> qu. sound.—P. So Ascham says,  
"The stringe must be rounde." *Toxoph.*  
p. 149, Ed. 1761. A precept not very  
intelligible now. P.'s note in *Reliques*, i.  
142. A string not round would of course  
spoil the shooting.—F.

<sup>3</sup> stound, signum, Momentum, hora,  
spatium, tempus. Lye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *quest*, search; searchers collectively  
—also an impanel'd Jury. See Johnson.  
—P.

<sup>5</sup> MS. therein.—F.



- the Iustice called to him a Ladd :  
 Clowdeslee clothes hee shold haue,  
 to take the measure of *that* yeoman,  
 284 therafter to make his graue.
- “ I haue seene as great Marveill,” said Clowdeslee,  
 “ as betweene <sup>1</sup> this and prime <sup>2</sup> ;  
 he *that* maketh a graue ffor mee,  
 288 himselfe may lye therin.”
- “ thou speakest proudlye,” said the Iustice ;  
 “ I will thee hang with my hand.”  
 ffull well hard this his brethren towe  
 292 there still as they did stand.
- then Clowdeslee cast his eye aside,  
 & saw his tow brethren  
 att a corner of the Markett place  
 296 ready the Iustice to slaine.
- “ I see comfort,” said Clowdeslee,  
 “ yett hope I well to ffare ;  
 If I might haue my hands att will,  
 300 right litle wold I care.”
- then spake good Adam Bell  
 to Clim of the Cloughe soe ffree,  
 “ brother, see you marke the Iustice well ;  
 304 loe, yonder you may him see ! ”
- “ att the shirriffe shoote I will  
 stronglye with an arrow keene ;  
 a better shoote in merry Carlile  
 308 this 7 yeere was not seene.”

The Justice  
sends a lad

to measure  
him for his  
grave,

and  
threatens to  
hang  
Clowdeslee  
himself.

Clowdeslee  
says he'd  
care little  
if he could  
get his  
hands free.

[page 394]

Adam tells  
Clim to

shoot the  
Justice,

while he  
shoots the  
Sheriff.

<sup>1</sup> Only half the *w* in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> prime, the first Part of the day.  
Dawn, morning. Johnson.—P.



They both  
shoot;

they loosed their arrowes both att once;  
of no man had they dread;

and Sheriff  
and Justice

the one hitt the shirr[i]ffe, the other the Iustice,  
312 *that* both their sides can bleede.

get their  
death-  
wounds.

all men voyded *that* them stoode nye  
when the Iustice ffell to the ground,  
& the shirriffe nye him by :  
316 either had his deathes wound.

They loose  
Clowdeslee.

all they citizens ffast gan fflye,  
they durst no longer abyde.  
there lightlye they losed Clowdeslee.  
320 where hee with ropes lay tyde.

He seizes an  
axe and  
smites men  
down.

*william* start to an officer of the towne,  
his axe out of his hand hee wrunge ;  
on eche side he smote them downe,  
324 hee thought hee tarried all to longe.

*william* said to his brethren towe,  
“ this day lett vs liue and dye ;  
If euer you haue need as I haue now,  
328 the same shall you ffind by mee.”

Adam and  
Clim shoot  
on

they shott soe well *that* tyde,  
for their stringes were of silke sure,  
*that* thé kept the streetes on euery side ;  
332 *that* battell long did endure.

and kill  
many,

they fought together like brethren true,  
like hardy men and bold ;  
many a man to the ground they threw,  
336 & made many a hart cold.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And many a heart made cold.—P. and *Rel.*



- but when their arrowes were all gone,  
 men pressed to them ffull ffast;  
 they drew their swords then anon,  
 340 & their bowes ffrom them cast.
- they went lightlye on their way  
 with swords & buckelers round:  
 by *that* itt was midd<sup>1</sup> of the day,  
 344 thé made many a wound.
- there was many an outhorne<sup>2</sup> in Carlile was blowne,  
 & the bells backward did ringe;  
 many a woman said "alas!"  
 348 & many their hands did ringe.
- the Maior of Carleile fforth come was,  
 & with him a ffull great route;  
 these yeomen dread him ffull sore,  
 352 for of their liues they stode in great doubt.
- the Maior came armed a ffull great pace,  
 with a Pollaxe in his hande;  
 many a strong man with him was,  
 356 there in *that* stowre<sup>3</sup> to stand.
- they maior smote att Cloudeslee with his bill,  
 his buckeler brast in 2;  
 ffull many a yeaman with great euill,  
 360 "alas, treason!" thé cryed ffull woe<sup>4</sup>:  
 "keepe well the gates," ffast they bade,  
 "that these trayters thereout not goe."
- till their  
 arrows fail.
- Then they  
 draw their  
 swords,
- and by noon  
 kill many  
 men.
- The horns  
 are blown,  
 and bells  
 rung back-  
 wards.
- The Mayor  
 comes down  
 with a  
 force
- of strong  
 men,
- cuts  
 Clowdeslee's  
 buckler in  
 two,
- and orders  
 the gates  
 to be kept  
 fast.

<sup>1</sup> middle, middst.—P.<sup>2</sup> Out-horne. An outlaw (!). Halliwell's Gloss.—F. Read a *nouthorne*, a neat's horn. *Nowt* cattle. Wright's

Gloss.—Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> fight, conflict. Lye.—P.<sup>4</sup> Alas! they cryed for wo.—*Rel.*



- but all ffor naught was *that* they wrought,  
 364 ffor soe fast they were downe Layd,  
 till they all 3 *that* soe manffully ffought  
 were gotten out att a brayde.<sup>1</sup>
- Adam  
 throws back  
 the keys,  
 and tells  
 the people  
 to appoint a  
 new Porter.  
 368 “haue here *your* keyes!” said Adam Bell,  
 “mine office here I fforsake;  
 If you doe by my Councell,  
 a new Porter doe you make.”
- he threw their keyes att their heads,  
 372 & bad them euill<sup>2</sup> to thriue,  
 & all *that* letteth any good yeoman  
 to come & comfort his wiffe.
- The three  
 376 thus be the good yeomen gone to the wood:  
 as lightlye as leaue on lynde<sup>3</sup>  
 they laugh & be merry in their wood<sup>4</sup>;  
 there enemyes were ffarr behind.
- go to the  
 380 when they came to merry greenwood,  
 vnder the trustye tree,  
 there they ffound bowes ffull good,  
 And arrowes great plentye.
- trysting  
 tree,  
 find fresh  
 bows and  
 arrows,  
 384 “soe god me help!” sayd Adam Bell  
 & Clim of the Cloughe soe ffree,  
 “I wold wee were in Merry Carlile  
 before *that* ffaire Meanye.”
- and eat and  
 drink well.  
 388 thé sate downe & made goode cheere,  
 & eate & dranke ffull well.  
 a 2<sup>d</sup> ffitt of the wightye yeomen:  
 another I will you tell.

[page 395]

<sup>1</sup> Qu. *all abraide*, i. e. abroad. North Country dialect: abroad, *foris*, *est* a broad, Scot. braid, *latus*, quod a Sax. *brad*, al. *breider*. Jun.—P. “att a brayde” is suddenly.—F.

<sup>2</sup> No *i* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Linden Tree. Lye. A Lime Tree. Gloss. to G. Doug.—P.

<sup>4</sup> A manifest mistake for “mood,” which the other copies have.—Dyce.



## [The Third Part.]

[How the three Outlaws are pardoned by the King, and shoot before him.]

|                       |     |                                                                                                                                                                       |                                             |
|-----------------------|-----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 3 <sup>d</sup> parte. | 392 | { As they sate in English woode<br>vnder the greenwoode tree,<br>they thought they hard a woman weepe,<br>but her they cold not see.                                  | They hear a woman                           |
|                       | 396 | { sore then sighed ffaire Allice,<br>& said, "alas <i>that</i> euer I saw this day !<br>ffor [nowe <sup>1</sup> ] is my dere husband slaine ;<br>alas, and wellaway ! | lamenting<br><br>that her husband is slain. |

400 " Might I haue spoken with his deare brethren,  
 or with either of them twaine,  
 to show them what him befell,  
 my hart were out of paine."

404 Cloudeslee walked a litle aside ;  
 hee looked vnder the greenewood lynde ;  
 hee was ware of his wiffe & Children 3  
 ffull woe in hart and minde.

Clowdeslee finds that she is his wife, with his three children.

408 " welcome wiffe," then said william,  
 " vnder the trustye tree !  
 I had wend yesterday, by sweet S<sup>t</sup> Iohn,  
 thou sholdest me neuer had see."

He welcomes them,

412 " now well is me," she said, "*that* yee be here !  
 my hart is out of woe."  
 " dame," he said, " be merry & gladd,  
 & thanke my bretheren towe."

and tells his wife to thank his mates.

<sup>1</sup> nowe.—*Rel.*



"Don't talk  
of that,"  
says Adam:

416

"let's shoot  
our supper."

"herof to speake," said Adam Bell,  
"I-wis itt is noe boote;  
the meate *that* wee must supp with-all,  
itt runeth yett ffast on ffoote."

Each of the  
three shoots  
a fat hart,

420

then went they downe into the Lawnde,<sup>1</sup>  
these Noblemen all 3;  
eche of them slew a hart of greece,<sup>2</sup>  
they best *that* they cold see.

and  
Clowdeslee  
gives the  
best to his  
wife.

424

"haue here the best, Allice my wiffe,"  
saith william of Cloudeslee,  
"because yee soe boldlye stood by mee  
when I was slaine ffull nye."

They sup

428

then they went to supper  
with such meate as they hadd,  
& thanked god ffor their ffortune:  
they were both merry and glad.

and are  
merry.

432

Clowdeslee  
says "We'll  
go to the  
King for  
pardon."

& when they had supped well,  
certaine, without any lease,  
Cloudeslee said, "wee will to our King,  
to gett vs a Charter of peace;

436

"Allice shalbe att our soiourninge  
att a nunnerye heere besyde;  
my 2 sonnes shall with her goe,  
& there they shall abyde.

440

"My Eldest sonne shall goe with mee,  
for him I haue noe care,  
& hee shall bring you word againe  
how *that* wee doe ffare."

<sup>1</sup> Qu. Lawne.—P. a launde.—*Rel.*  
A clear space in a forest.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. *graisse*, fat.—F.



thus be these good yeomen to London gone  
 444 as ffast as they might hye,  
 till they came to the *Kings* palace  
 where they wold needs bee.

They then  
 go to  
 London,

but when they came to the *Kings* court  
 448 & to the pallace gate,  
 of no man wold they aske leaue,  
 but boldlye went in theratt.

walk  
 straight

they proceeded presentlye into the hall,  
 452 of no man they had dread;  
 the Porter came after, & did them call,  
 & with them gan to chyde.

into the

King's hall,

the vsher said, "yeomen, what wold you haue?  
 456 I pray you tell to mee;  
 you might make officers shent<sup>1</sup>:  
 good sirrs, ffrom whence bee yee?"

"Sir, wee be outlawes of the fforrest,  
 460 certes without any Lease;  
 & hither wee be come to the *King*,  
 to gett vs a Charter of peace."

tell the  
 Usher who  
 they are,

& when they came before the *Kinge*,  
 464 as itt was the law of the land  
 they kneeled downe without lettinge,  
 & eche held vpp his hande.

kneel to the  
 King,

they sayd: "*Lord*, wee beseeche yee sure  
 468 *that* yee will grant vs grace!  
 for wee haue slaine your ffatt fallow deere  
 in<sup>2</sup> many a sundrye place."

and ask his  
 pardon for  
 killing his  
 deer.

<sup>1</sup> For not keeping them out. See the duties of Prince Edward's Porters, A.D. 1474, in *Household Ordinances*, p. \*30. and of Henry VIII.'s Porters, *ibid.* p. 239.

Also *Boke of Curtasye*, l. 361-78, Babees Book &c., p. 310.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *im* in MS.—F.



The King  
asks their  
names.

472 “whatt be *your* names ?” then sayd the *King* ;  
“anon *that* you tell mee.”

They tell  
him.

They sayd, “Adam Bell, Clim<sup>1</sup> of the Clough, [page 396]  
and william of Cloudeslee.”

He swears  
he’ll hang  
them all,

476 “be yee those theeues,” then said our Ki[ng],  
“*that* men haue told to me ?  
here I make a vow to god,  
you shall bee hanged all 3.

and orders  
their arrest.

480 “yee shalbe dead without mercye,  
as I am *King* of this land !”  
he commanded his officer[s] euery one  
ffast on them to lay hand.

484 there they tooke these good yeomen  
& arrested them all 3.

“soe may I thriue,” said Adam Bell,  
“this game liketh not mee.

They pray  
him to let  
them go  
with the  
weapons  
they  
brought.

488 “but, good Lord, wee beseeche you now  
*that* yee will grant vs grace,  
in soe much as wee doe to you come,  
or else *that* wee may ffrom you passe <sup>2</sup>

492 “with such weapons as wee haue heere  
till wee be out of *your* place ;  
& iff wee liue this 100<sup>d</sup> yeere,  
of you wee will aske noe grace.”

The King  
refuses:  
they shall  
be hanged.  
The Queen  
intercedes  
for them,

496 “yee speake proudlye,” said the *King* ;  
“yee shall be hanged all 3.”  
“*that* were great pittye,” sayd the Queene,  
“if any grace might bee.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Clinn.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Insomuch as frelè to you we comen,  
As frelè fro you to passe.—*Rel.*



500 “my Lord, when I came ffirst into this Land  
to be your weded wiffe,  
[you said] the ffirst boone *that* I wold aske,  
you wold grant me belyue.

and asks the  
King for the  
boon he  
promised  
her.

504 “& I asked yee neuer none till now ;  
therefore, good Lord, grant itt mee.”  
“now aske itt, Madam,” said the King,  
“& granted itt shalbe.”

He says it  
shall be  
granted.

508 “then, good my Lord, I you beseeche,  
these yeomen grant yee mee.”  
“Maddam,<sup>1</sup> yee might haue asked a boone  
*that* shold haue beene worth them all 3.

“Then give  
me these  
yeomen.”

512 “you might haue asked towers & townes,  
Parkes & fforrests plentye.”  
“none soe pleasant to my pay,<sup>2</sup>” shee sayd,  
“nor none <sup>3</sup> soe leefe <sup>4</sup> to mee.”

516 “Madam, sith itt is *your* desire,  
your askinge granted shalbe ;  
but I had leever haue giuen you  
good Markett townes three.”

“I will,

though I'd  
rather have  
given you  
3 market  
towns.”

520 the Queene was a glad woman,  
& said, “Lord, god a mercede !  
I dare vndertake ffor them  
*that* true men they shalbee.

The Queen

524 “but, good Lord, speake some merrye word,  
*that* some comfort they might see.”  
“I grant you grace,” then said the King,  
“washe ffellowes, & to meate goe yee.”

then gets the  
King to  
order her  
men food.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Maddan.—F.

<sup>2</sup> vid. Page 363, St. 23 [of MS.; in the  
2nd Part of *John de Reeve*].—P.

<sup>3</sup> nore in MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> leefe, dear, beloved. Johns<sup>n</sup> —P.



- they had not sitten but a while,  
 Soon come 528 certaine without Leasinge,<sup>1</sup>  
 messengers there came 2 messengers out of the North  
 with letters to our kinge.
- & when they came before the *King*  
 532 thé kneeled downe vpon their knee,  
 & said, “your officers greete you well  
 from of Carlile in the North cuntrye.”  
 Carlisle.
- The King  
 asks after  
 his Justice  
 and Sheriff.  
 “They’ve  
 been slain  
 536 “how ffareth my Iustice?” sayd the *King*,  
 “and my Sherriffe alsoe?”  
 “Sir, they be slaine, without leasinge,  
 & many an officer moe.”
- “who hath them slaine?” then said the *King*;  
 540 “anon *that* you tell mee.”  
 by Adam,  
 Clim, and  
 Clowdeslee.”  
 “Adam Bell, Clim of the Cloughe,  
 & william of Clowdeslee.”
- “alas! ffor wrath,<sup>2</sup>” then sayd our *King*,  
 544 “my hart is wonderous sore;  
 I had rather then a 1000<sup>ll</sup>  
 I had knowen this before,
- “ffor I haue granted them grace,  
 548 & *that* fforthinketh<sup>3</sup> mee;  
 but had I knowen all this before,  
 they had beene hangd all 3.”
- The King  
 then reads  
 of the 300  
 men slain  
 by the 3  
 outlaws,  
 552 the *King* hee opened the letter anon,  
 himselfe he read itt thoe,  
 & there found how these outlawes had slaine  
 300 men and moe:

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Lying. Jun.—P.<sup>2</sup> rewth.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> repents.—F.



556 “ffirst the Iustice & the Sheriffe,  
 & the Maïor of Carlile towne,—  
 of all the Constables and catcpoules,  
 Aliue were left but one. [page 397]

(the Mayor,  
 Catchpolls,

560 “the Baliffes & the Beadeles both,  
 & the Sargeaunt of the law,  
 & 40 fforresters of the ffee,  
 these outlawes haue thé slawe,<sup>1</sup>

Beadles,

Serjeant  
 of Law,  
 and 40  
 foresters,)

564 “& broke his parkes, & slaine his deere,  
 of all they Coice<sup>2</sup> the best;  
 soe perillous outlawes as they were,  
 walked not by East nor west.”

and his deer  
 killed.

568 when the King this Letter had read,  
 in hart he sighed sore,  
 “take vp the tables,<sup>3</sup>” then sayd hee,  
 “ffor I can eate no more.”

He sighs,

and can eat  
 no more.

572 the King then called his best archers  
 to the butts with him to goe,  
 “to see<sup>4</sup> these ffellowes shoot,” said hee,  
 “that in the north haue wrought this woe.”

But he  
 calls his  
 archers  
 to shoot  
 against

576 the Kings archers busket<sup>5</sup> them blythe,  
 soe did the Queenes alsoe,  
 soe did these 3 weightye yeomen,  
 they thought with them to goe.

the 3  
 outlawes.

580 there 2<sup>se</sup> or 3<sup>se</sup> they shott about  
 for to assay their hand;  
 there was no shoote these yeomen shott  
 that any pricke<sup>6</sup> might stand.

<sup>1</sup> slain.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. chose.—P.

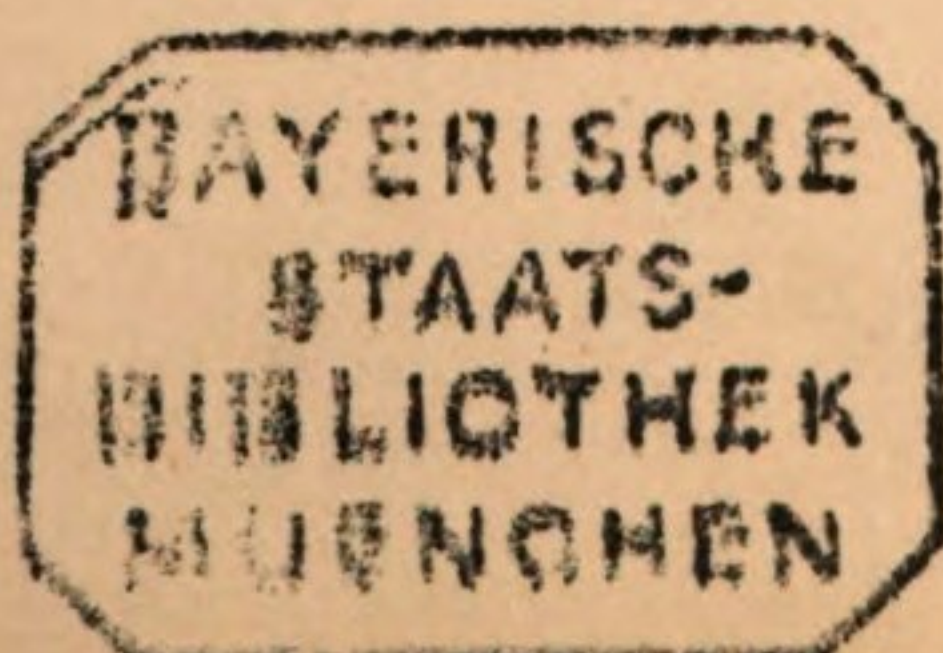
<sup>3</sup> They were laid on trestles.—F.

<sup>4</sup> I wyll se.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> busked; Scot. *buskit*, dress'd, decked

(à Fr. *busc*, a busk that weomen (*so*)  
 wear). Gloss. ad G. Doug<sup>s</sup> see P. 364,  
 St. 36, Pag. 246, St. 26.—P.

<sup>6</sup> ? here the wooden pin in the centre  
 of the target.—F.





Clowdeslee  
says the

584 then spake william of Clowdeslee,  
"by him *that* ffor me dyed,  
I hold him not a good archer  
*that* shooteth att butts soe wyde."

butts are too  
wide.

588 "wheratt?" said the Kinge,  
"I pray you tell to mee."  
"att such a butt, Sir," hee said,  
"as men vse in my cuntrye."

He sets

592 william went into the ffeild,  
& his 2 brethren with him;  
there they sett vp 2 hassell rodds  
400 paces betweene.

2 hazel  
sticks at 400  
paces,

596 "I hold him an archer," said Clowdeslee,  
"*that* yonder wand cleeueth in towe."  
"heere is none such," said the King,  
"for no man can soe doe."

shoots, and  
splits one  
in two.

600 "I shall assay," sayd Clowdeslee,  
"or *that* I ffurther goe."  
Clowdeslee with a bearing<sup>1</sup> arrow  
claue the wand in towe.

604 "thou art the best archer," said our King,  
"fforsooth *that* euer I see."  
"& yett ffor your loue," said william,  
"I will doe more masterye:

Then he  
proposes to  
tie his son  
to a stake,

608 "I haue a sonne is 7 yeere old,  
hee is to me ffull deere;  
I will tye him to a stake—  
all shall see him *that* bee here,—

<sup>1</sup> ? meaning of *bearing*. Strutt says, "I rather think the poet meant an arrow shot 'compass,' for the pricke or wand was a 'mark of compass,' that is, the arrow in its flight formed the segment of

a circle." *Sports*, p. 65, ed. Hone. As all arrows do that, this can be no explanation of either "mark of compass" (on which see my note on "pricks" in *The Babees Book*, &c.) or "bearing."—F.



612 “ & lay an apple vpon his head,  
 & goe sixe score paces him ffroe,  
 & I my selfe with a broad arrrowe  
 shall cleaue the apple in towe.”

and split an  
apple on his  
head at 120  
paces.

616 “now hast thee,” said the King;  
 “by him *that* dyed on a tree,  
 but if thou dost not as thou has sayd,  
 hanged shalt thou bee!

The King  
agrees;

but if  
Clowdeslee  
fails, he's to  
be hanged,

620 “ & thou touch his head or gowne  
 in sight *that* men may see,  
 by all the *Saints that* bee in heauen,  
 I shall you hang all 3:!”

and Adam  
and Clim  
too.

624 “*that* I haue promised,” said william,  
 “*that* I will neuer fforsake:”  
 & there euen before the King,  
 in the earth he droue a stake,

628 & bound thereto his eldest sonne,  
 & bade him stand still thereatt,  
 & turned the childe's fface him ffroe  
 because hee should not start.

Clowdeslee  
ties his boy  
to a stake,

632 an apple vpon his head he sett,  
 & then his bow he bent;  
 sixe score paces they were meaten,<sup>1</sup>  
 & thither Clowdeslee went.

puts an  
apple on his  
head,

636 there he drew out a ffaire broad arrow,—  
 his bowe<sup>2</sup> was great and long,—  
 he sett *that* arrowe in his bowe  
*that* was both stiffe & stronge;

sets an  
arrow in  
his bow,

<sup>1</sup> meted, i.e. measured.—P.

<sup>2</sup> There is a tag at the end like s.—F.



he prayed the people *that* were there  
 640 That they wold still stand,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ffor hee *that* shooteth ffor such a wager  
 had need of a steedye hand.”

[page 398]

much people prayed for Cloudeslee,  
 644 *that* his liffe saued might bee ;  
 & when hee made him readye to shoote,  
 there was many a weepinge eye.

and cleaves  
the apple in  
two.

The King

thus Cloudeslye claue the aple in 2,  
 648 as many a man might see :  
 “now god fforffbid<sup>2</sup>” then said the King,  
 “*that* thou sholdest shoote att mee !

gives him  
8d. a day,  
and makes  
him his  
bowbearer.

“I gaue<sup>3</sup> thee 8 pence a day,  
 652 & my bow shalt thou beare,  
 & ouer all the north cuntrye  
 I make thee Cheeffe ryder.”

The Queen  
gives him  
13d. a day,

“& Ile giue thee 13<sup>d</sup> a day,” said the Queene,  
 656 “by god and by my ffay !  
 come ffeich thy payment when thou wilt,  
 no man shall say thee nay.

makes him a  
gentleman,

“william, I make thee a gentleman,  
 660 of Cloathing and of ffee ;  
 & thy 2 bretheren, yeomen of my chamber,  
 for they are louely<sup>4</sup> to see.

puts his son  
in her wine-  
cellar,

“your sonne, ffor hee is tendar of age,  
 664 of my winesellar he shalbe ;  
 & when hee comes to mans estate,  
 better prefferred shall hee bee.

<sup>1</sup> The same injunction is often heard  
 at firing-points now.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Over Gods forbode.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> give.—P.

<sup>4</sup> so semely.—*Rel.*



- 668 “ & william, bring me your wiffe,” said the Queene,  
 “ I long her sore to see ;  
 shee shall bee my cheefe gentlewoman <sup>1</sup>  
 to gouerne my nurserye.”
- 672 the yeomen thanked them full curteouslye,  
 & sayd, “ to some Bishopp wee will wend ;  
 of all the sinns *that* wee haue done,  
 to be assoyled <sup>2</sup> att his hand.”
- 676 soe forth be gone these good yeomen  
 as ffast as they can hye,  
 & after came & liued with the *King*,  
 & dyed good yeomen all 3.
- 680 Thus endeth the liffe of these good yeomen,  
 god send them eternall blisse !  
 & all *that* with a hand-bow shooteth,  
*that* of heauen they may neuer misse !      ffinis.

and promises  
to set his  
wife

over her  
nursery.

The three  
go to a  
Bishop

to be  
shriven,

and then  
live  
and die well.

God send  
them and all  
bowmen  
bliss!

<sup>1</sup> MS. gentlewonnan.—F.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. absolved, Assoile, absolvere,  
liberare. Lye.—P.



## Younge : Cloudeslee :

As the Cyclic poets adopted the lesser Homeric heroes as the centres of new epics, as the Romancists in process of time celebrated other members of the Round Table besides its great founder, as the ballad-writers sung of Much and Scarlett as well as of Robin Hood, so here one who appears as a minor character in the great poem of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeslee," has a poem devoted to his special honour.

The piece was printed in 1605 by James Roberts, along with his reprint of Copland's edition of the greater poem of which this is a parasite. With this the Folio copy has been collated.

Listen, my  
Northern  
lads,  
  
to the brave  
deeds

LISTE : northeren Ladds, to blyther things <sup>1</sup>  
then yett were brought to light,  
performed by our Countrymen  
4 in many <sup>2</sup> a ffray and ffight,

of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,  
and william of Clowdeslee,<sup>3</sup>  
who were in ffavor with the Kinge  
8 ffor all their miserye.

of young  
William  
Clowdeslee,

younge william of the wine-sellar,<sup>4</sup>  
when yeoman hee was made,  
gan ffollowe then his ffathers stepps,  
12 hee loued a bonny mayde.

who loved a  
bonny lass.

"gods crosse !" quoth william, "if I misse,  
& may not of her speede,  
Ile make 1000 northerne <sup>5</sup> hartes<sup>6</sup>  
16 ffor verry woe to bleede.

<sup>1</sup> List Northerne Laddes to blither things.—R.

<sup>2</sup> mickle.—R.

<sup>3</sup> Cloudisly.—R.

<sup>4</sup> See the last poem, l. 664, p. 100.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Only half of the second *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> a thousand Northen hearts.—R.



- gone is hee <sup>1</sup> a wooinge now,  
 our Ladye will <sup>2</sup> him guide;  
 to merry mansfeild, will, <sup>3</sup> I trow,  
 20 a time hee will abyde.
- “Soone dop <sup>4</sup> the dore, ffaire Sislye bright, <sup>5</sup>  
 I come with all the hast;  
 I am come a wooinge to <sup>6</sup> thee for loue,  
 24 heere am I come att Last.”
- “I know you not,” quoth Sisely <sup>7</sup> tho,  
 “from whence *that* yee be come <sup>8</sup>;  
 my loue you may not haue, I trow,  
 28 I vow by this ffaire <sup>9</sup> sonne. <sup>10</sup>
- “ffor why, my loue is ffixt so sure  
 vpon another wight;  
 I sweare by sweet Ann, Ile neuer  
 32 abuse him out of sight!
- “this night I hope to see my loue  
 in all his pryde and glee;  
 If there were thousands, none but him  
 36 my hart wold ioye to see.”
- “gods cursse vppon [him,] <sup>11</sup>” younge william sayd,  
 “before me *that* hath sped!  
 a ffoule ill on the carryon nurses  
 40 *that* ffirst did binde his head!”
- gan william tho for to prepare  
 a medcine ffor the chaffe <sup>12</sup>;  
 “his liffe,” quoth hee, “ffull hard may ffare;  
 44 hees best to keepe alaffe.”
- He goes  
 courting  
 to Mansfield,  
 and tells fair  
 Sisely to  
 open the  
 door.  
 Sisely says  
 she can't  
 love him,  
 as her love  
 is fixed on  
 another,  
 whom she  
 hopes to see  
 to-night,  
 [page 399]  
 Young  
 Clowdeslee  
 curses him,  
 and resolves  
 to kill her  
 lover.

<sup>1</sup> he is.—R.<sup>2</sup> well.—R.<sup>9</sup> *ffaure* with a dot over the *u* in the MS.—F.<sup>3</sup> where.—R.<sup>4</sup> dope, i. e. do open.—P.<sup>10</sup> sun.—P.<sup>11</sup> him.—R.<sup>5</sup> Some dop the dore faire Cicelie bright.—R.<sup>12</sup> ? for *chuffe*, a term of reproach. Halliwell. See Lorden, l. 71.—F. medicine for that chaffe.—R.<sup>6</sup> to omitted.—R. <sup>7</sup> Cicelie.—R.<sup>8</sup> MS. become.—F. <sup>9</sup> bée come.—R.



He draws  
his sword,

he drew then out his bright browne sword,  
which was soe bright and keene ;  
a stouter man & hardyer  
48 neere handled sword, I weene.

and by way  
of trying it,

“ browne tempered Sword & worthy<sup>1</sup> blade,  
vnto thy *master* showe,  
if thou<sup>2</sup> to tryall thou be put,  
52 how thou canst<sup>3</sup> byde a blowe.”

cuts in two  
an oak

younge William to an oke gan hye  
which was in compasse round  
well 56<sup>4</sup> inches nye,  
& ffeld itt to the ground.

56 inches  
round,

wishing it  
was his rival.

“ soe mote he ffare,” quoth william tho,  
“ *that* ffor her loue hath Layde  
which I haue loued, & neere did know  
60 him sutor till *that* mayde.

He longs  
for his  
father,

“ & now, deere ffather stout & stronge,  
william of Cloudeslee,  
how happy were thy troubled sonne  
64 if here I might<sup>5</sup> thee see,

Adam,  
and Clim,

as they'd  
fight 1000  
men.

“ & thy 2<sup>6</sup> brethren Adam Bell  
& Clim of the Cloughe ;  
against a 1000 men & more  
68 wee 4 wold bee enoughe.

He calls on  
Sisely's lover  
to come on,

“ growne itt is ffull 4 a clocke,  
& night will come belue ;  
Come on, thou Lorden, sisleys<sup>7</sup> loue !  
72 this night I must<sup>8</sup> thee shriue.

<sup>1</sup> strong, and worthy.—R.

<sup>2</sup> that.—P. now.—R.

<sup>3</sup> canst thou.—R.

<sup>4</sup> Read “six and fifty.”—F. six and

fifty.—R.

<sup>5</sup> mot.—R.

<sup>7</sup> Lurden Cisleis.—R.

<sup>8</sup> must I.—R.

<sup>6</sup> too.—R.



“prepare thee strong, thou fflowle black calfe<sup>1</sup>!  
 what ere thou be, I weene  
 Ile giue thy coxcombe sayke<sup>2</sup> a girde<sup>3</sup>  
 76 in mansfeild as was neuer<sup>4</sup> seene.”

william a young ffawne had slaine  
 in<sup>5</sup> sherwood merry fforrest;  
 a ffairer ffawne ffor mans meate<sup>6</sup>  
 80 in sherwood was neuer drest.

and takes  
 a fawn

hee hyed then till a northeren Lasse<sup>7</sup>  
 not halfe a mile him ffroe,<sup>8</sup>  
 he said, “dop the dore,<sup>9</sup> thou good ould nurse,  
 84 that in to thee I goe;

to an old  
 woman

“I ffaint with being in the woods<sup>10</sup>;  
 loe, heere I haue a kidd  
 which I haue slaine ffor thee & mee<sup>11</sup>;  
 88 come, dresse itt then, I bidd;

to cook for  
 him.

“ffeitch bread and other Iolly ffare,  
 whereof thou hast some store;  
 a blyther guest this 100 yeere  
 92 came neuer heere before.”

the good old naunt<sup>12</sup> gan hye apace  
 to lett young William in;  
 “a happy nurse,” quoth william then,  
 96 “as can be lightlye seene.

The old  
 dame  
 lets him in,

<sup>1</sup> fow black Caufe.—R.

<sup>2</sup> In what district is *sayke* used for *such*? In Somersetshire, *jitch* is the word. Halliwell, p. xxvii., xxviii. In Lancashire, *sick* (H. xxiii.), but at Bury *sitch* (*ib.*); and in Gloucestershire *zitch* (H. xviii.)

<sup>3</sup> a gird.—R.

<sup>4</sup> Mansfield as neuer was.—R.

<sup>5</sup> MS. im.—F.

<sup>6</sup> ymeat.—R.

<sup>7</sup> Northerne lasse.—R.

<sup>8</sup> he fro.—R.

<sup>9</sup> dop dore.—R.

<sup>10</sup> wood.—R.

<sup>11</sup> slo for thée and I.—R.

<sup>12</sup> Nant.—R.



and he  
promises  
her a reward

“wend till *that* house hard by,” quoth hee,  
“*thats* made of lime and stone,  
where is a Lasse, ffaire Cis,” hey <sup>1</sup> said,<sup>2</sup>  
100 “I loue her as my owne.

if she'll fetch  
Sisely to  
him.

“If thou canst ffeitch her vnto me  
*that* wee may merry bee,  
I make a vowe, in the fforrest  
104 of deere thou shalt haue ffee.”

She under-  
takes  
to bring  
Sisely,

“rest then, ffaire Sir,” the woman said,  
“I sweare by good S<sup>t</sup> Iohn  
I will bring to you *that* same maid  
108 ffull quicklye and anon.”

“meane [time],<sup>3</sup>” quoth William, “Ile be Cooke,  
to see the ffawne well drest<sup>4</sup>: ”  
a stouter Cooke did neuer come  
112 within the ffaire fforrest.

and hies off  
to her,

thicke <sup>5</sup> blyth old lasse had witt enoughe <sup>6</sup>  
ffor to declare his mind;  
soe ffast shee hyed, & neere did stay,  
116 but left william behinde,

while  
William  
cooks the  
fawn.

where william like a nimble cooke  
is dressing of the ffare,  
& ffor this damsell doth hee looke,  
120 “I wold *that* shee weer heere !”

[page 400]

<sup>1</sup> [insert] he.—P. The MS. is *Cishey*, for *Cis he*, or, more probably, *Cisley*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cisse hee said.—R.

<sup>3</sup> meane time.—P. meane time.—R.

<sup>4</sup> I drest.—R.

<sup>5</sup> ? the district of *thicke* for *that*. In Dorsetshire *thik* is used. See Halli-

well's Gloss. p. xvi., and Barnes's Glossary. Thickey, this, Devon. and *thicca* cloud, p. xv. Halliwell. Thick, the one that, that which, Somersetshire. Thee's know *thick* us da meanne, tha da call 'm wold Boss (*ib.* p. xxvii. col. 1).—F.

<sup>6</sup> enow.—R.



- “god speed, blyth Cisley <sup>1</sup>!” quoth *that* old Lasse. The old  
dame  
 “god dild <sup>2</sup> yee,” quoth Cisley, “again; ;  
 how doe yee, naunt Ione <sup>3</sup>?” shee said,  
 124 “tell me itt, I am ffaine.” tells Sisely  
 the good old woman <sup>4</sup> said “weele shee was,  
 & comen an arrand to <sup>5</sup> you ;  
 for you must to my cottage gone  
 128 ffull quickley, <sup>6</sup> I tell you true,  
 “where wee ffull merry meane to bee  
 all with my elder Ladd.” make merry  
in her  
cottage.  
 when Cisley hard of itt, trulye  
 132 shee was exceeding gladd. Sisely gladly  
agrees to go,  
 “gods cursse light on me,” quoth Cisley tho,  
 “if with you *that* <sup>7</sup> I doe not hye!  
 I neuer ioyed more, fforsoothe,  
 136 then in your Companye.”  
 happy the good wiffe thought her selfe  
*that* of her purpose shee had sped, <sup>8</sup>  
 & home with Sisley shee is came, <sup>9</sup>  
 140 soe lightlye they did tread <sup>10</sup> ; and into the  
cottage they  
walk.  
 & coming in, here william soone  
 had made readye his ffare ; William has  
his venison  
ready,  
 the good old wiffe did wonder much  
 144 soe soone as shee came there.  
 Cisley to william now is gone, <sup>11</sup>  
 god send her Mickle glee,  
 yett was shee in a maze, god wott,  
 148 when shee saw itt was hee. and Sisely  
with him.

<sup>1</sup> Cisse.—R.<sup>2</sup> yield it.—F. requite, speed: “Well, God dild you!” says Ophelia. *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5.—Dyce.<sup>3</sup> done you Nant Ione.—R.<sup>4</sup> Ione.—R.<sup>5</sup> till.—R.<sup>7</sup> *that* omitted.—R.<sup>8</sup> that her purpose he had of sped.—R.<sup>9</sup> she doth come.—R.<sup>10</sup> did they read.—R.<sup>11</sup> come.—R.<sup>6</sup> quick.—R.



But she says  
she'd never  
have come if  
she'd known  
he was there.

“had I beene ware, good Sir,” shee said,  
“of *that* itt had beene you,  
I wold haue stayd att home in sooth,  
152 I tell you verry true.”

William

“faire Cisley,” said then <sup>1</sup> william Kind,  
“misdeeme thee not of mee ;  
I sent not ffor thee to *that* <sup>2</sup> end  
156 to doe the iniurye.

prays her to  
stop and eat

his kid ;

“sitt downe *that* wee may talke awhile,  
& eate all of the best,  
the ffattest kidd *that* euer was slaine  
160 in merry Sherwood fforrest.<sup>3</sup>”

and his  
loving words  
win her  
heart.

Meantime  
Sisely's  
lover,

his louinge <sup>4</sup> words wan Cisley then  
with him to keepe <sup>5</sup> a while ;  
but in the meane time Cisleys loue  
164 of her was tho beguile.

a noble-  
minded  
man,

a stout & sturdy man hee was  
of qualitye & kind,  
& knowen <sup>6</sup> through all the north cuntrye  
168 to beare a noble minde.

“but,” quoth <sup>7</sup> william, “doe I care ?  
if *that* hee meane to weare,  
first lett <sup>8</sup> him winne,<sup>9</sup> else neuer shall  
172 he haue the mayd, I sweare.”

comes to her  
cottage ;

but she is  
fled.

ffull softlye is her loue[r] <sup>10</sup> come,  
and knocked att the dore :  
but tho <sup>11</sup> he mist Cisleys companye,<sup>12</sup>  
176 wher-att hee stampd and <sup>13</sup> swore.

<sup>1</sup> then said.—R.

<sup>2</sup> to the.—R.

<sup>3</sup> Sir-wood Forrest.—R.

<sup>4</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> to kéepe with him.—R.

<sup>6</sup> knowne.—R.

<sup>7</sup> But what quoth.—R.

<sup>8</sup> There appears to be some letter between the *e* and *t* in the MS.—F. let.—R.

<sup>9</sup> wime in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> louer.—R.

<sup>11</sup> i.e. then.—P.

<sup>12</sup> roome.—R.

<sup>13</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.



- “a mischeeffe on his heart,” quoth hee,  
 “*that* hath allured this <sup>1</sup> mayd  
 to bee with him in company !”  
 180 he cared not what hee sayd,  
  
 hee was soe <sup>2</sup> with anger moued,  
 he sware a well great othe,  
 “deere shold hee pay if I him knew,  
 184 fforsooth & by my trothe !”  
  
 gone hee is to ffind her out,  
 not knowing where shee is ;  
 still wandering in the weary wood  
 188 his true loue he doth misse:  
  
 william purchased <sup>3</sup> hath the game  
 which hee doth meane to hold,  
 “come, rescew her and if you can,  
 192 and dare to be soe bold !”  
  
 Att lenght when hee had wandred long [Page 401] At last  
 about the fforrest side,<sup>4</sup> the lover  
 a Candle light a ffurlong of <sup>5</sup>  
 196 ffull quickley hee espyed.  
  
 then to the house hee hyed him ffast,  
 where quicklye hee gan heare  
 the voice of his owne true loue <sup>6</sup>  
 200 a makinge bonny cheere.  
  
 then gan he say to Cisley tho,  
 “O Cisley, come away !  
 I haue beene wandring thee to ffind  
 204 since shutting in of day.”

He curses  
her beguiler,

and swears  
he shall pay  
for her if  
he finds him.

But William  
means to  
keep her.

hears  
Sisely's  
voice.

He calls her  
to come to  
him.

<sup>1</sup> the.—R.

<sup>2</sup> yso.—R.

<sup>3</sup> purchast.—R.

<sup>4</sup> wide.—R.

<sup>5</sup> off.—R.

<sup>6</sup> owne deere true loue.—R.



William  
asks who  
dares do this.

"who calls ffaire Cisley<sup>1</sup>? " quoth william tho,<sup>2</sup>

"what carle dares be soe bold,  
once to aduenture to her to speake

208 who [I] haue in my hold<sup>3</sup>? "

The lover  
threatens  
him.

"List thee, ffaire Sir," quoth Cisleys loue,

"lett quickelye her ffrom you part:  
ffor all your Lordlye words, Ile sweare<sup>4</sup>

212 Ile haue her, or Ile make you<sup>5</sup> smart! "

William says  
he'll

young William to his bright browne sword  
gan quickelye then to take:

"because thou soe doest challenge me,

216 Ile make thy kingdome quake.

fight for his  
love.

"betake thee to thy weapon stronge,  
ffaime time I giue to thee;

& ffor my loue as well as thine

220 a combatt ffight will I."

"neuer lett sunn," quoth Cisleys loue,

"shine more vpon my head,  
If I doe fflye, by heauen aboue,

224 wert thou a gyant bredd! "

He takes his  
sword,

to Bilbo blade got william tho  
*that* was both stiffe and stronge<sup>6</sup>:

and the fight  
begins.  
It lasts two  
hours,

a stout battell then they ffought,

228 weer neere 2<sup>7</sup> houres longe;

where many a greiuous wound was giuen<sup>8</sup>

to eche on either *part*,  
till both the champyons then were droue  
almost quite out of hart.

<sup>1</sup> Cisse.—R.

<sup>2</sup> then.—R.

<sup>3</sup> whom I haue now in hold.—R.

<sup>4</sup> I sweare.—R.

<sup>5</sup> or make you.—R.

<sup>6</sup> and buckler stiffe.—R.

<sup>7</sup> well nie two.—R.

<sup>8</sup> giue.—R.



- pittious moane ffaire Cisley made,  
*that* all the fforrest ronge;  
 the greiuous shrikes made such a noyse,  
 236 shee had soe shrill a tounge.
- att last came in the keepers 3  
 with bowes and arrowes keene,  
 where they lett flye among these 2,  
 240 a 100<sup>d</sup> 1 as I weene.
- william strong & stout 2 in hart,  
 when he had them espyed,  
 sett on courage ffor his part,  
 244 among the thickest hee hyed.
- the cheefe ranger of the woods  
 att ffirst did william smite,  
 where att one blow he smote his head  
 248 ffrom of his shoulders quite.
- & being in soe ffuryous teene,  
 about him then hee Laid,  
 he slew immedyatlye the wight  
 252 was sutor to the mayde.
- great moane was then 3 made;  
 the like was neuer hard,  
 which made the people all around  
 256 to crye, they were soe ffeard.
- "arme, arme!" the cuntrye cryed,  
 "for gods loue quicklye hye!"  
 neuer was such a slaughter seene  
 260 in all the north cuntrye.

Sisely  
moaningand  
shrieking  
all the  
while.Then three  
keepers  
come to stop  
them,

but William

cuts off the  
chief-  
ranger's  
head,and then  
kills Sisely's  
lover.The people  
make great  
moan,and raise the  
country.<sup>1</sup> an hundred.—R.<sup>2</sup> stout and strong.—R.<sup>3</sup> y then.—R.



William kills  
the other two  
keepers,

william still, tho<sup>1</sup> wounded sore,  
continued still his<sup>2</sup> ffight  
till he had slaine them all 4  
264 *that* verry winters<sup>3</sup> night.

all the contrye then was raysed,  
the traitor ffor to take  
*that* ffor the loue of Cisley ffaire  
268 had all the slaughter make.

and then  
hies  
to a cave  
with Sisely.

to the woods hyed william tho,—  
itt was the best<sup>4</sup> of all his play,—  
where in a caue with Cisley ffaire  
272 hee liued many a day.

Procla-  
mation is  
made to take  
William.

proclamation then was sent [page 402]  
the cuntrye all arounde,  
'the Lord of Mansfeild shold hee bee  
276 *that* ffirst the traytor ffounde.'

to<sup>5</sup> the court these tydings came,  
where all men doth<sup>6</sup> bewayle  
the young & lustye William  
280 *which* soe had made them quaile.

His father,  
Adam, and  
Clim,

hyed vp william of Cloudeslee<sup>7</sup>  
& lustye Adam Bell,  
& ffamous Clim of the Cloughe,  
284 *which* 3 did them<sup>8</sup> excell :

go to the  
King,

and ask  
mercy for  
William's  
son.

to the King they hyed them ffast,  
ffull quicklye & anon,  
"mercy, I pray," quoth old william,  
288 "ffor william my sonne!"

<sup>1</sup> Will still though.—R.

<sup>2</sup> in his.—R.

<sup>4</sup> twas best.—R.

<sup>3</sup> winter.—R.

<sup>5</sup> Till.—R.

<sup>6</sup> did.—R.

<sup>7</sup> Hied vp then William, Cloudesley.

—R.

<sup>8</sup> then did.—R.



- “no mercye, traitors!” quoth the *King*,  
 “you shall be hanged all 4! <sup>1</sup>  
 vnder my nose this plott yee haue <sup>2</sup> laid,  
 292 to bring to passe before.”
- “Insooth,” bespake then Adam Bell,  
 “ill signe your grace hath seene  
 of any such commotyon  
 296 since with you wee haue beene.
- “If then wee can no mercye haue,  
 but leese both liffe and goods,  
 of your good grace wee take our leaue,  
 300 & hye vs to the woods.”
- “arme, arme,” then quoth the *King*,  
 “my merry men euer-eche one, <sup>3</sup>  
 ffull ffast againe these rebells nowe <sup>4</sup>  
 304 [that] <sup>5</sup> vnto the woods are gone!”
- “O, woe is vs! what shall wee doe,  
 or which way shall wee worke,  
 to hunt them fforth out of the woods,  
 308 soe traiterouslye there *that* lurke?”
- “list you,” quoth a counsellor graue,  
 a wise man he seemed,  
 “thé craued the *King* his pardon ffree  
 312 vnto them to haue deemed.”
- “gods fforbott <sup>6</sup>!” quoth the *King*,  
 “I neuer itt will doe!  
 for they shall hang, eche mothers sonne,  
 316 I tell you verry true! <sup>7</sup>”
- The *King*  
 says he'll  
 hang all four  
 of them.
- Adam then  
 says
- they'll take  
 to the woods.
- The *King*  
 orders his  
 men to arm  
 and pursue  
 the rebels.
- The men  
 don't like the  
 job.
- A counsellor  
 advises that  
 the rebels be  
 pardoned.
- The *King*  
 swears  
 he'll hang  
 them,

<sup>1</sup> hang'd shall yee be all foure.—R.<sup>2</sup> haue you.—R.<sup>3</sup> euery chone.—R.<sup>4</sup> now.—R.<sup>5</sup> *that* omitted.—R.<sup>6</sup> forebode, *Præceptum*. Chauc. *Goddes*forebode to breke, *dei præceptum violare*.  
Lye.—P. See vol. i. p. 18, note <sup>1</sup>. “prick  
him godsforbod.” Heywood's *Epi-*  
*grammes*, 236.—F. forbod.—R.<sup>7</sup> faire sir I tell you true.—R.



and sends  
50,000 men  
after them,

50000 men were charged  
after them ffor to take ;  
some of them sett in sundrye townes,  
320 in companyes <sup>1</sup> did waite ;

some of  
whom go to  
the woods.

to the woods gan some to goe,  
in hope to ffind them out ;  
& them perforce they thaught to take,  
324 if *that* they might ffind them out.

to they woods still they <sup>2</sup> came,  
dispatched still they were,  
which made ffull many a trembling hart <sup>3</sup>  
328 & many a man in ffeare.

But Adam  
and Clim go  
on killing  
the King's  
deer.

still the outlawes Adam Bell  
& Clim of the Cloughe  
made Iolly cheere with venison,  
332 stronge drinke & wine enoughe.

Then the  
King  
says,  
"they are  
fine fellows.

"Crist mee blesse !" then said our *King*,  
"such men were neuer knowne ;  
they are they <sup>4</sup> stoutest harted men  
336 *that* manhood euer shone <sup>5</sup> !

Make out  
their  
pardon,

"come, my secretary good,  
& cause <sup>6</sup> to be declared  
a generall pardon to them all,  
340 which neuer shalbe discared.

and give  
them good  
store  
if they'll  
come and  
live with  
me."

"liuings plenty they shall haue <sup>7</sup>  
of gold & eke of ffee,  
If they did <sup>8</sup> as they did before,  
344 come liue in court with mee."

<sup>1</sup> companyes in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> still as they.—R.

<sup>3</sup> heart.—R.

<sup>4</sup> the.—R.

<sup>5</sup> showne.—R.

<sup>6</sup> MS. caused.—F. cause.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Liuing plenty shall they haue.—R.

<sup>8</sup> they will do.—P. they will.—R.



soddenlye went fforth the newes  
 declared by trumpetts sound,  
 wherof these 3 were well advised  
 348 in caue as they were in ground.

The three  
 hear of this,

“but list you, Sirs,” quoth william younge,  
 “I dare not trust the King;  
 itt is some ffeitch is in his head,  
 352 wherby to bring vs in.

[page 403]

but young  
 William  
 doubts the  
 King,

“nay, stay wee heere, or ffirst lett mee  
 a messenger bee sent  
 vnto the Court, where I may know  
 356 his maiestyes entent.”

and asks  
 that he may  
 go to  
 court and  
 see him.

this pleased Adam Bell,  
 “soe wee may liue in peace,  
 wee are att his most hye commande,  
 360 & neuer will we cease;

Adam  
 agrees,

“but if *that* still wee shall be vrged,  
 & called by traitors <sup>1</sup> name,  
 & threated hanging for euery thing,  
 364 his hignesse is too blame.

“neare <sup>2</sup> had his grace subiects more true <sup>3</sup>  
 & sturdier then wee,  
 which are att his hignesse will,  
 368 god send him well to bee!”

saying that  
 the King  
 never had  
 better  
 subjects  
 than  
 themselves.

soe to the court is young william gone  
 to parley with the King,  
 where <sup>4</sup> all men to the Kings presence  
 372 did striue for to him bringe.<sup>5</sup>

Young  
 William  
 goes to the  
 King,

<sup>1</sup> traitrous.—R.

<sup>2</sup> ne'er.—P.

<sup>3</sup> more subjects true.—R.

<sup>4</sup> Which.—R.

<sup>5</sup> him for to bring.—R.



kneels to  
him,

when hee before the *King* was come,  
he kneeled downe ffull lowe;  
he showed quicklye to the *Kinge*  
376 what duty they did owe.

and soon  
wins him  
over.

in such delightfull order blythe,  
the *King* was quicklye woon<sup>1</sup>  
to comfort them in their request,  
380 as hee before had done.

The *King*  
asks him  
to stay the  
night at  
court,

“ffetch bread & drinke,” then said his grace,  
“& meate all of the best;  
& stay all night heere att the court,  
384 & soundlye take thy rest.”

and gives  
him his seal  
in token of  
pardon.

“gramercy<sup>2</sup> to your grace,” said will:  
“for pardon granted, I see.”  
“for signe thereof, heere take my seale,  
388 & for more certaintye.”

“gods cursse vpon me,” said william,  
“for my part if I meane  
Euer againe to stirr vp striffe!  
392 itt neuer shalbe seene.”

The *Lords*  
and *Ladies*  
welcome  
him,

the Nobles all to *William* came,  
he were soe stout & trim,  
& all the *Ladyes* for verry ioy  
396 did come to welcome him.

and tell him  
to bring  
Sisely to  
court.

“ffaire *Cisley* now I haue to wiffe,  
in ffeild I haue her woone.<sup>3</sup>”  
“bring her, for gods loue,” said thé<sup>4</sup> all,  
400 “welcome shee shall bee soone.<sup>5</sup>”

wonne.—R.  
<sup>2</sup> Gramercies.—R.  
<sup>3</sup> wonne.—R.

<sup>4</sup> they.—R.  
<sup>5</sup> full welcome shall she be.—R.



forth againe went *william* backe,  
 to woode *that* hee did hye,  
 & to his ffather there hee shewed  
 404 the King his pardon ffree.

He goes  
 back,  
 and shows  
 his father  
 the King's  
 pardon.

"health to his grace," said Adam Bell,  
 "I begg itt on my knee."  
 the like said Clim of the Cloughe  
 408 & *william* of Cloudeslee.

to the court they all prepare  
 as ffast as <sup>1</sup> they can hye,  
 where gracyouslye they were receined  
 412 with mirth and merry glee.

Then all of  
 them  
 come to  
 court,

Cisley ffaire is gone <sup>2</sup> alone  
 vpon a gelding ffayre ;  
 a properer <sup>3</sup> damsell neuer came  
 416 in any courtlye ayre.

with Sisely  
 on a good  
 gelding.

"welcome, Cisley !" sayd the Queene,  
 "& Lady I thee make,  
 to waite vpon my owne person  
 420 in all my cheefe estate.<sup>4</sup>"

The Queen  
 welcomes  
 her and  
 makes her a  
 Lady in  
 Waiting.

soe quicklye was the <sup>5</sup> matter done  
 which was soe hardlye doubted,  
 that all contentions after that  
 424 from court were quicklye rooted.<sup>6</sup>

And so all  
 the trouble  
 is happily  
 settled,

fauorable was the kinge,  
 for good <sup>7</sup> they did him ffind ;  
 They neuer after ffought againe <sup>8</sup>  
 428 to vex his royall minde.

[page 404]

<sup>1</sup> euen as fast as.—R.

<sup>2</sup> wend.—R.

<sup>3</sup> proper.—R.

<sup>4</sup> chiefest state.—R.

<sup>5</sup> this.—R.

<sup>6</sup> rowted.—R.

<sup>7</sup> so good.—R.

<sup>8</sup> The neuer after sought againe.—R.



|                                      |     |                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| and our<br>heroes                    |     | long time <sup>1</sup> they liued in court<br>soe neere vnto the Kinge,       |
| never after<br>troubled the<br>King. | 432 | <i>that</i> neuer after attempted <sup>2</sup> was<br>offred ffor any thinge. |
| May God                              |     | god aboue, giue all men grace,<br>in quiett ffor to liue,                     |
| prevent men<br>rebellling            | 436 | & not rebelliouslye abroad<br>their princes ffor to greeue!                   |
| in hope of<br>getting<br>pardon,     |     | let not the hope of <i>pardon</i> moue<br>a subiect to attempt                |
|                                      | 440 | his soueraignes anger, or his loue,<br>ffrom him for to exempt;               |
| and make                             |     | but <i>that</i> all men may readye bee<br>with all their maine and might      |
| all serve God<br>and the<br>King.    | 444 | to serue the lord, & loue the Kinge,<br>in honor day and night.               |

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> MS. tine.—F. Long time they.—R.<sup>2</sup> ? read “attempt there was.”—Skeat.  
was attempt.—R.

[This is headed throughout, *The second part, of Adam Bell*. The first part has no such heading; but has this title, *Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William Cloudesle*. Lond. 1605. 9 leaves. Register A, C 2. Part II., 7 leaves. Register A 2, B 4.

There are two copies in Bodley. 4° C. 39, Art. Seld.; Malone, 299.—G. Parker.]

[“*Come Wanton Wenches*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*,  
p. 80–1, follows here in the MS. p. 404.]



### In olde : times paste : <sup>1</sup>

WHAT can one say on the moral of this song, better than "read Mr. Tennyson's *Golden Year*"? "The Old Time sure was best" is a cry that has been dinned into Englishmen's ears for many a century; and though lately the loud-voiced satisfaction of the comfortable classes and their orators was inclined to substitute for the old cry "The present time sure is best," yet now that a certainty of greater consideration in legislation for the poor and weak, the ignorant and needy, is at hand, now that the trustees of power are to be more quickly answerable to the subjects of their trust for the fulfilment of it, many would willingly in their cowardly qualms cry for old times of corruption again. When will men have faith and its cheer, and work onwards for England's future, instead of moaning and raving, and trying to drag their country back?

Still, the present poem is no *Niagara and After*, but a kind of Young-England regret for the chivalry, the merry outlaw greenwood life, the songs and dances, bows and hunts of an earlier time, the pillars of pleasure seen without the intervening spaces of sadness at the end of the arcade of English life—to use Mr. Herbert Spencer's figure—while the spaces near are painfully plain. Merry England is to the writer—a hunting man, witness lines 38 to 41—merry no longer; and the cause of the decay of all the olden pleasures is that put forward by so many of our early writers, Pride, and, in the writer's time, miserliness in other things to maintain it. With *Conscience* (ii. 189, l. 126,) he could say, "you must banish pride, and then all England were blest."

<sup>1</sup> An Old Song in Praise of Archery.—P. and the good old times.—F.



This is a change from Robert of Brunne's time in 1303, when Envy—which I suppose to include social grumbling and discontent, then more than justifiable—was the Englishman's special sin :

And Englys men namely  
Are purghe kynde of herte hy.  
A forbyseyn ys tolde þys,  
Seyde on Frenshe men and on Englys ;  
*Frenche men synne yn lechery,*  
*And Englys men yn envye.*

*Handlyng Synne*, p. 131, l. 4154-5.

Let us hope that the writer of the present piece had no more ground for his complaint than the authors of similar ones have now. The "fine old English Gentle-man" has never ceased from the land, though his gentle-ness has been shown in forms varying with the ages as they have passed on.

Of the poem itself we know no other copy.—F.

In merry  
old days  
lived

Lancelot  
du Lake,  
Robin Hood,

Mayd  
Marryan,

William of  
Clowdeslee,

Clim of the  
Clough, and  
Adam Bell.

The jolly  
bowmen  
hunted,

IN : old times past when merry men [page 405]  
did merry makers <sup>1</sup> make, <sup>2</sup>  
no man did greater matters then  
4 then Lancelott of Dulake.  
good Robin hood <sup>3</sup> was liui[n]ge then,  
which now is quite fforgott,  
& soe was ffaire Mayd Marryan,  
8 a pretty wench, god wott.  
william of Clowdeslee did dwell  
amongst the buckes & does,  
Clim of the Cloughe & Adam Bell  
12 killed venison with their bowes.  
throughe the wood these Iollye bowmen went,  
both ouer hill & dale, & dale & dale,  
vp & downe, vpp & downe,  
16 through many a parke & pale : # : # :

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. *makers* may be altered to in the MS.—F.  
*matters*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> There is a tag to the *d*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The first two lines are written as one



- The Maydens on the holydayes  
 did countrey carrolls singe,  
 & some did passe the time away  
 20 with dancinge ffor the ringe.  
 yea 20 groates was mony then  
 wold make men make good cheere,  
 & 20 nobles gentlemen  
 24 might liue on all the yeere.  
 William of Cloudeslee did dwell, &c.
- Then were there playes att whitsontyde,<sup>1</sup>  
 & sommer games about;  
 then ffreind with ffreind wold goe & ryde  
 28 to driue the sommer out;  
 & after merry sommer time,  
 then winter time came in;  
 then were as merry matters done  
 32 when Christmas did begin.<sup>2</sup>  
 William, &c.
- Then did they chant itt merrilye  
 with hunting in the wood,  
 wherin they hound[s] mad such a crye  
 36 as did the hearers good;  
 the hunters with their hunting hornes  
 did cause the woods to ringe:  
 to see them pricke amongst the thornes,  
 40 itt weere pastime ffor a kinge.  
 William, &c.
- Sir Lancelott dulake, a-dew!  
 thou was a worthy Knight;  
 & eke maid Marryan sure & trew,  
 44 good Robin Hoods delight.
- the maidens  
sang carols
- and danced,
- 20 groats  
would make  
a feast,
- and summer  
games were  
played.
- Winter was  
merry
- at Christmas  
too.
- Then was it  
merry too in  
woods
- with cry of  
hounds
- and hunters'  
hornes.
- But now!  
farewell  
Lancelot
- and Marian,

<sup>1</sup> See Strutt and Brand on the Whitson-ales &c. Strutt quotes *Sir Bevis*:  
 In somer at Whitsontyde,

When knightes most on horsebacke  
 ride, &c.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. begin.—F.



|                                                |    |                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Clowdeslee,                                    |    | william of Clowdeslee, ffarewell,                                                          |
|                                                |    | with thy companyons old,                                                                   |
| Clim and<br>Adam.                              | 48 | Clim of the Clough, & Adam Bell,<br>three bowemen braue & bold ! <sup>1</sup>              |
| The world<br>changed.                          |    | for now the world is altered quite,<br>as itt had neuer beene ;                            |
| Pleasure<br>turned to<br>spite.                | 52 | for plesure now is turned to spite ;<br>the like was neuer seene.                          |
| Men are<br>misers ;                            |    | More sparinge for a pennye nowe<br>then then was for a pound ;                             |
| the rich<br>don't hunt,                        | 56 | rich men, alas, they know not how<br>to keepe ne hawke nor hound.                          |
|                                                |    | all merriments are quite fforgott,<br>& bowes are laid aside ;                             |
| men don't<br>shoot.                            | 60 | all is to litle now, god wott,<br>to maintaine wordlye pryde.                              |
| Sure, the<br>old time<br>was best.             |    | where I began, there will I end,<br>the old time sure was best ;                           |
|                                                | 64 | vnless <i>that</i> misers quicklye mend,<br>old mirth may take his rest.                   |
| May God<br>send us<br>good bow-<br>men again ! |    | pray wee then good bowmen may rise,<br>as hath beene here to-ffore,<br>to-ffore, to-ffore, |
|                                                | 68 | to maintaine, to Maintaine,<br>& make our mirth the more,<br>the more, the more.           |
|                                                |    | ffinis.                                                                                    |

<sup>1</sup> Should "William, &c.," be repeated here, and the next four lines belong to the next stanza? Or are four lines wanting after l. 52, and the last two

stanzas in reality one of sixteen lines, counting the repeats *to-ffore*, the *more* with the lines preceding them?—Skeat.



## Darkesome Cell : <sup>1</sup>

[page 406]

THIS song was printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, ii. 343, with Bishop Corbet's "O Noble Ffestus," from the Folio, p. 447, and four other mad songs to make up half a dozen "selected out of a much larger quantity." Percy says: "It is worth attention that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestible, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language." Mr. Payne Collier considers that the madness was shammed, and that the cause of it was the desire of the idle and dissolute beggars—who swarmed over the country on the dissolution of the monasteries—to excite their hearers' pity and get alms. They were called *Bedlam Beggars*, and are mentioned by Edgar in "King Lear":

The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of *Bedlam* beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Stick in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And, with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayer,  
Inforce their charity.

In Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1616, all the different species of beggars are enumerated. Amongst the rest are mentioned *Tom of Bedlam's* band of mad caps, otherwise called Poor Tom's flock of wild geese . . and those wild geese, or hair brains, are called Abraham men. An Abraham man is afterwards described in this manner: "Of all

<sup>1</sup> That common old song of Mad-tom. Collated with a copy in a 12° collection of songs printed by Boreman, 1735.—P.



the mad rascals (that are of this wing), the *Abraham man* is the most fantastick. The fellow (quoth this old Lady of the Lake unto me), that sate half naked (at table to-day) from the girdle upward, is the best *Abraham man* that ever came to my house, and the notablest villain: he swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantickly of purpose: you see pins stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his arms, which pain he gladly puts himself to (being indeed no torment at all, his skin is either so dead with some foul disease, or so hardened with weather, only to make you believe he is out of his wits): he calls himself by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near anybody, cries out, *Poor Tom* is a cold. . . . (Mr. Payne Collier's note to Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, ii. 4, quoted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 334-5.)

Mr. Chappell prints the tune of the song, which is to be played majestically, but cannot settle who is the author of it: certainly not Purcell or Henry Lawes; possibly Lawes's master, John Cooper, called "Cuperario" after his visit to Italy. Mr. Chappell continues:

There is an equal uncertainty about the authorship of the words. In Walton's *Angler*, 1653, Piscator says, "I'll promise you I'll sing a song that was lately made at my request by Mr. William Basse, one that made the choice songs of *The Hunter in his career*, and *Tom of Bedlam*, and many others of note." There are, however, so many *Toms of Bedlam*, that it is impossible to determine from this passage to which of them Isaak Walton refers.—F.

From hell  
mad Tom  
comes back  
to the world.

FFORTH: ffrom my sadd & darksome<sup>1</sup> cell,  
ffrom<sup>2</sup> the deepe abisse of hell,  
madd Tom is come into<sup>3</sup> the world againe  
4 to see if hee can ease<sup>4</sup> his distempered braine.

He hears  
the Furies  
howl;

ffeare & dispayre pursue<sup>5</sup> my soule!  
harke how the angry ffuryes howle!  
Pluto laughes, proserepine<sup>6</sup> is gladd  
8 to see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

<sup>1</sup> dark and dismal.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Or from.—P.

<sup>3</sup> to view.—P.

<sup>4</sup> cure.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Fears and cares oppress &c.—P.  
There is a flourish like an s to the e of  
pursue.—F.

<sup>6</sup> & Proserpine.—P.



through woods <sup>1</sup> I wander night and day  
 to seeke <sup>2</sup> my stragling sences ;  
 In an angrye mood I ffound out time <sup>3</sup>  
 12 with his Pentarchye <sup>4</sup> of tenses.

he wanders  
 about,  
 seeking his  
 senses.

when mee he spyes, away hee fflyes ;  
 time <sup>5</sup> will stay ffor no man ;  
 In vaine with cryes hee rends <sup>6</sup> the skyes,  
 16 pittie <sup>7</sup> is not common.

Cold & comfortlesse I lye.<sup>8</sup>  
 helpe,<sup>9</sup> oh helpe ! or else I dye.

He lies  
 comfortless.

harke ! I heere Appolloes teeme,  
 20 the Carman 'gins to whistle ;  
 Chast Dyana bends her browe,<sup>10</sup>  
<sup>11</sup> the bore begins to bristle.

Come, vulcan, with tooles & with takells,<sup>12</sup>  
 24 & knocke of my troublesome shakells !  
 bid Charles make ready his waine  
 to ffeitch my ffiue sences <sup>13</sup> againe.

Last night I heard the dogstar barke,  
 28 Mars mett venus in the darke ;  
 Limping vulcan heates <sup>14</sup> an Iron barr,  
 & ffuryouslye runs <sup>15</sup> att the god of warr.

Vulcan  
 knocks off  
 his  
 shackles !

Mars with his weapons <sup>16</sup> layd about,  
 32 but vulcans temples had <sup>17</sup> they gout,  
 ffor his broad hornes did hang soe in <sup>18</sup> his light  
 that hee cold not see to aime arright.<sup>19</sup>

He hears the  
 dogstar  
 bark ;

he sees  
 Vulcan and  
 Mars fight,

<sup>1</sup> the world.—P.

<sup>2</sup> find.—P.

<sup>3</sup> I met old Time.—P.

<sup>4</sup> pentateuch.—P.

<sup>5</sup> For time.—P.

<sup>6</sup> I rend, qu.—P. I rent.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> For pity.—P.

<sup>8</sup> I be.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Help, help &c.—P.

<sup>10</sup> bowe.—P.

<sup>11</sup> And.—P.

<sup>12</sup> tackle, qu.—P.

<sup>13</sup> Cp. "Bless thy five wits." *King Lear*,  
 iii. 4.—Dyce. To bring me my senses &c.  
 —P.

<sup>14</sup> heat.—P. het.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> made.—P. <sup>16</sup> weapon.—P.

<sup>17</sup> limping V: had got.—P.

<sup>18</sup> his broad horns did so hang in.—P.

<sup>19</sup> aim his blows aright.—P.



- Mercurye, the nimble post of heauen,  
 36 stayd to see this quarrell.<sup>1</sup>  
 and  
 Bacchus  
 burst with  
 gorreld-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like  
 bestryds a strong beere barrell :
- to me he dranke, [I did him thanke,  
 40 but I cold gett noe Cyder ;  
 drinking  
 beer.  
 hee dranke] <sup>2</sup> whole butts till hee burst his gutts ;  
 but mine were neere the wyder.
- Poor Tom is  
 very dry.  
 Give him  
 drink.  
 44 poore naked Tom is verry <sup>3</sup> drye ;  
 a litle drinke, ffor charitye !
- He hears  
 Actæon's  
 hounds.  
 hearke ! I heare Acteons hounds.<sup>4</sup>  
 the huntsmen woopp and hallowe ;  
 Ringwood, Royster,<sup>5</sup> Bowman, Iowler,  
 48 all the chase doe ffollowe.
- The man in  
 the moon  
 wants a cup  
 of sack.  
 the man in the moone drinkes Clarrett,  
 eates pouthered <sup>6</sup> beeffe, turnipp & Carrett ;  
<sup>7</sup> a cup of old Maligo <sup>8</sup> sacke  
 52 will ffire the bush att his backe.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Stood still . . . the q! — P.<sup>2</sup> The words included in these brackets are omitted in the printed copies.—P.<sup>3</sup> Pore tom is very.—P.<sup>4</sup> horne.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman.—P.<sup>6</sup> salted. See *Babees Book Index*.—F.<sup>7</sup> but.—P.<sup>8</sup> of malaga.—P.



### Marke more foole :

MORE here is probably a corruption of *Morio* (a word connected with the Greek *μωρός*), "homo," says Facciolati, "qui naturali stoliditate et stultitiâ risum excitat." "Quidam," says Augustine in his 26th epistle, "tantæ sunt fatuitatis ut non multum a pecoribus differant; quos moriones vulgo vocant." With regard to its use here of the cap-and-belled fool of the sixteenth century, compare the following epigram of Martial (viii. 13):

Morio dictus erat; viginti millibus emi;  
Redde mihi nummos, Gargiliane; sapit.

which may be roughly rendered :

I bought Tom Fool for twenty thousand pence.  
Return my money, dealer; he has sense.

The court of the Tudors, or the first Stuarts, in whose time probably the following piece was written, was seldom without its Fool. From Will Somers to Archie Armstrong the succession is continuous. Who was the individual whose acuteness is here celebrated, we cannot precisely state.

We have not seen any other copy of the piece.

---

TO : passe the time there as <sup>1</sup> I went,  
a history there I chanced <sup>2</sup> to reede;  
when as Salamon raigned King,  
4 he did many a worthie deede,

When  
Solomon  
was King

<sup>1</sup> whereas.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. changed.—F.



- it was  
felony not  
to restore to  
the owner  
goods found.
- 8      & many statutes hee caused to be made ;  
          & this was one <sup>1</sup> amongst the rest plaine,<sup>2</sup>  
 “itt was ffelomy to any one *that* found ought was  
          lost,  
 & wold not restore itt to the owner againe.”
- A merchant
- lost his  
purse with  
100*l.* in it,
- 12      Soe then there was a rich Merchant,  
          as he rode to a markett towne,  
 itt was his chance to lose his pursse ;  
 he said there was in itt a 100<sup>li</sup>.  
 a proclamation he caused to be made,  
 “whosoever cold find the same againe,  
 shold giue itt him againe without all doubt,  
 16      & hee shold have ffor 20<sup>li</sup> his paine.”
- and offered  
20*l.* for its  
restoration.
- A poor man
- Soe then there was a silly poore man [page 407 ]  
 had 2 sheepes pells vpon his backe to sell,  
 & going to the Markett towne  
 20      hee ffound the pursse, & liked itt well ;  
 hee tooke itt vp into his hand,  
          & needs see what was in it hee wold ;  
 but the same he cold not vnderstand ;  
 24      ffor why, there was nothing in it but gold.
- finds the  
purse,
- but doesn't  
understand  
the gold.
- The mer-  
chant  
accuses him  
of finding  
the purse.
- 28      The rich man hee pursued him soone,<sup>3</sup>  
          “thou horeson villaine,” quoth he then,  
 “I thinke itt is thou *that* has found my pursse,  
 & wilt thou not giue itt me againe ? ”  
 “good Sir,” sayd hee, “I ffound such a pursse ;  
          the truth ffull soone itt shall be knowne ;  
 you shall haue itt againe, its neuer the worse,  
 32      but pay me my safteye <sup>4</sup> *that* is mine owne.”
- He says he  
has it, and  
will restore  
it for the 20*l.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. ome.—F.<sup>2</sup> among them plain.—P.<sup>3</sup> eftsoon.—P.<sup>4</sup> I don't find this word elsewhere in the same sense.—F.



- "Let me see whats in the pursse," said the Merchant; The mer-  
chant says  
 "ffound thou a 100<sup>li</sup> and no more?  
 thou horeson villaine ! thou hast paid thy-selfe ;  
 36 for in my pursse was ffull sixe score. he had 120l.  
in his purse,  
 ittts best my pursse to me thou restore,  
 or before the *King* thou shalt be brought."  
 "I warrant," quoth hee, "when I come the *King* and he'll  
take the  
poor man  
before the  
King.  
 before,  
 40 heele not reward me againe with nought."
- Then they Ledd him towards the Kinge,  
 & as they led him on the way,  
 & there mett him a gallant *Knight*,  
 44 & with him was his Ladye gay. a knight  
and his lady  
meet them.  
 with tugging & lugging this pore man,  
 his lether sckins <sup>1</sup> began to cracke ; The poor  
man's sheep-  
skins crack,  
 the gelding was wanton they Ladye rode on,  
 48 & threw her downe beside his backe. the lady's  
gelding  
throws her
- Then to the earth shee gott a thawacke ;  
 no hurt in the world the pore man did meane ;  
 to the ground hee cast the Ladye there ;  
 52 on a stubb shee dang out one of her eyen. on to a stub,  
and puts out  
one of her  
eyes.  
 the *Knight* wold needs vpon <sup>2</sup> him haue beene. The knight  
wants to  
punish the  
poor man.  
 "nay," sayd the Merchant, "I pray you, Sir,  
 stay ;  
 I haue a actyon against him alreadye ;  
 56 he shalbe <sup>3</sup> brought to the *King*, & hangd this  
 day."
- Then they Ledd him towards the *King*,  
 but the poreman liked not their Leading well ; He is afraid,  
 & coming neere to the sea side,  
 60 he thought to be drowned or saue him selfe. and to save

<sup>1</sup> skins.—P.<sup>2</sup> Cp. our "I'll be down upon you."  
—F.<sup>3</sup> There is a *b* followed by a letter  
blotted out, after *be*.—F.



himself  
leaps into  
the sea,  
that is, on  
two fisher-  
men,

and breaks  
one's neck.

The other  
wants to be  
down on the  
poor man  
for this.

They go  
before the  
King.

The mer-  
chant says

he lost a  
purse  
of 120*l*.

and the  
poor man  
won't give  
it up except  
for 20*l*.  
The knight  
says the man

made his  
lady lose one  
of her eyes.

And the  
fisher  
says the

man broke  
his brother's  
neck.

& as hee lope into the sea,  
no harme to no man he did wott,  
but there hee light vpon 2 ffisher-men;

64 with the leape he broke one of their neckes in a  
boate.

The other wold needs vpon him haue beene.

"nay," said the Merchant, "I pray thee now stay;  
we haue 2 actyons against him alreadye;

68 he shalbe carryed to the *King* & hangd this day."  
then they Led him bound before the *King*,  
where he sate in a gallerye gay.

"my Leege," said the Marchant, "wee haue brought  
such a villane

72 as came not before you this many a day.

"ffor itt was my chance to loose my pursse,  
& in itt there was ffull sixe score<sup>1</sup>;

& now the villaine will not giue itt me againe  
76 except *that* hee had 20<sup>li</sup> more."

"I kut<sup>2</sup> I have a worsse mache then *that*," sayd the  
*Knight*,

"for I know not what the villaine did meane;  
he caused my gelding to cast my Ladye;

80 on a stubb shee hath dang out one of her eyen."

"But I have the worst match of all," sayd the ffisher,  
"ffor I may sighe & say god wott:

hee lope att mee & my brother vpon the seas;

84 with the leape he hath broken my brothers neck  
in a bote."

the *King* hee turned him round about,  
being well aduised of euery thinge:

Quoth he, "neuer since I can remember,

88 came 3 such matterrs since I was *Kinge*.<sup>3</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> pounds six score.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. hut. *Cut*, say. Hall.—F.

<sup>3</sup> before a king.—P.



- Then Marke More, ffoole, beinge by,  
 “how now, Brother Solomon?” then *quoth* hee,  
 “giue you will not giue iudgment of these 3 matters,  
 92 I pray you returne them <sup>1</sup> ore to mee.”  
 “with all my hart,” *quoth* Salomon to him,  
 “take you the iudgment of them as yett;  
 ffor neuer came matters me before,  
 96 *that* ffainer of I wold be quitt.”
- “Well,” *quoth* Marke, “wee haue these 3 men [page 408]  
 heere,  
 & euery one hath put vp a bill;  
 but, pore man, come hither to me,  
 100 lets heare what tale thou canst tell for thy selfe.”  
 “why, my Lord,” *quoth* hee, “as touching this  
 Merchant,  
 as he rode to a markett towne  
 itt was his chance to loose his pursse;  
 104 he said there was in itt a 100<sup>li</sup>
- “A *proclamatyon* he caused to be made,  
 ‘whosoeuer cold find the same againe plaine,  
 shold giue itt him againe without all doubt,  
 108 & hee shold haue 20<sup>li</sup> ffor his paine.’  
 & itt was my chance to ffind *that* pursse,  
 & gladlye to him I wold itt restore;  
 but now hee wold reward mee with nothings,  
 112 but Challengeth<sup>2</sup> in his pursse 20<sup>li</sup> more.”
- “Hast thou any wittnesse of *that*?” said my Lord  
 Marke;  
 “I pray thee, fellow, tell me round.”  
 “yes, my Lord, heres his owne man  
 116 *that* carryed the Message ffrom towne to towne.”

Marke, the  
fool, asks  
Solomon to  
let him  
judge these  
causes.

Solomon  
agrees  
gladly.

So Marke  
calls on the  
poor man  
for his  
answers.

He says  
“The mer-  
chant

lost his 100<sup>li</sup>.  
purse,

and offered

20<sup>li</sup>. reward  
for it.  
I found it,  
offer it him,

and he asks  
me for 20<sup>li</sup>.

His own  
man is  
witness!”

<sup>1</sup> you turn them.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *heth* in the MS. appears crossed out.—F.



The mer-  
chant's man  
says that's  
true.

the man was called before them all,  
& said itt was a 100<sup>li</sup> plaine,  
& *that* his master wold giue 20<sup>li</sup>

120 to any wold giue him his pursse againe.

"I had fforgotten 20<sup>li</sup>," said the Merchant,  
"giue me leaue ffor my selfe to say."

"Then,"  
said Marke,

"nay," said Marke, "thou Chalengeth<sup>1</sup> more then  
thine owne ;

"the poor  
man shall  
keep this  
purse,

124 therefore with the pore fellowe the pursse shall  
stay.

& this shall bee my iudgment straight :

and you  
shall follow  
him till you  
find  
another."

128 thou shalt ffollow eche day by the heeles playne  
till thou haue ffound such another pursse with him,  
& then keepe itt thy selfe, & neere giue itt him  
againe."

"Marry, ouer gods fforbott," said the Merchant,

"*that* euer soe badd shold be my share !

how shold I ffind a 100<sup>li</sup> of him

"I'd sooner  
give him 20<sup>li</sup>.  
than do  
that," says  
the mer-  
chant.  
"Pay the  
money then,  
and go."

132 *that* hath not a 100 pence to loose<sup>2</sup> ?

rather Ile giue him 20<sup>li</sup> more,

& with *that* hee hath, lett him stay."<sup>3</sup>

"Marry, render vs downe the money," said Marke,

136 "soe may thou chance goe quietlye away."

"As to the  
knight,"  
says the  
poor man,

"ffellow ! how hinderedst thou the Knight ?

thou must make him amends here, I meane ;  
itts against Law & right ;

140 his Ladye, shee hath lost one of her eyen."

"he and the  
merchant  
made  
my skins  
rattle,

"why, my Lord, as they ledd me towards the King,  
for ffeare lest I shold loose my trattle,<sup>4</sup>

these lether skins you see mee bringe,

144 with tugging and lugging began to rattle."

<sup>1</sup> Fr. *chalanger*, to claime, challenge,  
make title vnto. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>2</sup> spare.—P.

<sup>3</sup> And what he hath let with him stay.

—P.

<sup>4</sup> For *trattle*, Halliwell gives to prattle  
or talk idly: for *trattlis*, the dung of  
sheep, hares, &c.—F.



- 1\* "The gelding was wanton the Lady rode vpon,—  
 no hurt in the world, my Lord, I did meane,—  
 to the ground he cast *that* Ladye there,  
 148 & on a stub shee dang out one of her eyen."  
 "ffellow," quoth Marke, "hast<sup>2</sup> thy wiffe 2 eyes?  
 I pray thee," quoth hee, "tell me then."  
 "yes, my Lord, a good honest pore woman,  
 152 *that* for her liuinge takes great paine."  
 "Why then, this shalbe my iudgment straight,  
 tho thou perhapps may thinke itt strange:  
 thy wiffe with 2 eyes, his Ladye hath but one,  
 156 as thou hast drest her, with him thoust change."  
 "marry ouer gods fforbott," then sayd the Knight,  
 "that euer soe badd shold be my shame;  
 I had rather giue him a 100<sup>li</sup>:  
 160 then to be trobled with his dunish<sup>3</sup> dame."  
 "Marry! tender vs downe the mony," said Marke,  
 "soe may thou be gone within a while."  
 but the ffisher ffor feare he shold haue beene called,  
 164 he ran away a quarter of a mile.  
 "I pray you call him againe," quoth Marke,  
 "giffe hee bee within sight;  
 for neuer came matter me before,  
 168 but euerye man shold haue his right."  
 They called the ffisher backe againe:  
 "how now, fellow? why didst not stay?"  
 "my Lord," quoth hee, "I haue a great way home,  
 172 & ffaine I wold be gone my way."

frightened  
the lady's  
horse,  
and he threw  
her on a  
stub."

"Has your  
wife two  
eyes?"

"Yes."

"Then the  
knight  
shall change  
wives."

"I'd sooner  
give him  
100l." says  
the knight.

"Pay down  
your money  
and go."

The fisher-  
man is  
alarmed,  
and runs off,

but is called  
back,

and makes  
excuses

<sup>1</sup> (Marginal note by the writer of the MS). This verse shold come in att this \* mark aboue [which is where it

now is—F.]

<sup>2</sup> hath.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? *dunny*, deaf, stupid. Halliwell.—F.



- "As to the  
fisherman,"  
says the poor  
man,  
"to save  
myself, I  
leapt into  
the sea,  
  
but came on  
his brother,  
and broke  
his neck."  
"Then,"  
says Marke,  
"this  
fisherman  
shall put his  
boat in the  
same spot,  
and jump on  
you."
- "but, ffellow, how hinderedst thou this ffisher?  
I pray thee," quoth Marke, "to vs tell."  
"my Lord, as I came neere the sea syde,  
I thought either to be drowned or saue my selfe.  
  
"And as I lope into the sea,—  
no harme to no mann I did wott,—  
there I light vpon this ffishers brother;  
with a leape I broke his necke in a boate."  
"ffisher," quoth Marke, "knowest thou where the  
boate stood?  
thoust sett her againe in the selfe same steade,  
& thoust leape att him as he did att thy brother,  
& soe thou may quitt thy brothers deede.<sup>1</sup>"
- "And break  
my neck, or  
be drowned,"  
says the  
fisherman:  
"I'd rather  
give him  
20l."  
"Pay down  
the money,  
and go  
then."
- "Marry, gods fforbott," then sayd the ffisher [page 409]  
"that euer soe badd shold be my lucke!  
If I leape att him as he did att my brother,  
Ist either be drowned or breake my necke;  
rather Ile giue him 20<sup>li</sup>:  
& I wold, my Lord, I had neere come hither."  
"Marry, tender vs downe the money," said Marke,  
"& you shalbe packinge all 3 together."
- The poor  
man takes  
all the  
money, and  
says he  
doesn't care  
how often  
he's brought  
before the  
King.  
The other  
three say  
they'll never  
come again  
while  
Marke's  
there.
- The pore man he was well content,  
& verry well pleased of euerye thinge;  
he sayd he wold neere take great care  
how oft hee came before the Kinge.  
these other 3 cold neuer agree,  
but euery one ffell out with other,  
& sayd they wold neere come more to the King  
while hee was in companye with marke his  
brother.

<sup>1</sup> dead.—P. death.—F.



### Thomas : of : Potte.<sup>1</sup>

THOUGH men in early days made the ballads as well as the laws of the nation, they were more just to women in the one than the other. Against the Marquis lifting Grisilde from her father's cottage to his own throne, they set the Lady's love for her Squyer of Lowe Degree, and against King Cophetua, Lord Arundel's fair heiress with her Thomas Potts. If "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" had been written centuries ago, we may be sure that some male predecessor of Elizabeth Barrett Browning would have answered it with "A Poet's Wooing," suited to the time. Indeed, we may go further, and say, that as minstrels sang more for knights, who held the purse, than ladies fair, the stooping of a high-born heiress to a fighting lord of lowly birth was a more frequent topic in old ballads and romances than the taking by a noble of a lowborn bride. Serving-man might be squire, squire be knight, and knight an earl: to any and all, the highest lady in the land was a possible prize, were a strong right hand and a stout heart the possession of him who dared to try for her. And in the present ballad the writer has boldly faced the bathos, if any there were, in name as well as in fact, for he has married Lord Arundel's daughter to Thomas POTTS.

In the middle of the sixteenth century Hewe Rodes counsels his Wayting-Servant:

For your promocyon resort to such as ye may take avauntage,  
Among gentylmen for rewardes, to gentylwomen for marriage.  
Se your eye be indyfferent, amonge women that be fayre,  
And tell them storyes of loue, and so to you they wyll repayre;  
Súche pastymes somtyme doth many men auaunce  
In way of maryage, and your good name it wyl enhaunce:

and no doubt in earlier days good-looking young serving-men

<sup>1</sup> Shewing how he won Lord Arundel's Daughter from Lord Phoenix, being only a serving Man. In Pepys' Merrim<sup>ts</sup>,

Vol. i. p. 189, 12<sup>o</sup> intituled *The Lover's Quarrel* or *Cupid's Triumph*.—P.



had an eye to their mistresses' hands and fortunes, besides being honestly, desperately in love with them. We have seen, in *The Lord of Learne* (i. 190-8), how the young shepherd-boy was taken by the Duke of France's daughter into her service, and how she fell in love with him, and married him; we know how in *William of Palerne* (or *William and the Werwolf*) the Emperor's daughter Melior loves, and must love, her *gens et tres biax* young serving-man, though he is only a cowherd's foundling, and though she tries to school her heart, saying:

what? fy! schold i a fundeling · for his fairenesse tak?  
 nay, my wille wol nouzt a-sent · to my wicked hert.  
 wel kud kinges & kayzers · krauen me i-now;  
 I nel leie mi loue so low · now at þis time;  
 desparaged were i disgisili · 3if i dede in þis wise;  
 I wol breke out fram þat baret · & blame my hert.

and with the immense advantage that continual access to a young mistress's presence gave a man when kettle and other drums had not been invented to bring suitors, and tournaments and feasts came rarely, we may well believe that Thomas Pottses did sometimes secure their ladies, notwithstanding "the great gulf fixed between churl and noble" on which Mr. Hales has remarked in *Glasgerion*, vol. i. p. 248. We can hardly suppose the subject a popular one among highborn dames; and without the fact's actual happening, I doubt whether it would have been chosen for a ballad theme. Grant that it did occasionally happen, and then the balladist would not refuse to sing the constancy of a love that glorified all on whom it shone—as well a Thomas Potts as a banished Earl. Anything less like a hero coming to fight for his love it would be difficult to conceive than the canny Potts as he rode from his Scotch home on his old dock-tailed white horse. This is how he chose his charger, when offered his master's best:

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>theres an old horsse,—for him you doe<br/>         not care,—<br/>         this day wold sett my Lady ffree,<br/>         that is a white, with a cutt tayle,<br/>         ffull 16 yeeres of age is hee. . .<br/>         O Master, those [<i>better young</i>] horsses<br/>         beene wild and wicked,<br/>         &amp; litle they can skill of the old traine;</p> | <p>giffe I be out of my saddle cast,<br/>         they beene soe wild theyle neuer be<br/>         tane againe.<br/>         lett me haue age sober &amp; wise;<br/>         itt is a part of wisdom, you know<br/>         itt plaine;<br/>         if I be out of my sadle cast,<br/>         heele either stand still or turne againe.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



Still, though Potts is unhorsed and wounded, and has to rely on his white steed's wisdom, Potts has pluck, and gives Lord Phenix so much of fighting that he wants no more. And his Lordship, being convinced that Lady Rozamond prefers Potts to him, generously promises her that she shall have her Potts, and if her father will not endow them, he will:

Ile send ffor thy father, the Lord of Arrundale,  
 & marryed together I will you see.  
 giffe hee will [not] maintaine you well,  
 both gold and Land you shall haue from me.

Need we say that the Lady, his true-love, turns Thomas a Pott's name into "The Lord of Arrundale," and exhorts all her maids

& Ladyes of England, faire & ffree,  
 looke you neuer change your old loue for no new,  
 nor neuer change for no pouertye.—F.

- 
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>ALL : you Lords of Scotland ffaire,<br/>         &amp; ladyes alsoe bright of blee ;<br/>         there is a ladye amongst them all,<br/>         4 of her report you shall heare of me.</p> <p>of her bewtye shee is soe bright,<br/>         &amp; of her colour soe bright of blee ;<br/>         shee is daughter to the Lord Arrndell,<br/>         8 his heyre apparrant ffor to bee.</p> <p>"Ile see <i>that</i> bryde," Lord Phenix sayes,<br/>         " <i>that</i> is a Ladye of hye degree,<br/>         &amp; iff I like her countenance well,<br/>         12 the heyre of all my Land sheest bee."</p> <p>to <i>that</i> Ladye ffayre Lord Phenix came,<br/>         &amp; to <i>that</i> Like-some dame said hee,<br/>         "now god thee saue, my Ladye ffaire !<br/>         16 the heyre of all my Land thost bee."</p> <p>"Leaue of your suite," the Ladye sayd,<br/>         "you are a Lord of honor ffree,<br/>         you may gett Ladyes enowe att home,<br/>         20 &amp; I haue a loue in mine owne countrye.</p> | <p>Lords and<br/>Ladies of<br/>Scotland,<br/><br/>I'll tell you<br/>of a fair<br/>Lady,</p> <p>Lord<br/>Arundel's<br/>heir,</p> <p>Lord Phenix</p> <p>offers to<br/>marry her,</p> <p>She tells<br/>him that</p> <p>she has a<br/>lover,</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



- a serving-  
man,
- Thomas a  
Pott.
- Lord Phenix  
says he
- has 40*l.* to  
Thomas's 3*l.*
- The Lady  
says she'll
- stick to  
Thomas.
- Lord Phenix
- tells her  
father,
- and he says  
she shan't  
have his  
land  
unless she  
marries  
Lord  
Phenix.
- So she is  
forced to be  
his bride.
- But she  
means  
to beguile  
him.
- “I haue a loue true of mine <sup>1</sup> owne,  
a seruinge man of a small degree ;  
he is the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,  
24 & the last *that* hee shalbee :  
Thomas a Pott, itt is his name.”
- “giue Thomas a Pott then be his name,  
I wott I ken him soe readilye ;  
28 I can spend 40<sup>li</sup> by weeke,  
& hee cannott spend pounds 3.”
- “god giue you good of your gold,” said the Ladye,  
“and alsoe, Sir, of your ffee !  
32 hee was the ffirst loue *that* euer I had,  
& the Last, Sir, shall hee bee.”
- with *that* Lord Phenix was sore amoued ;  
vnto her ffather then went hee ;  
36 hee told her ffather how itt was proued,  
how *that* his daughters mind was sett.
- “thou art my daughter,” the Erle of Arrndell said,  
“the heyre of all my Land to bee ;  
40 thoust be bryde to the Lord Phenix,  
daughter, giue thoule be heyre to mee.”
- for lacke of her loue this Ladye must Lose,  
her foolish wooing lay all aside ;  
44 the day is appoynted,<sup>2</sup> & ffreinds are agreede,  
shee is fforcte to be the Lord Phenix bryde.
- with *that* the Lady began to muse—  
a greened woman, god wott, was shee—  
48 how shee might Lord Phenix beguile,  
& scape vnmarried ffrom him *that* day.

<sup>1</sup> MS. nine.—F.<sup>2</sup> There is a mark like an undotted *i* in the MS. before the *y*.—F.



- shee called to her her litle ffoote page ;  
to Iacke her boy, soe tenderlye  
52 sayes, "come thou hither, thou litle ffoote page,  
for indeed I dare trust none but thee.
- "to Strawberry castle, boy, thou must goe,  
to Thomas Pott there as hee can bee,  
56 & giue him here this Letter ffaire,  
& on guilford greene bidd him meete me.
- "looke thou marke his contenance well,  
& his colour tell to mee ;  
60 & hye thee ffast, and come againe,  
& 40 shillings I will giue thee.
- "for if he blush in his fface,  
then in his hart heese <sup>1</sup> sorry bee.  
64 Then lett my ffather say what hee will, [page 410]  
for false to Potts Ile neuer bee.
- "& giue hee smile then with his mouth,  
then in his heart heele merry be ;  
68 then may hee gett him a loue where-euer he can,  
for small of his companye my part shalbe."
- then one while *that* the boy hee went,  
another while, god wott, rann hee ;  
72 & when hee came to strawberry castle,  
there Thomas Potts hee see ;
- then he gaue him this letter ffaire.  
& when he began then for to reade,  
76 they <sup>2</sup> boy had told him by word of mouth  
'his loue must be the Lord Phenix bryde.'
- She tells her  
page, Jack,  
to take a  
letter to  
Thomas,  
and if he  
blushes,  
then he'll  
be sorry,  
and she'll be  
true to him ;  
if he smiles,  
then she'll  
give him up.  
The boy  
goes to  
Thomas,  
gives him  
the letter,  
and tells  
him his  
love must  
marry Lord  
Phenix.

<sup>1</sup> heese, i. e. he will be, or must be.—P.

<sup>2</sup> the.—P.



Thomas  
blushes,  
weeps,

cannot read  
the letter,

with *that*, Thomas a Pott began to blushe ;  
the teares trickeled in his eye :

80 “indeed this letter I cannot <sup>1</sup> reede,  
nor neuer a word to see or spye ;

but bids the  
boy tell his  
Lady

“ I pray thee, boy, to me thoule be trew,  
& heers 5 marke I will giue thee ;  
84 & all these words thou must pursue,  
& tell thy Lady this ffrom mee :

that Lord  
Phenix

shall not  
marry her ;

“ tell her by ffaith & troth shee is mine owne,  
by some *part* of promise, & soe itt be found,  
88 Lord Phenix shall neuer marry her by night nor day  
without he can winn her with his hand.

he'll lose his  
life to stop  
it.

“ on Gilford greene I will her meete,  
& bidd *that* Ladye ffor mee pray ;  
92 for there Ile Loose my liffe soe sweete  
or else the wedding I will stay.”

The boy goes  
back.

then backe againe the boy he went  
as ffast againe as he cold hye.

The Lady  
meets him,

96 the Ladye mett him 5 mile on the way :  
“ why hast thou stayd soe long ? ” saies shee.

“ boy,” said the Ladye, “ thou art but younge ;  
to please my mind thoule mocke and scorne ;  
100 I will not beleue thee on word of mouth  
vnlesse on this booke thou wilt be sworne.”

and he tells  
her

how Thomas  
cried.

“ marry, by this booke,” the boy can say,  
“ as Christ himselfe be true to mee,  
104 Thomas Pott cold not his letter reade  
for teares trickling in his eye.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. camot.—F.



“if this be true,” the Lady sayd,  
 “thou Bonny boy, thou tells to mee,  
 108 40<sup>s</sup> I did thee promise,  
 but heeres 10<sup>li</sup> Ile giue itt thee.

The Lady

gives him  
10*l.*,

“all my maids,” the Lady sayd,  
 “*that* this day doe waite on mee,  
 112 wee will ffall downe vpon our knees,  
 for Thomas Pott now pray will wee.

says she and  
her maidswill pray for  
Thomas,

“if his ffortune be now ffor to winn,<sup>1</sup>  
 wee will pray to christ in Trinytye ;  
 116 Ile make him the fflower of all his kinn,  
 ffor they <sup>2</sup> Lord of Arrundale he shalbe.”

and she'll  
make him  
Lord  
Arundel.

now lett vs leaue talking of this Ladye faire,  
 in her prayer good where shee can bee ;  
 120 & Ile tell you hou Thomas Pott  
 for ayd to his Lord & master came hee.

Thomas

goes to his  
Lord,

& when hee came Lord Iockye before,  
 he kneeled him low downe on his knee ;  
 124 saies, “thou art welcome Thomas Pott !  
 thou art allwayes full of thy curtesye.

Jockye,

“has thou slaine any of thy ffellowes,  
 or hast thou wrought me some villanye ? ”  
 128 “Sir, none of my ffellowes I haue slaine,  
 nor I haue wrought you noe villanye ;

“but I haue a loue in Scotland ffaire,  
 I doubt I must lose her through pouertye ; <sup>3</sup>  
 132 if you will not belecue me by word of mouth,  
 behold the letter shee writt vnto mee.”

and tells him  
that he is  
like to  
lose his love  
through his  
poverty.<sup>1</sup> MS. wim.—F.<sup>2</sup> the.—P.<sup>3</sup> The next stanza but one is writtenin the MS. between lines 131, 132, but  
marked by a bracket, and by Percy, to go  
in its proper place.—F.



Lord Jockye  
says

when Lord Jockye looked the letter vpon,  
the tender words in itt cold bee :

"You shan't  
lose her :

136 "Thomas Pott, take thou no care,  
thoust neuer loose her throughe pouertye.

you shall  
have  
gold and  
silver,

"thou shalt have 40<sup>li</sup> a weeke,  
in gold & siluer thou shalt rowe,<sup>1</sup>  
140 & Harbye towne I will thee allowe  
as longe as thou dost meane to wooe ;

40 men,  
and 40 horse,

"thou shalt haue 40<sup>tye</sup> of thy ffellowes ffaire,  
& 40 horsse to goe with thee,  
144 & 40 speares of the best I haue,  
& I my-selfe in thy companye.<sup>2</sup>"

and I'll go  
with you."

Thomas  
declines the  
offer.

"I thanke you, *Master*," sayd Thomas Pott,  
"neither man nor boy shall goe with mee ;  
148 I wold not ffor a 1000<sup>li</sup>  
take one man in my companye."

[page 411]

Lord Jockye  
advises him

"why then, god be with thee, Thomas Pott!  
thou art well knowen & proued for a man ;  
152 Looke thou shedd no guiltlesse bloode,  
nor neuer confound no gentlman ;

to fix a place  
to fight his  
rival,

"but looke thou take with him some truce,  
apoint a place of lybertye ;  
156 lett him provide as well as hee cann,  
& as well provided thou shalt bee."

and he'll  
provide for  
him.

Thomas goes  
to

& when Thomas Pott came to Gilford greene,  
& walked there a litle beside,

Lord Phenix  
and Lady  
Rosamond,

160 then was hee ware of the Lord Phenix,  
& with him Ladye Rozamund his bryde.

<sup>1</sup> row, i.e. roll. See Gloss. ad G.  
Douglas. So Page 21-20. Thretty lang  
twelf monthis rowing over, i.e. rolling

over.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.



- away by the bryde rode *Thomas* of Pott,  
 but noe word to her *that* he did say ;  
 164 but when he came Lord Phenix before,  
 he gaue him the right time of the day.
- “ O thou art welcome, *Thomas* a Potts !  
 thou serving man, welcome to mee !  
 168 how ffares they Lord & Master att home,  
 & all the Ladyes in thy cuntrye ? ”
- “ Sir, my Lord & my Master is in verry good health ; “ Very well.  
 I wott I ken itt soe readylye.  
 172 I pray you, will you ryde to one outsyde,<sup>1</sup>  
 a word or towe to talke with mee.”
- “ you are a Nobleman,” sayd *Thomas* a Potts,  
 “ yee are a borne Lord in Scotland ffree ;  
 176 you may gett Ladyes enowe att home ;  
 you shall neuer take my loue ffrom mee ! ”
- “ away, away, thou *Thomas* a Potts !  
 thou seruing man, stand thou a-side !  
 180 I wott theres not a serving man this day,  
 I know, can hinder mee of my bryde.”
- “ If I be but a seruing man,” sayd *Thomas*,  
 “ & you are a Lord of honor ffree,  
 184 a speare or 2 Ile with you runn,  
 before Ile loose her thus cowardlye.”
- “ on Gilford greene,” Lord Phenix saies, “ Ile thee  
 meete ;  
 neither man nor boy shall come hither with mee.”  
 188 “ & as I am a man,” said *Thomas* a Pott,  
 “ Ile haue as ffew in my companye.”

and gives  
 Lord Phenix  
 the time  
 o' day.

Lord Phenix  
 asks

how  
 Thomas's  
 master is.

But let me  
 have a word  
 with you.

You are a  
 Lord,  
 and can get  
 ladies at  
 home.  
 You shan't  
 have my  
 love.

I'll fight you  
 for her.”

Lord Phenix  
 accepts the  
 fight ;

<sup>1</sup> i.e. on one side : the expression is still used in Northamptonshire.—P.



and the  
wedding is  
put off.

Rosamond  
is glad,

and says  
she'll

pray for  
Thomas,

and if he  
wins,

will make  
him Lord  
Arundel.

with *that* the wedding-day was stayd,  
the bryde went vnmarryed home againe ;  
192 then to her maydens ffast shee loughe,  
& in her hart shee was ffull ffaine.

“but all my mayds,” they Ladye sayd,  
“*that* this day doe waite on mee,  
196 wee will ffall downe againe vpon our knees,  
for *Thomas* a Potts now pray will wee.

“if his ffortune be ffor to winn,—  
weele pray to Christ in Trynitye,—  
200 Ile make him the fflower of all his kinn,  
for the Lord of Arrundale he shalbe.”

[The Second Part.]

Thomas goes  
home again,

2<sup>d</sup> parte

and falls  
sick.

Lord Jockye  
asks whether

he has got his  
love.

now let vs leaue talking of this Lady fayre,  
in her prayers good where shee can bee ;  
Ile tell you the troth how *Thomas* a Potts  
for aide to his Lord againe came <sup>1</sup> hee.  
& when he came to strawberry castle,  
to try ffor his Ladye he had but one weeke ;  
208 alacke, ffor sorrow hee cannott fforbeare,  
for 4 dayes then he ffell sicke.

with *that* his Lord & Master to him came,  
sayes, “I pray thee, *Thomas*, tell mee without all  
doubt,  
212 whether hast thou gotten the bonny Ladye,  
or thou man <sup>2</sup> gange the Ladye withoute.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. cane.—F.

<sup>2</sup> maun, i.e. must.—P.



- “marry, *master*, yett *that* matter is vntryde ;  
within 2 dayes tryed itt must bee.
- 216 he is a *Lord*, & I am but a seruing man :  
I doubt I must loose her through pouertye.”
- “why, *Thomas* a Pott, take thou no care ;  
thoust neuer loose her through pouertye ;
- 220 “thou shalt haue halfe my Land a yeere,  
& *that* will raise thee many a pound ;  
before thou shalt loose thy bonny ladye,  
thou shalt drop angells with him to the ground.<sup>1</sup>
- 224 “& thou shalt haue 40 of thy ffellowes ffaire,  
& 40 horsses to goe with thee,  
& 40 speres of the best I haue,  
& I my-selfe in thy companye.”
- 228 “I thanke you, *Master*,” sayd *Thomas* a Potts,  
“but of one thinge, Sir, I wold be ffaine ;  
If I shold loose my bonny<sup>2</sup> Ladye,  
how shall I increase your goods againe ? ”
- 232 “why, if thou winn thy Lady ffaire,  
thou maye well fforth for to pay mee ;  
if thou loose thy Lady, thou hast losse enoughe ;  
not one penny I will aske thee.”
- 236 “*Master*, you haue 30 horsses in one hold, [page 412]  
you keepe them ranke and royallye ;  
theres an old horsse,—for him you doe not care,—  
this day wold sett my Lady ffree,
- 240 “*that* is a white, with a cutt tayle,  
ffull 16 yeeres of age is hee ;  
giffe you wold lend me *that* old horsse,  
then I shold gett her easilye.”

“That’ll be  
settled in  
two days,

and I shall  
lose her from  
poverty.”

“No,  
*Thomas*,

I’ll lend you  
half  
my land,

and 40 men  
and horses,

and go with  
you myself,

and never  
ask for a  
return if you  
lose.”

“If you’ll  
lend me your  
old docked  
horse, that’s  
all I want.”

<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Bessie off Bednall*, vol. ii. p. 284, l. 104-24.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *bomy*.—F.



"Don't be  
foolish,  
Thomas ;

have a  
better  
horse."

244 "thou takes a foolish part," the Lord Iockye sayd,  
" & a foolish part thou takes on thee ;  
thou shalt haue a better the[n] euer he was,  
*that* 40<sup>li</sup> cost more nor hee."

"None of  
your wild  
animals for  
me ; I want

248 "O *Master*, those horssees beene wild and wicked,  
& litle they can skill of the old traine ;  
giffe I be out of my saddle cast,  
they beene soe wild theyle neuer be tane againe.

a sober one,

that if I'm  
thrown will  
stand still."

252 "lett me haue age sober & wise ;  
itt is a part of wisdom, you know itt plaine ;  
if I be out of my sadle cast,  
heelee either stand still or turne againe."

"Take the  
old horse  
then, and

100 men."

256 "thou shalt haue *that* horsse with all my hart,  
& my cote plate of siluer ffree,  
& a 100<sup>d</sup> men att thy backe  
for to fight if neede shalbee."

"No," says  
Thomas,  
"neither  
man nor boy,

260 "I thanke you, *Master*," said Thomas a Potts,  
"neither man nor boy shall goe with mee.  
as you are a Lord off honor borne,  
let none of my ffellowes know this of mee ;

keep 'em all  
back."

264 "ffor if they wott of my goinge,  
I wott behind me they will not bee ;  
without you keepe them vnder a locke,  
vppon *that* greene I shall them see."

At Gilford  
Green

Thomas finds  
Lord Phenix  
and men,

268 & when Thomas came to Gilford greene  
& walked there some houres 3 ;  
then was he ware of the Lord Phenix,  
and 4 men in his companie.

272 "you haue broken your vow," sayd Thomas a Pott,  
"your vowe *that* you made vnto mee ;  
you said you wold come your selfe alone,  
& you haue brought more then 2 or 3."



- 276 "these are my waiting men," Lord Phenix sayd,  
     "that euery day doe waite on mee ;  
 giffe any of these shold att vs stirr,  
     my speare shold runn throwe his bodye." but they are  
only his  
waiting  
men,
- 280 "Ile runn noe race," said Thomas Potts,  
     "till *that* this othe heere made may bee :  
 'if the one of vs be slaine,  
     the other fforgiuen *that* hee may bee.' "
- 284 "Ile make a vow," Lord Phenix sayes, and he vows  
     "my men shall beare wittnesse with thee,  
 giffe thou slay mee att this time,  
     neuer the worsse beloued in Scotland thou shalt they shall  
not hurt  
Thomas.  
     bee."
- 288 then they turned their horssees round about, They charge,  
     to run <sup>1</sup> the race more egarlye.  
 Lord Phenix he was stiffe & stout,  
     he has runn Thomas quite thorow the thye, and Lord  
Phenix  
runs Thomas
- 292 & beere Thomas out of his saddle ffaire ;  
     vpon the ground there did hee lye.  
 he saies, "for my liffe I doe not care,  
     but ffor the loue of my Ladye. through the  
thigh, and  
grounds  
him.
- 296 "but shall I lose my Ladye ffaire ? Thomas says  
     I thought shee shold haue beene my wiffe ;  
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ryde not away,  
     for with thee I will loose my Liffe." he'll fight on.
- 300 then <sup>2</sup> Thomas a Potts was a seruing man,  
     he was alsoe a Phisityan good ;  
 he clapt his hand vpon his wound ; He  
staunches  
his wound,  
     with some kind of words he stauncht the blood.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. rum.—F.<sup>2</sup> Though.—P.<sup>3</sup> The notes to *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, ii. 167, ed. 1841, give (from the Athenian Oracle, i. 158) this charm to stop bleeding at the nose and all other hæmorrhages:

In the blood of Adam, Sin was taken,  
 In the blood of Christ it was all to-  
     shaken,  
 And by the same blood I do thee charge,  
 That the blood of [Thomas Potts] run no  
     longer at large.—F.



charges Lord  
Phenix,

runs him  
through the  
arm,

unhorses  
him,

and says  
"fight on,  
or give up  
my Lady."

Lord Phenix  
says he can't  
fight,

and he'll give  
up the Lady.

[page 413]  
Then  
Thomas

staunches  
Lord  
Phenix's  
wound,  
and offers  
him another  
chance:

to let  
Rosamond  
stand  
between  
them and  
take which  
she likes.

304 then into his sadle againe hee leepe,  
the blood in his body began to warme;  
he mist Lord Phenix bodye there,  
but he run him quite throw the brawne of the arme,

308 & he bore him quite out of his saddle ffaire,  
vpon the ground there did he lye;  
he said, "I pray thee, Lord Phenix, rise & ffight,  
or else yeeld this Ladye sweete to mee."

312 "to ffight with thee," quoth Phenix, "I cannott stand;  
nor ffor to ffight, I cannott, sure;  
thou hast run me through the brawne of the arme;  
noe longer of thy spere I cannott endure.

316 "thoust haue *that* Ladye with all my hart,  
sith itt was like neuer better to proue;  
nor neuer a noble man this day  
*that* will seeke to take a pore mans loue."

320 "Why then, be of good cheere," saies Thomas Pott,  
"indeed, your bucher Ile neuer bee,  
for Ile come & stanche your bloode,  
giff any thanks youle giue to mee."

324 as he was stanching<sup>1</sup> the Phenix blood,  
these words Thomas a Pott cann to him proue,<sup>2</sup>  
"Ile neuer take a Ladye of you thus,  
but here Ile giue you another choice:

328 "heere is a lane of 2 miles longe;  
att either end sett wee will bee;  
the Ladye shall sitt vs betweene,  
& soe will wee sett this Ladye ffree."

<sup>1</sup> MS. stanching.—F.

<sup>2</sup> or praie.—F.



- 332 “if thoule doe soe,” Lord Phenix sayes,  
     “*Thomas* a Pott, as thou dost tell mee;  
 whether I gett her or goe without her,  
     heeres 40<sup>li</sup> Ile giue itt thee.”  
 Lord Phenix  
 accepts this  
 and gives  
 Thomas 40<sup>li</sup>.
- 336 & when the Ladye there can stand,  
     a womans mind that day to proue;  
 “now, by my ffaith,” said this Ladye ffaire,  
     “this day *Thomas* a Pott shall haue his owne loue.”  
 Rosamond  
 chooses  
 Thomas,
- 340 toward *Thomas* a Pott the Lady shee went,  
     to leape behind him hastilye;  
 “nay, abyde a while,” sayd Lord Phenix,  
     “ffor better yett proued thou shalt bee:  
 and is going  
 to him,
- 344 “thou shalt stay heere with all thy maids,—  
     in number with thee thou hast but 3,—  
*Thomas* a Pott & Ile goe beyond yonder wall,  
     there the one of vs shall dye.”  
 when Lord  
 Phenix tells  
 her to stop,  
 while  
 Thomas  
 and he fight  
 to the death.
- 348 & when they came beyond the wall,  
     the one wold not the other nye;  
 Lord Phenix he had giuen his word  
     with *Thomas* a Pott neuer to ffight.
- 352 “giue me a Choice,” Lord Phenix sayes,  
     “*Thomas* a Pott, I doe pray thee;  
 lett mee goe to yonder Ladye ffaire  
     to see whether shee be true to thee.”  
 He asks  
 Thomas  
 to let him  
 prove her.
- 356 & when hee came *that* Ladye too,  
     vnto that likesome dame sayd hee,  
 “now god thee saue, thou Ladye ffaire,  
     the heyre of all my Land thoust bee!  
 He goes to  
 her, tells her
- 360 “ffor this *Thomas* a Potts I haue slaine,  
     he hath more then deadlye wounds 2 or 3;  
 thou art mine owne Ladye,” he sayd,  
     “& marryed together wee will bee.”  
 he has killed  
 Thomas,  
 and she is  
 now his.



Rosamond  
says she'll

364 the Ladye said, "if *Thomas* a Potts this day thou  
haue slaine,

have him  
hanged,

thou hast slaine a better man than euer was thee ;  
& Ile sell all the state of my Lande,  
but thoust be hanged on a gallow tree."

and then  
swoons.

368 with *that* they Lady shee ffell in a soone,  
a greened woman, I wott, was shee :

Lord Phenix

Lord Phenix hee was readye there,  
tooke her in his armes most hastilye ;

undeceives  
her, says  
Thomas is  
alive,

372 "O Lord, sweete,<sup>1</sup> & stand on thy ffete !  
this day *Thomas* a Pott aliue can bee ;  
Ile send ffor thy father, the Lord of Arrundale,  
& marryed together I will you see.

and shall  
marry her.

376 giffe hee will you <sup>2</sup> maintaine you well,  
both gold and Land you shall haue from me."

Lord  
Arundel  
consents too.

"Ile see *that* wedding," my Lord of Arrundale said,  
"of my daughters loue *that* is soe ffaire ;  
380 & sith itt will no better be,  
of all my Land *Thomas* a Pott shall be my heyre."

So Maids  
and Ladies  
all, don't  
change an  
old love  
for a new  
or a rich one.

"now all my maids," the Ladye said,  
"& Ladyes of England, faire & ffree,  
384 looke you neuer change your old loue for no new,  
nor neuer change for no pouertye ;

Thomas a  
Pott shall  
be Lord  
Arundel.

"ffor I had a louer true of mine owne,<sup>3</sup>  
a seruing man of a small degree ;  
388 ffrom *Thomas* a Pott Ile turne his name,  
& the Lord of Arrundale hee shall bee."

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> O Lady sweete.—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> *for* not.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. owme.—F.



## William the Conquerour.<sup>1</sup>

THE copy of this ballad in *Strange Histories*, 1607, and Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 94, is entitled "The valiant courage and policy of the Kentishmen with long tails whereby they kept their ancient laws and customs which William the Conquerour sought to take from them—to the tune of *Rogero*." "It was written by Deloney the ballading silk-weaver," who died in or before 1600. Evans, who prints this ballad from another copy (*The Garland of Delight*) extracts the following account of the event which gave rise to it, from *The Lives of the three Norman Kings of England*, by Sir John Heyward, 4to, 1613, p. 97: "Further, by the counsel of Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and of Eglesine, Abbot of St. Augustine's (who at that time were the chief governors of Kent), as the King was riding towards Dover, at Swanscombe, two miles from Gravesend, the Kentishmen came towards him armed, and bearing boughs in their hands as if it had been a moving wood: they enclosed him upon the sudden, and with a firm countenance, but words well tempered with modesty and respect, they demanded of him the use of their ancient liberties and laws: that in other matters they would yield obedience unto him: that without this they desired not to live. The king was content to strike sail to the storm, and to give them a vain satisfaction for the present; knowing right well that the general customs and laws of the residue of the realm would in short

<sup>1</sup> This seems modern by it's elegance. The story of the Kentish-Men's preserving their liberties, 1066 Anno. Colated with a Copy in Pepys's Collection of Penny Merrimts, Vol. 3. p. 39. B. L. In *ye Strange Histories or Garland of Delight*. To the Tune of Rogero.—P. *Strange Histories* is a different book from

*The Garland of Delight*. Evans prints this ballad from the latter, but the former is a better authority. As Percy says '*Strange Histories or Garland*,' both here and in his first note to the next poem, I think he may have seen some copy made up of the two Garlands.—W. C.



time overflow these particular places. So pledges being given on both sides, they conducted him to Rochester, and yielded up the county of Kent and the castle of Dover into his power.” (Chappell, *Pop. Mus.* i. 94.)

When  
William  
conquered  
England,

WHEN william duke of normandye [page 414]

with glitering <sup>1</sup> speare & sheild  
had entered into <sup>2</sup> ffaire England,

4 & told <sup>3</sup> his ffoes in ffeild,

vpon christmas day, in soleme <sup>4</sup> sort,

he was  
crowned by  
the Arch-  
bishop of  
York;

then was hee crowned heere

by Albert, Archbishopp of yorke,

8 & many a noble peere.

which being done, he changed quite  
the customes of England, <sup>5</sup>

punished his  
opponents,

& punished <sup>6</sup> such as daylye sought

12 his statutes to withstand.

and subdued  
London,

& many cytyes hee subdued,

ffaire London with the rest,

but Kent  
withstood  
him.

but <sup>7</sup> then Kent did still withstand his power, <sup>8</sup>

16 & did his lawes detest.

He went to  
Dover to  
destroy the  
castle,

to douer then he tooke the <sup>9</sup> way,

the castle downe for <sup>10</sup> to flinge

which Aueragus had <sup>11</sup> builded there,

20 the noble Brittain <sup>12</sup> Kinge.

but the Arch-  
bishop of  
Canterbury,

but when <sup>13</sup> the braue Archbishopp bold

of Canterbury knew,

the Abbot of  
St. Austin's,

the Abbott of St<sup>t</sup> Austines eke,

24 with all their gallant crew,

<sup>1</sup> glistering.—P.

<sup>2</sup> There's a *w* seemingly before the *f*.  
—F.

<sup>4</sup> solemn.—P.

<sup>3</sup> foil'd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> of this Land.—P.

<sup>6</sup> punisht.—P.

<sup>8</sup> force.—P.

<sup>10</sup> Del.—P.

<sup>12</sup> British.—P.

<sup>7</sup> del.—P.

<sup>9</sup> his.—P.

<sup>11</sup> del.—P.

<sup>13</sup> which when.—P.



thé <sup>1</sup> sett themselues in order <sup>2</sup> bright,  
 these mischeefes to preuent,  
 with all the yeomen braue & bold  
 28 *that* were in ffruitfull Kent.

and the  
 Kentish  
 yeomen

att Canterbury they did <sup>3</sup> meete  
 vpon one certaine day,  
<sup>4</sup> with sword, with sheild, with bill, with bow,  
 32 to stopp <sup>5</sup> the conquerours way.

met at  
 Canterbury,

“ <sup>6</sup> let vs not liue like bondmen pore  
 to ffrenchmen in their pryde,  
 but lett vs <sup>7</sup> keepe our ancyent lybertyes,  
 36 what chance soeuer tyde <sup>8</sup> !”

and resolved

“ & rather lett vs <sup>9</sup> dye in bloody ffeild,  
 with manly courage prest,  
 then to endure the seruile yoke  
 40 *which* wee thus much <sup>10</sup> detest !”

not to  
 submit.

thus did the Kentish Commons crye  
 vnto their leaders still,  
 & then they marched <sup>11</sup> in warlike sort,  
 44 & stood att swansco <sup>12</sup> hill.

They  
 marched to  
 Swanscomb  
 Hill,

& vnder a wood <sup>13</sup> they hidd themselues,  
 vnder they shadow greene,  
 wherby <sup>14</sup> to gett them vantage good  
 48 of all their ffoes vnseene.<sup>15</sup>

hid in a  
 wood,

<sup>1</sup> they.—P.

<sup>2</sup> armour.—P.

<sup>3</sup> did they.—P.

<sup>4</sup> sword & spear . . . & bow.—P.

<sup>5</sup> And Stopt.—P.

<sup>6</sup> yeild like.—P.

<sup>7</sup> del.—P.

<sup>8</sup> so e'er betyde.—P.

<sup>9</sup> del.—P.

<sup>10</sup> so much.—P.

<sup>11</sup> And so marcht forth.—P.

<sup>12</sup> Swanscomb.—P.

<sup>13</sup> There in the woods.—P.

<sup>14</sup> Therby.—P.

<sup>15</sup> And for y<sup>e</sup> conq<sup>rs</sup> coming there  
 They privily laid wait,  
 And therby suddenly appal'd  
 his lofty high conceit.—P.



and on  
William's  
approach

marched out,  
each carry-  
ing a bough.

52

& when <sup>1</sup> thé spyed his approche  
in place where they did stand,  
they marched fforth to hemm him in ;  
eche man tooke <sup>2</sup> a bow in his hande.

William sees  
a wood  
moving  
towards  
him,

56

<sup>3</sup> before, behind, & on eche syde  
as hee did cast his eyes,<sup>4</sup>  
he espyed these woods <sup>5</sup> in sober pace  
approach to him ffull nye.

and quakes  
for fear.

60

The shape of men he cold not see,  
the bowes did hyde them soe ;  
& how <sup>6</sup> his hart did quake for feare  
to see a fforrest goe !

The Kentish  
men hem  
him in,  
draw their  
swords,  
throw down  
their boughs,

64

but when the Kentish men had thus  
enclosed the Conquerour round,  
then suddenly they drew their swords,  
& threw their bouges to ground ;

sound a  
charge,

and deploy.

68

their banners they displayed <sup>7</sup> in sight,  
their trumpetts sounded <sup>8</sup> a charge,  
the rattling drummes strike vp alarme,<sup>9</sup>  
their troopes streitch fforth to the Large,<sup>10</sup>

William is  
aghast,

72

<sup>11</sup> wheratt this dreadfull Conquerour  
theratt was sore agazed,<sup>12</sup>  
& most in perill when he thought <sup>13</sup>  
all perills had beene past.

<sup>1</sup> For when as they did.—P.

<sup>2</sup> del. *tooke*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Percy marks to come in here:

So *that* up to *the* conquerors sight  
Amazed as he stood

They seem'd to be a walking grove  
Or else a moving wood.—F.

<sup>4</sup> eye.—P.

<sup>5</sup> spyed the wood with.—P.

<sup>6</sup> now with fear did quake.—P.

<sup>7</sup> display.—P.

<sup>8</sup> sounde.—P.

<sup>9</sup> Their . . . alarms.—P.

<sup>10</sup> out at large.—P.

<sup>11</sup> The conq<sup>r</sup> with all his train  
Were hereat sore aghast.—P.

<sup>12</sup> aghast or agast.—P.

<sup>13</sup> they thought.—P.



<sup>1</sup> therefore vnto the Kentishmen  
 an Embassadoure he sent,  
 to know they <sup>2</sup> cause they tooke in hand  
 76 these warres, to what entent.<sup>1</sup>

and sends

to ask what  
the Kentish  
men want.

to whom they made this short reply,  
 “ffor liberty wee le ffight,<sup>3</sup>  
 And to enioy *King* Edwards the Confessors <sup>4</sup> Lawes  
 80 which wee doe hold arright.<sup>5</sup>”

“Our  
liberties,  
and King[page 415]  
Edward's  
laws.”

“why <sup>6</sup> then,” said the dreadfull Conquerour,  
 “you shall haue what you will ;  
 your libertyes, your ancyent customes,<sup>7</sup>  
 84 soe *that* you wilbe still ;

William  
agrees to

“ & eche thing else *which* you will craue  
 with reason att my hands,  
 soe *that* you will acknowledge me  
 88 cheefe *King* of ffaire England.”

give them  
all they ask,

the Kentishmen therevpon agreed,<sup>8</sup>  
 & layd all <sup>9</sup> their armes asyde ;  
 & by this meanes *King* Edwards lawes  
 92 doe still in kent <sup>10</sup> abyde.

and the  
Kentish men  
lay down  
their arms.

& in no place in England else  
 such customes <sup>11</sup> doe remaine,  
 as they by their manlike <sup>12</sup> policye  
 96 did of duke william gaine.

Thus Kent  
alone keeps  
its old  
customs.

ffinis.

<sup>1-1</sup> Unto the Kentishmen he sent  
 The cause to understand  
 For what intent & for what cause  
 They took this war in hand.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> the.—P. <sup>3</sup> we fight.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> del.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> our right.—P.  
<sup>6</sup> del. *why*.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Your ancient customs & your laws.  
 —P. See note at the end of the volume.  
 —F.  
<sup>8</sup> agreed thereon.—P.  
<sup>9</sup> delend *all*.—P.  
<sup>10</sup> In Kent doe still.—P.  
<sup>11</sup> those Customs.—P.  
<sup>12</sup> Which they by manly.—P.



# The : Drowning of Henery the : i : his Children : <sup>1</sup>

“THIS,” says Percy, “as well as the foregoing, is an excellent ballad.” To us it seems the song of a very pedestrian Muse. The subject is excellent. It is preserved also in *Strange Histories*.

When  
Henry I. had  
subdued the  
French,

WHEN : as royall King <sup>2</sup> henery the ffirst  
had ffoyled his ffoes in ffrance,  
& spent the pl[e]asant springe  
4 his honors <sup>3</sup> to aduance.

he came  
back to  
England,

then into England he returned <sup>4</sup>  
with ffame & victorie,  
what t[i]me the subiects of this Land  
8 receiued him ioyfullye.

but left his  
children in  
France,—

but att his home retorne,  
his children left hee still  
in ffrance, ffor to soiourne  
12 to purchase learned skill.

Duke  
William,  
Lord  
Richard,

Duke william with his brother dere,  
Lord Richard was his name,  
who was the Erle of Chester then,  
16 w[ho] <sup>5</sup> thirsted after ffame ;

<sup>1</sup> A.D. 1120. To the tune of *The Ladies Daughter*. This, as well as the foregoing, is an excellent ballad. Collated with a copy in *Strange Histories or The Garland of Delight*, 12<sup>mo</sup>, Canto 3<sup>d</sup>, B. L., in Pepys Collection of Penny Mer-

rim<sup>ts</sup>, vol. 3. p. 14.—P.

<sup>2</sup> After our roy<sup>l</sup> king.—P.

<sup>3</sup> honour.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Into fair England he return'd.—P.

<sup>5</sup> and thirsted.—P.



- the *Kings* faire daughter eke,  
the Lady Marry bright,  
with diuers noble peeres,  
20 & many a hardy Knight ;
- all these he left <sup>1</sup> together there,  
in pleasure <sup>2</sup> and delight,  
when *that* our King to England came  
24 after the bloodye fight.
- but when faire flora had  
drawen forth her treasure drye,  
then winter sadd and cold <sup>3</sup>  
28 with hoarye head drew niee.<sup>4</sup>
- then these princes all with one assent <sup>5</sup>  
prepared all things meete  
to passe the seas into <sup>6</sup> faire England,  
32 whose sight to them was sweete.
- “to England lett vs hye,”  
this euerye one did say,  
“ffor Christamas draweth nye ;  
36 no longer lett vs stay,
- but let vs <sup>7</sup> spend the Merry Christamas time <sup>8</sup>  
in game and pleasant sort,<sup>9</sup>  
where Lady pleasure doth attend  
40 with many a princely sport.”
- Lady  
Mary,—  
with peers  
and knights.
- When  
summer was  
over,  
and winter  
came on,
- the princes
- wanted to
- spend  
Christmas in  
England,
- and enjoy  
themselves.

<sup>1</sup> were left.—P.<sup>2</sup> pleasures.—P.<sup>3</sup> cold and sad.—P.<sup>4</sup> nigh.—P.<sup>5</sup> Those princes all. . . cons[ent].—P.<sup>6</sup> for.—P.<sup>7</sup> [*let vs*] del.—P.<sup>8</sup> MS. tine.—F.<sup>9</sup> within our Father's court.—P.



They set sail,                   to seas <sup>1</sup> these princes went,  
                                           full ffraught <sup>2</sup> with mirth & ioy;  
                                           but all their merrymment <sup>3</sup>  
 44                   returned to greet <sup>4</sup> anoye.  
  
 but the                           for the saylors & the shipmen, <sup>5</sup>  
 sailors got                       throughe ffoule excesse of wine,  
 drunk,                           they were soe amazed *that* <sup>6</sup> on the sea  
 48                   they showed themselues like swine.  
  
 no one could                   the sterne <sup>7</sup> no man cold guide,  
 steer,                           the *Master* sleeping Lay,  
                                           the saylors all besyde  
 52                   went reeling euerye way,  
  
 and the ship                   soe *that* the shipp att randome rode  
 went at                       vpon the ffrominge ffloode,  
 random.                       wherby in perill of their liues  
 The princes                   56           these princes <sup>8</sup> alway stooode,  
  
                                           *which* caused distilling <sup>9</sup> teares  
 weep                           from their faire eyes to ffall,  
 and fear,                       their harts were filled with ffeare, <sup>10</sup>  
 60           No Ioy <sup>11</sup> they had att all,                   [page 416]  
  
                                           thé wished themselues vpon the land  
                                           1000 times and more;  
 but at last                   then att they last <sup>12</sup> they come in sight  
 see England                   64           of Englands pleasant shore.

<sup>1</sup> To sea.—P.

That y telle an evel lype,

Mon that doth him into shype

Whil the weder is wod;

For, be he come to the depe,

He may wrynge hard ant wepe,

Ant be of drery mod.

‘Ofte rap reweth;’

Quoth Hendyng.

*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 115.—F.<sup>2</sup> Fulfill’d.—P.<sup>3</sup> this their merrimēt.—P.<sup>4</sup> did turn, to dear.—P.<sup>5</sup> The sailors . . . Shipmen all.—P.<sup>6</sup> were so disguis’d *that*.—P.<sup>7</sup> A.-S. *steór-ern*, the steering-place, the stern.—F.<sup>8</sup> The princes.—P.<sup>9</sup> *which* made distilling.—P.<sup>10</sup> fears.—P.<sup>11</sup> no helpe.—P.<sup>12</sup> And at the last.—P.



- then euery one began  
to turne these siges <sup>1</sup> to smiles, and smile.  
their coulours <sup>2</sup> pale and wan  
68 a cheerfull looke Exiles.
- the princelye Lords most louinglye  
their Ladyes doe embrace ; Lords  
embrace  
their ladies,  
<sup>3</sup> "In england," quoth they "wee shalbe  
72 within a litle space." <sup>3</sup>
- "take comforts to your selues,"  
thus euerye one did say, and all take  
comfort.  
"& be no more dismayd ;  
76 behold the Land att Last ! " <sup>4</sup>
- <sup>5</sup> but as they did thus cheerfullye  
their comfort to attaine,  
then soddainlye vpon a rocke  
80 the shipp itt burst in twayne. <sup>5</sup>
- with *that* a greiuous srike <sup>6</sup>  
among them there was made,  
& euery one did seeke  
84 on something to be stayd. Every one  
seeks a  
support,
- but all in vaine ! such helpe thé lacke. <sup>7</sup>  
the shipp soe soone did sinke  
*that* in the seas <sup>8</sup> they were constrained  
88 to take their latest drinke. but all are  
whelmed,

<sup>1</sup> their sighes.—P.<sup>2</sup> colour.—P.<sup>3—3</sup> For now in England shall we be  
Quoth they in little space.—P.<sup>4</sup> then they said  
Behold the Land at last  
Then be &c.

The worst is gone &amp; past.—P.

<sup>5—5</sup> While they did this joyful hope  
With comfort entertaine  
The goodly ship upon a rock  
In sunder burst in twaine.—P.<sup>6</sup> shriek.—P.<sup>7</sup> they sought.—P.<sup>8</sup> sea.—P.



- there might you see the Lords  
and Ladyes ffor to lye  
amidst the salt sea ffome,  
92 with many a greiuous crye
- notwith-  
standing  
their efforts,  
still laboured for their liues <sup>1</sup> defence  
with streched armes abroad,  
& lifting vpp their Lilly hands  
96 for helpe with one accordd.
- except Duke  
Richard,  
who gets  
into the  
cockboat;  
100 but as good ffortune wold,  
the sweete young duke did gett  
into the Cockebotte then,  
where safelye he did sitt.
- but he turns  
to rescue his  
sister,  
104 but when he heard his si[s]ter <sup>2</sup> crye,  
the Kings faire daughter deere,  
he turned his boate to take her in  
whose death did draw soe neere ;
- but while he turned his boate  
to take his sister in,<sup>3</sup>  
the rest such shiff t did make  
108 in seas as they did swimn,
- others crowd  
into the  
boat,  
and all are  
drowned.  
112 for to <sup>4</sup> the boate a number gott,  
soe many att the Last,<sup>5</sup>  
*that* the boate & all *that* was <sup>6</sup> therin  
was drowned & ouer cast.
- of Lords & gentlemen,  
& ladyes ffaire of fface,  
not one escaped then ;  
116 this was <sup>7</sup> a heauinesse !

<sup>1</sup> labouring . . . . life's.—P.<sup>2</sup> sister.—P.<sup>3</sup> he strove to take

His sweet young sister in.—P.

<sup>4</sup> That to.—P.<sup>5</sup> as at the last.—P.<sup>6</sup> The boat . . . . were.—P.<sup>7</sup> Which was.—P.



- 60<sup>tye</sup> and ten <sup>1</sup> were drowned in all, 70 perish.  
 not one escaped death  
 but one pore butcher, who had swoome  
 120 himsefe quite out of breath. One, a  
 butcher,  
 alone  
 escapes.
- which was <sup>2</sup> most heauy newes  
 vnto our comlye Kinge;  
 all mirth hee did refuse,<sup>3</sup>  
 124 this word when he did <sup>4</sup> bringe, The King is  
 sad at the  
 news,  
 and refuses  
 all mirth.
- where by <sup>5</sup> this meanes no child wee <sup>6</sup> had  
 his Kingdome to succede.  
<sup>7</sup> his sisters sonne was crowned *King*,  
 128 as wee may plainly reede.<sup>7</sup> No child  
 succeeds him  
 but his  
 nephew.
- ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Thre Score & ten.—P.<sup>2</sup> This was.—P.<sup>3</sup> Who did all mirth refuse.—P.<sup>4</sup> they did.—P.<sup>5</sup> For.—P.<sup>6</sup> he.—P.<sup>7-7</sup> Whereby his sister's Son was king,  
 As you shall plainly read.—P.



## Murthering of Edward the fourth his sonnes.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad differs very slightly from that published in the 1659 edition of *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (reprinted by the Percy Society, ed. Mr. Chappell), and reprinted from that work in Evans' *Old Ballads*, iii. 38. The piece is there intituled "An excellent song made of the successors of King Edward the Fourth, to the tune of O man in desperation." It contains three stanzas more than the present version, one after v. 8, one after v. 28, one after v. 126. Else the differences are merely verbal.

The ballad is evidently the production of a professional hand. It tells its story in a business-like manner, with no great excitement either of the imagination or the feelings. Pegasus here appears as a sort of cab-horse. His driver awaited on his "stand" any call that might be made for him. Poor Pegasus, well broken to harness, jogged steadily away in the required direction, when the call came,—to the Tower, it might be, or to Bosworth Field, or to Swanscombe. His pace seldom varied. His caracolling and flying days were past and gone. He did his work in a sober plodding style, not without an occasional thought of the "feed" that might reward his efforts.

There is another ballad on this same subject—and of no greater merit—in the 1612 edition of the *Crown Garland*, also reprinted by Evans.

"The greater proportion of the ballads are historical," says Mr. Chappell in his Preface to the Percy Society reprint of

<sup>1</sup> This is but of moderate excellence, tho' written so late as James the 1<sup>st</sup>'s Time. See Stan<sup>s</sup>. 31, 32. There is a

Song on this Subject, but very different from this, in the printed Collection, 12<sup>mo</sup>, Vol. ii. p. 100.—P.



the 1612 edition, "and from early times down to the end of the seventeenth century the common people knew history chiefly from ballads. Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the History of England from the Conquest down to the time of Charles I. in ballads." Could any nurses of the present day perform such a feat?

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHEN: as the <i>King</i> of England dyed,<br/> Edward the fourth by name,<br/> he left 2 sonnes of tender yeeres<br/> 4 for to succeed the same.</p> <p>then Richard, duke of Glouster,<br/> desiring Kingly sway,<br/> desired<sup>1</sup> by treason how to make<br/> 8 his brothers sonnes away.</p> <p>betwixt them they Layd downe their plott,<sup>2</sup><br/> &amp; straight together went<br/> to Stony Stratford, where they mett<br/> 12 the <i>King</i> incontinent.</p> <p>the sweete young <i>King</i> did entertaine<br/> his vnckle Louinglye,<sup>3</sup><br/> not thinkinge of their<sup>4</sup> vile intent,<br/> 16 nor of their<sup>5</sup> trecherye.</p> <p>&amp; then the duke of Buck[i]ngham,<br/> to sett abroach this thinge,<br/> he began a quarrell for the noncte<br/> 20 with them <i>that</i> kept the Kinge.</p> | <p>When<br/>Edward IV.<br/>died<br/><br/>he left two<br/>young sons.</p> <p>Glo'ster and<br/>Buckingham<br/><br/>plot to kill<br/>them,</p> <p>[page 417]</p> <p>and meet the<br/>young King<br/>at Stony<br/>Stratford.</p> <p>Buckingham</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> contrived.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Then he & Buckingham did plot.—

P.

<sup>3</sup> Lines 13, 14 are written before l. 11

in the MS., but are marked at the side with a bracket.—F.

<sup>4</sup> his.—P.

<sup>5</sup> his.—P.



|                                                              |    |                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| arrests Lord<br>Gray,                                        |    | & then they did arrest Lord Gray,<br>the Brother to the Queene ;                                                                                                         |
| Lord Rivers,                                                 | 24 | her other brother, the Lord RIVERS,<br>in durance as they had beene.                                                                                                     |
| and Sir T.<br>Vaughan,                                       |    | Sir Thomas Vaughan then Likewise <sup>1</sup><br>did there and then <sup>2</sup> arrest ;                                                                                |
| the King's<br>friends,                                       | 28 | soe was the King of all his ffreinds<br>suddenly dispossess.                                                                                                             |
|                                                              |    | in breeffe, these Noblemen were sent<br>to Pontfracte Castle soone,                                                                                                      |
| and has<br>them put to<br>death.                             | 32 | where thé, [in] <sup>3</sup> short time afterwards,<br>to death was eche man doone.                                                                                      |
| Glo'ster and<br>Buckingham<br>take the<br>King to<br>London, | 36 | then forth they brought they King alone,<br>towards London with great speed,<br>vsing their perswasions full ffalselye <sup>4</sup><br>not to Mislike <i>that</i> deede. |
| and lodge<br>him in the<br>Bishop's<br>Palace.               | 40 | & when to London <i>that</i> they came,<br>ffor him they had prepared<br>the Bishopp's pallace ffor the nonet,<br>but safelye vnder guard.                               |
| Glo'ster<br>names<br>himself<br>Protector,                   | 44 | & then duke RICHARD takes vpon him<br>the keeping of the King,<br>naming himselfe Lord protectore,<br>his wished ends to bringe ;                                        |
| and the<br>Cardinal                                          | 48 | desiring <sup>5</sup> how then <sup>6</sup> in his mind<br>to gett the other brothers too,<br>the <i>which</i> the Cardinall vndertooke<br>ffull Cuningly to doo.        |

<sup>1</sup> in like wise.—P.<sup>2</sup> They then and there.—P.<sup>3</sup> in.—P.<sup>4</sup> their false persuasions.—P.<sup>5</sup> Devizing.—P.

contriving, then how.—P.



& then the Cardinall in great hast  
 vnto the Queene doth come ;  
 vsing his *perswasions* full ffalselye,  
 52 then he gott her other sonne.

persuades  
 the Queen to  
 give up her  
 other son.

then they both in full great hast  
 vnto the tower were sent,  
 where they liued but short space,  
 56 ffor death did them prevent.

Glo'ster puts  
 them both in  
 the Tower,

then Duke *RICHARD*, hauing ffound this meanes  
 to worke these 2 princes death,  
 procured one of *JAMES TIRRELLS* hired men<sup>1</sup>  
 60 full soone to stopp their breath :

and hires  
 two men,

*James Dighton* & *Miles fforrest* both,  
 these 2 vile wicked men,<sup>2</sup>  
 these 2 were made the instruments  
 64 to worke this murder then.

Dighton and  
 Forrest,

these princes being asleepe in bedd,  
 lyinge arme in arme,  
 not thinking of their vile entents  
 68 nor thinking any harme,

who, when  
 the princes  
 are asleep in  
 bed,

these villaines, in the ffetherbedd  
 did wrapp them up in hast,  
 & with the clothes soe smothered them  
 72 till liffe and breath was past.

smother  
 them  
 with the  
 feather-bed.

& then they both were buryed,  
 where no man yett doth know.  
 but marke how god, in his iudgment iust,  
 76 did his right reuengment showe !

But God  
 takes  
 vengeance  
 for this.

<sup>1</sup> one St. James.—P.

<sup>2</sup> these vile and wicked men.—P.



for betwixt those DUKES within short space  
 such a discord there was bredd,  
 as Buckingham to please the *King*  
 80 was fforcet to loose his head.  
 & then *Richard* in his Kinglye seate  
 no ease nor rest cold ffind,  
 the murdering of his nephews did  
 84 so sore molest his minde.  
 he neuer cold haue quiett sleepe,  
 his liffe itt stood in ffeare,  
 his hand was on his dagger straight,  
 88 *that* no man might come him neere.  
 but att the Last Erle Richmond came  
 with such a puissant band,  
*that* this ffalse King [he] was inforced  
 92 in his defence to stande.  
 then meeting him att Bosworth ffelld,<sup>1</sup>  
 they fought with harts full faine;  
 yett ffor shedding of these princes blood,  
 96 god caused King *RICHARD* to be slaine.  
 & being dead, vpon a horsse  
 all naked he was borne,  
 his fflesh [all<sup>2</sup>] cutt & mangled,  
 100 his haire all rent and torne.  
 & then Erle Richmond worthelye,  
 ffor this his deede of ffame,  
 of England hee was crowned *King*,  
 104 Henery the 7<sup>th</sup> by name,  
 of whom most royall lines did springe,  
*that* ffamous King of might,  
 Henery the 8<sup>th</sup>, our <sup>3</sup> noble deeds  
 108 our chronicles doe well recyte.

Buckingham  
is beheaded.

Richard

never sleeps,  
is always in  
fear of his  
life,

and at last  
Richmond

fight him  
at Bosworth,

and he is  
slain,

and set  
naked and  
mangled on  
a horse.

Richmond is

crowned  
Henry VII.,

is succeeded  
by Henry  
VIII.,

[page 418]

<sup>1</sup> See *Bosworth Feilde* below.—F.

<sup>2</sup> all cut.—P.

<sup>3</sup> whose.—P.



when *that* hee dyed, hee left his Land & crowne  
 to Edward his sweete sonne,  
 whose gracyous raigne all England may rue  
 112 his time soe soone is come.

he by  
 Edward VI.,

& then his Sister Marye came,  
 next princesse of this Land;  
 but in her time blind ignorance  
 116 against gods truth did stand,

he by Mary

which caused many a mans blood,  
 to be shedd in ruefull case;  
 then god did England once regard,<sup>1</sup>  
 120 & turned all these stormes to grace.

(who killed  
 the  
 martyrs),

ffor then the other sister came,  
 Elizabeth our Late Queene,  
 & shee released her peoples harts  
 124 ffrom greeffe & eirrou[r]s<sup>2</sup> cleane.

she by  
 Elizabeth,  
 our late  
 Queen,

& then the<sup>3</sup> mightye Iames did come,  
 of king HENERys royall race;  
 whose happy dayes our Lord preserue,  
 128 grant him Long time & space!

and she by  
 James I.,  
 whom God  
 preserve!

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> England once more God did regard.  
 —P.

<sup>2</sup> errors.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. she [blotted] the.—F.



## The : Fall : of : Prince[s:]<sup>1</sup>

THE transitoriness of the glory of this life was a thing that our early writers were much impressed with, a theme on which they often wrote.

a ! man hab munde  
bat of þis lif þer commiþ ende :  
of erþe and axen<sup>2</sup> is ure kunde,  
and in-to duste we schulliþ wende :

was the burden of many a sermon and song. As one of the former preaches (*Phil. Soc. Trans.* 1858, Pt. ii. p. 2) to its non-washing hearers of former days, why should men be proud or expect to live ?

Man ! of þi schuldres and of þi side  
þou miȝte hunti luse and flee !  
of such a park i ne hold no pride ;  
þe dere nis nauȝte þat þou miȝte sle.

What is the “gentil man” but a sack stuffed full of dirt and dung that stinketh loathly and is black? When once the soul is out of his body, a viler carrion is there none. And,

þeiȝ man be rich of lond and lede,  
and holdiþ festis ofte and lome,  
hit nis no doute he sal be dede,  
to ȝelde recning at þe dome.

Worldly weal comes and goes, is but deceit, dirt, guile, and vanity ; man’s life is but a shadow ; now he is, and now he is not. Death spares none. Beware then of “helle pine.”

Why, asks another,<sup>3</sup>

Whi is þis worlde biloued þat fals is & veyn ?

Its power passes away like a brittle pot that is fresh and gay. It

<sup>1</sup> N.B. This song should seem to have been wrote soon after the Death of Henry 8. Vid. St. ult.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ashes.—F.

<sup>3</sup> *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, E. E. T. Soc., p. 86, 1867.—F.



is full of sin, false in its business, false in its pleasures : unstable as water, it cannot excel :

It is rapir to bileeue the waginginge wijnde  
þan þe chaungeable world þat makip men so blinde.

Solomon, Sampson, Absalom, Duke Jonatas, Cæsar, the Rich Man of the Gospels, Tullius, Aristotle :

Where ben þese worpi þat were heere to-forn ?  
Boþe kingis & bischopis ? her power is al lorn.

Lydgate translated his *Falles of Princes* from Boccaccio to point the same moral, and few Early English religious poems can be found without it, "þat worldli blis is but a þing of vanite." (*Hymns to Virgin*, p. 81, l. 85-6.) The writer of the present poem preaches a like sermon, that life is short and none can resist Death's mace. If all the heroes of the world could not do so, how can we ? They have died, and we must all follow them as fast as we may. But the name of his last hero sounds odd to our ears, though it justifies the impression that Mr. Froude says the king made on his contemporaries : he was evidently to them the "Solomon in all his glory" of his age :

if wisdom or manhood by any meanes cold  
haue saued a mans liffe to endure for ever,  
then King Henery the 8<sup>th</sup> soe noble and soe bold,  
out of this wyde world he wold haue passed neuer.

Though the climax is to us an anti-climax, it is useful as a sign of the times.

THE : hye god most gracyous, his <sup>1</sup> goodenesse alone,      God, after  
thou hast <sup>2</sup> made vpon the earth, beast, bird and tree,      creating  
Angells in heauen, & ministers to thy throne,      beasts, birds,  
4 the sun & the moone, the Element & skye.      angels,  
att Last thou made [man] of <sup>3</sup> noblest degree,      sun, and  
after thine owne likenesse, such was thy grace.      moon,  
Lawde wee him therffore, for happy wee bee ;      made man.  
8 But heere wee beene sure to liue but a space.

<sup>1</sup> whose.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Hath.—P.

<sup>3</sup> madest man of.—P.



But where  
are Adam

and Eve?

Dead. And  
we can live  
but a space.

Where are  
David,

Samson,

Hercules,

and Duke  
Joshua?  
Their glory's  
gone,  
and we don't  
live here  
long.

Where are  
Alexander,

Nebuchad-  
nezzar,  
Augustus,  
Hannibal?

[page 419]  
All dead, and  
we must  
follow them.

Where are  
Hector,

Rowland,  
and Oliver?

Where is Adam our first progenitor,  
of<sup>1</sup> bewtye & of cuning, & <sup>2</sup> neuer had no peere?  
& Eue his companyon, *that* most oryent ffigure?  
12 he *King*, & shee *Queene*, ouer all this world in ffere;  
yet through their great ffalls soone changed we all our  
cheer[e,]

*that* all their posterytye shold ffollow their trace;  
death hath them deuoured, this matter is clere;  
16 but <sup>3</sup> heere wee beene sure to liue but a space.

Where is *King* David the doughtye, *that* Golyas ouer-  
came?

or duke Iosua the gentle, of him what shold I tell?  
or Samson *that* ruled the Lyon like a lambe?

20 or Hercules *that* quelled the porter of hell?

where is duke Iosua *that* euer bare the bell?  
their pompe & their glory is nowe very basse.<sup>4</sup>

lett this be a mirrour alwayes in our sight,  
24 *that* heere we beene sure to liue but a space.

Where is Alexander the mightye, *that* conquered this  
world wide,

& gouerne att <sup>5</sup> one day as himselfe did luste?

or Nabuchondozer, *that* prince proud of price <sup>6</sup>?

28 or Augustus, with his power to them was full Iust <sup>7</sup>?

where is Haniball the hardy, threw all in the duste,  
and brought all roome <sup>8</sup> into a sorry stay?

All these be dead and gone, and after them wee must,<sup>9</sup>  
32 and wee must all ffollow as fast as wee may.

Where is Hector of Troy, *that* one of the 9 worthies was?  
& worthy sure he was soe for to bee;

or Rowland & Oliuer, as itt came to passe,<sup>10</sup>

36 in number they were doughtye men all 3,

<sup>1</sup> for.—P.

<sup>3</sup> that.—P.

<sup>4</sup> base.

<sup>5</sup> govern'd it.—P.

<sup>6</sup> full of pride.—P.

<sup>2</sup> that.—P.

<sup>7</sup> that was with his power full (right)  
just.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Rome.—P.

<sup>9</sup> go after them we must.—P.

<sup>10</sup> MS. paste.—F.



- but yett with death they cold not agree  
 in this world to haue no Longer space.  
 death, all their glory from them he did ring,<sup>1</sup>  
 40 & wee must all follow them in a short space. Dead, as we  
shall soon  
be.
- Where is Godfrey of Bullen, *that* Troian soe stout?  
 or Mithydrates, where is hee?  
 or Iulyus Machabeus *that* went not about?  
 44 or Guy of warwicke, as doughtye as hee?  
 where is Huon<sup>2</sup> of Burdeaux, where is hee?  
 these cold not refuse death with his mace<sup>3</sup>;  
 therfor marke my sayings all you *that*<sup>4</sup> heere bee,  
 48 for heere wee beene sure to liue but a space. Where are  
Godfrey,  
Mithridates,  
  
Guy of  
Warwick,  
Huon of  
Bordeaux?  
  
Dead, and we  
can't live  
here long.
- Where is Iason the doughtye *that* woone the fleece of  
 gold, Where are  
Jason,  
 or Acctollen<sup>5</sup> *that* was called the scorge of god,  
 or Phebus, the wisest man vpon the mould?  
 52 or Acchilles *that* was called the Troians rodd?  
 where is King Herod the herlott, was<sup>6</sup> worsse then  
 madd,<sup>7</sup> Attila,  
Phebus,  
Achilles,  
and King  
Herod?  
 for with his owne Kinsmen himselfe he did deface?  
 Loe! heere you may see, ffor all this noble<sup>8</sup> blood,  
 56 *that* here we beene sure to liue but a space. We can live  
here but a  
space.
- where is the Emperour *that* the bold clarke was Where are  
 called<sup>9</sup>?  
 the Sarasins doe remember him, & shall doe for  
 euer<sup>10</sup>;  
 or Iulyus Cæsar, with<sup>11</sup> head balde,  
 60 *that* brought Roome & the Romans to a sorry stay? Julius  
Cæsar,

<sup>1</sup> wring did he.—P.<sup>2</sup> Sir Huon.—P.<sup>3</sup> ? MS. mate, *altered to* mace.—F.<sup>4</sup> MS. *that* you.—F.<sup>5</sup> Antiochus.—P.<sup>6</sup> who was.—P.<sup>7</sup> wood.—P.<sup>8</sup> hye.—P.<sup>9</sup> Was it Charlemagne (l. 77)? He encouraged learning.—T. Wright.<sup>10</sup> aye.—P.<sup>11</sup> with his.—P.



- and Nero? where is Nero the cruell, *that* ruled soe many a day?  
these cold not refuse death with his mace;  
Dead, therefore marke my saying, all you *that* heere bee,<sup>1</sup>  
as we soon shall be. 64 for wee beene sure to liue but a space.
- Where are Where is Pironius,<sup>2</sup> the proud enemy to Roome?  
Pyrrhus, or dulcina the terror, or Cicill the Kinge<sup>3</sup>?  
Dulcina, or Sir Volen, was called the hardy Troian?  
Sir Volen, 68 or Troylus of Troy *that* loued well to springe?  
Troylus, where is Tamberlaine *that* ouercame the Turke [in  
Tambur- fight],<sup>4</sup>  
lain? *that* all the world did bring in dread & in doubt of  
his deuilish face?  
Remember that we must die. lett this be a mirrour allwayes in our sight,  
72 *that* heere wee beene sure to liue but a space.
- Where are Where is King Arthur the venturer, with his *Knights*  
Arthur, bold? <sup>5</sup>  
Tristram, or Sir Tristeram, *that* treasure of curtesye?  
Gawaine, or Sir Gawaine the good, with his helmet made of  
gold?  
Lancelot, 76 or Sir Lancelott dulake, a *Knight* of Chiualrye?  
Charle- where is King Charlemaine<sup>6</sup> of ffrance, from them  
magne? wold<sup>7</sup> neuer flee?  
yett these cold not refuse death with his mace.  
Dead too, heere you may see, ffor all the hye degree,  
and we cannot live long. 80 *that* here [we<sup>8</sup>] beene sure to liue but a litle<sup>9</sup> space.

<sup>1</sup> hear may.—P. See Dr. Robson's note below on *leane*, l. 72 of *Sir John Butler*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Pyrrhus.—P. I can't find Dulcina and Volen.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? Robert of Sicily:  
Yn Cysylle was a nobulle kynge,  
Fayre and stronge, and some dele 3ynge . .  
The kynge was calde kynge Roberd,  
Never man in hys tyme wyste hym aferde.

*Halliwell's Nugæ Poeticæ*, p. 49.

According to Froissart (translated) he  
"was a great astronomyre, and full of

great science"; and in 1529 a play,  
"Kynge Robart of Cicylye," was per-  
formed at the High Cross at Chester. *ib.*  
p. 71.—F.

<sup>4</sup> in fight.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The latter half of each of lines 73-7  
is written in the MS. as the first half of  
the line succeeding it.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Only two strokes and the dot of the  
*i* in the MS. for *in*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Who would.—P. MS. is right.  
Compare l. 85 in the next stanza.—F.

<sup>8</sup> wee.—P.

<sup>9</sup> short.—P.



- Where is *King Richard*, was called Cwer de Lyon ?  
 or Saladine the good Sarazen, where is hee ?  
 or Edward the 3<sup>d</sup> *that* wan Gasconie & Gaines<sup>1</sup> ?  
 84 or *King Henery* the 5<sup>th</sup>, a prince of Chiualrye ?  
 where is duke Charles of Burgundye, from them did  
 neuer flee ?  
 yett these cold not refuse death with his mace ;  
 wherfor marke my saying, all you that here bee,  
 88 *that* here wee beene sure to liue but a space.
- ffor if wisdome or manhood by any meanes cold  
 haue saued a mans liffe to endure for euer,  
 then *King Henery* the 8<sup>th</sup> soe noble and soe bold,  
 92 out of this wyde world he wold haue<sup>2</sup> passed neuer.  
 but death, where he comes, all things doth disseuer ;  
 where-euer he aproches, he will take place.  
 good Lord ! bring vs to thy blisse, there to remaine  
 for euer ;  
 96 ffor heere we be sure to liue but a space.

Where are  
 Cour-de-  
 Lion,  
 Saladin,  
 Edward III.,  
 Henry V.,

Duke  
 Charles ?

All dead.  
 Take heed,  
 then,  
 we shall soon  
 die too.

If manhood

could have  
 saved a man,  
 Henry VIII.  
 would not  
 have died.

But death  
 takes all.

God, bring us  
 to thy bliss !  
 Here we can  
 live not  
 long.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Guisnes. Gasconie *may be* Gascoine.—F.

<sup>2</sup> One stroke only for *u* in the MS.—F.



## The nutt browne mayd<sup>1</sup>

THIS is but a torn and tattered copy of one of the most exquisite pieces of late Mediæval poetry.

The oldest copy extant is that inserted by Arnold in his *Chronicle*, the first edition of which appeared at Antwerp in 1502. The poem was even then, we may infer, considered old and precious for its antiquity.

See General Introduction to Vol. II. Part I. and Introduction to *A Jigge*; also Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 271.

1

Men com-  
plain that,

<sup>2</sup> RIGHT & noe wronge, these men amonge, [page 420]

as [on] women doe Complaine,  
affirming this, what a thing itt is

4      of a labour spent in vaine

[To love them well; for never a dele<sup>a</sup>

They love a man agayne;]

do what they  
will to win  
a woman's  
love,

for lett a man doe what he can

8      their ffavor to obtaine,

<sup>1</sup> Prior's Poems, Vol. I. p. 160. This is a very imperfect and mutilated Copy. That printed by Prior is very correct. There are 40 or 50 lines left out of this

Copy, and several of them transpos'd. —P. The copy below is from Richard Hill's MS., ab. 1500–30 A.D.—F.

### THE NUTBROWN MAYDE.

[From the Balliol MS. 354, marked Arch. P. 1. 6.]

1

<sup>2</sup> Be it right, or wronge, Thes [leaf 210b]  
men a-monge  
on wyemen do complayn;  
affermyng this, how *that* it is  
a labowre spent in vayn  
to love them welle; for neuer a dele<sup>a</sup>  
they love a man a-gayn:

for late a man do what he can,  
ther favowre to attayn,  
yet, yf a newe to them pursue,  
ther ferste trew lover than  
labowreth for nowght; for from her  
thowght  
he is a banysshed man.



& if a new to them persue,  
 the ffirst true louver then  
 he labours for nought,—fur from his thought,—  
 12 for he is a banished man.

when a new  
 lover comes  
 the old one  
 is turned off.

## 2

<sup>1</sup> And I say not nay,—but as you said,  
 itt is both written and sayd,—  
 but womens ffaith, who soe sayth,  
 16 [is] right vtterly decayde;  
 yett neuertheles, right good wittnesse  
 in this cause may be Layd :  
 that they <sup>2</sup> Loue true, & doe continue,  
 20 reccords the nutt-browne <sup>3</sup> maide :  
 ffor when her loue came her to proue,  
 he come to make his moane ; <sup>a</sup>  
<sup>b</sup> he sayd, “ alas ! thus stands the case,  
 24 I am a banished mann.

But though  
 some say  
 that

women's  
 faith is  
 decayed,

yet the  
 Nut-brown  
 Maid's love  
 continued  
 true.

Her lover  
 came to  
 prove her ;

said : “ I am  
 a banished  
 man.

## 2

<sup>1</sup> I say not nay, but that alle day  
 it is both wreten & said  
 that woman's feyth, Is, as who seyth,  
 alle vtterly decayde ;  
 But neuerthelesse, Right good witnes  
 In this case myght be layde,  
 that they love trew, & conteneue,  
 Recorde *the* Nutbrown mayde,  
 which, whan her love cam her to prove,  
 to her to make his mone,<sup>a</sup>  
 wolde not departe ; for in her hart  
 she loved but hym alone.

## 3

Than betwen us let us discvsse  
 what was alle *the* maner  
 Betwen them two : we wille also  
 telle alle the payn in fere  
 that she was in. Now I begyn,  
 so *that* ye me answere ;  
 wherfor, alle ye that present be,  
 I pray you, geve an ere.

I am the knyght ; I com by nyght,  
 as secrete as I can ;  
<sup>b</sup> saying, “ alas ! thus stondith *the* caas,  
 I am a banysshed man.”

## 4

## PUELLA.\*

And I *your* wille for to fulfille  
 In this wille not Refuse ;  
 trustyng to shew, In wordis fewe  
*that* men have an ylle use  
 (To *ther* own shame) wymen to blame,  
 and caverselesse them accuse :  
 therfor to you I answere now,  
 alle wymen to excuse,—  
 Myn own hart dere, with you what  
 chere ?  
 I pray you, telle me a-non ;  
 ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
 I love but you alon.

<sup>2</sup> MS. they that.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. browme.—F.

\* Puella and Squire are at the right sides of the MS.—F.



## 3

I've done a  
deed for  
which I

must die,

or flee

like an  
outlaw

to the woods.  
I'm a  
banished  
man."

1 " ffor itt standeth soe *that* a deede is doe  
wherby great harme may growe ;

my destynye is ffor to dye  
28 a shameffull death, I trowe,  
or else ffor to fflee ; the one must bee.  
none other reed I know

but to withdraw my-selfe Like an outlawe,  
32 & betake me to my bowe.  
& therfore, adew, my owne hart trew,  
they best way *that* I can

is *that* I to the greenwood goe,  
36 my selfe a banished man."

## 4

The Maid  
laments the  
shortness of  
her bliss.

2 " Alas ! " shee said, " what is all this worlds blisse ?  
itt changeth as doth the Moone.

the summers day in the Lusty may  
40 is darke before the noone.

But she'll  
not part  
from her  
love.

I heare you say ffarwell. nay ! nay !  
wee will not depart soe soone.

but why say you soe, or whither will you goe ?  
44 alas ! what haue you done ?

## 5

## SQUIRE.

1 It stondith so ; a dede is \* doo  
wherof gret harme shalle grow :  
My destynye ys for to dye  
A shamfulle deth, I trow ;  
Or ellis to flee : the on mvste be.  
Non other way I know,  
But to withdraw as an owtlawe [leaf 211]  
And take me to my bow.  
wherfor, a-dewe, Myn own hart trew !  
Non other rede I can :  
ffor I mvste to The gren-wode go,  
alon, a banysshed man.

## 6

## PUELLA.

2 O lorde ! what is this worldis blis,  
*that* changith as *the* mone ?  
the somers day In lusty may  
Is darke beffore the none.  
I here you say, ffarewelle : nay, nay !  
we departe not so sone.  
why say ye so ? *whether* wille ye go ?  
alas ! what haue ye done ?  
alle my welfare To sorow & care  
shuld chaunge, yf ye were gon ;  
ffor, in my mynde, of alle mankynd  
I love but you alon.



for all my welfare into sorrow & care  
 wold come if *that* you were gone ;  
 for in my mind, of all mankind  
 48 I loue but you alone."

She loves but  
 him alone.

5

1 "I can but beleue this wold you greeue,  
 & somewhatt you soe straine ;<sup>a</sup>

Her lover  
 tells her

7

SQUIRE.

1 I can beleve, i tshalle you greve,  
 and sumwhat you dystreyne ;<sup>a</sup>  
 but, afterward, your paynes harde  
 within a day or twayn  
 shalle sone aslake ; & ye shalle take  
 Conforte to you a-gayn.  
 why shuld you owght? for, to take  
 thought,  
 your labowre were in vayn.  
 and thus I doo ; *and* pray you to,  
 as hartely as I can ;  
 ffor I mvste to *the* gren-wode go,  
 alon, a banysshed man.

8

PUELLA.

Now, sith *that* ye haue shewed to me  
 the secrete of your mynde,  
 I shalle be playn to you a-gayn,  
 lyke as ye shalle me fynde.  
 sith it is so, *that* ye wille go,  
 I wille not bide behynde,  
 shalle it neuer be said, *the* nvtbrown  
 mayd  
 was to here love vnkynde.  
 make you Redy, for so am I,  
 alle-thowgh it were anon ;  
 ffor, in [my] mynd, of alle mankynd  
 I loue but you a-lon.

9

SQUIRE.

Yet I you Rede to take good hede  
 what men wille thynke & say :  
 of yong, of olde, hit shalle be told,  
 that ye be gon a-way,  
 your wanten wille for to fulfille,  
 in grenwode you to play ;  
 and *that* ye myght for your delite  
 No lengar make delay.  
 rather than ye shuld thus for me  
 be called a mysse woman,

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yet wold I to The grenwode go,  
 alon, a banysshed man.

10

PUELLA. [leaf 211b]

Thowgh it be songe of olde & yonge,  
 that I shuld be to blame,  
 Thers be *the* charge, That speke so large  
 In hurtyng of my name :  
 ffor I wille prove, That feythfulle love  
 hit is deuyoyed of shame ;  
 In your distresse and hevynesse,  
 To parte with you, the same :  
 to shewe alle tho that do not so,  
 trew lovers ar they non ;  
 ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
 I love but you alon.

11

SQUIRE.

I cownsaille you, Remembre how,  
 hit is no maydyns lawe,  
 No-thing to dowte, but to renne owt  
 to wode with an owtlawe.  
 ffor ye mvste *ther*, In your hond bere  
 a bowe Redy to drawe,  
 & as a theff, thus mvst ye leve,  
 Ever In drede & awe ;  
 wherby to you Gret harm myght grow :  
 yet hade I lever than,  
 that I [had] to The grenwod go,  
 alon, a banysshed man.

12

PUELLA.

I say not nay, but as ye say,  
 yt is no maydyns lore ;  
 but love may make Me to for-sake,  
 as I haue sayd beffore,  
 to cum on fote, To hunte & shote  
 to get us mete in store ;  
 ffor so that I your company  
 may haue, I aske no more :

N



of the hard-  
ships she'd  
have to  
undergo  
with him,

52     <sup>a</sup> the thornye wayes, the deepe valleys,  
the haile, ffrost, snow, & raine ;  
ffor dry & weete, ffor cold & heate,  
wee must Lye on the plaine ;  
no other house [be] vs aboue,  
56     but a bush or a brake twaine.  
my hart sweet, this ill dyett,  
I know itt will make thee to looke wan ;  
therfore will I to the greenwoode goe,  
60     my selfe, a banished man."

and says  
he'll go alone  
to the  
greenwood.

6

She answers  
that as she's  
shared his  
joy, she'll  
share his  
woe.

<sup>1</sup> Shee sayes, "with you I haue been partener,  
with you in Ioy and blisse ;  
I will take alsoe part of your woe,  
64     endure, as reason itt is ;

ffrom which to parte, it makyth my harte  
as colde as any ston ;  
for, in my mynde, of alle mankynd  
I love but you alone.

13

SQUIRE.

ffor an owtlawe This is the lawe,  
that men hym take and bynde,  
withowt pite, hangid to be,  
& waver *with* the wynde.  
yf I had nede, (as God for-bede !)  
what socowrs cowld ye fynde ?  
fforsoth, I trow, ye and your bowe  
ffor fere wold draw behynde.  
and no mervayle : ffor littille avayle  
were in your cownsell than :  
wherfor I wille to *the* grenwod go,  
alon, a banysshed man.

14

PUELLA.

Right welle know ye, *that* wymen be  
but feble for to fight ;  
No womanhede it is in-dede  
to be bolde as a knyght :  
yet, in suche fere yf *that* ye were  
with enemyes day or nyght,  
I wold *withstond*, with bow in honde,  
To helpe you *with* my myght, [leaf 212]  
and you to save ; as wymen have  
from deth [men] many one :

for, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
I love but you alon.

15

[SQUIRE.]

Yet take good hede ; for euer I drede  
that ye cowld not susteyn  
<sup>a</sup> the thorny wayes, the depe valeyes,  
the snowe, *the* froste, the Rayn,  
the colde, the hete : for drye & wete  
we mvste logge on *the* playn ;  
&, vs above, none other Roffe  
but a brake, bushe, or twayn :  
which sone shuld greve you, I beleve ;  
& ye wold gladly than  
that I had to the grenwode goo,  
a-lon, a banysshed man.

16

PUELLA.

<sup>1</sup> Sith I haue here ben partynere  
*with* you yoye & blisse,  
I mvste also parte of your woo  
Endure, as Reason is :  
yet am I sure of on pleasure ;  
&, shortly, it is this :  
*that*, wher ye be, me semeth, *parde*,  
I cowld not fare a-mysse.  
withowt more speche I you beseche  
that we were shortly gon ;  
for, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
I love but you alon.



but I shold be sure of one pleasure,  
*that* is shortlye this,  
 wheresoeuer you be, *that* I you see,  
 68 I cold not ffare amisse.  
 from home to depart will make my hart  
 as cold as any stone ;  
 ffor in my mind, of all mankind  
 72 I loue but you alone."

At any rate  
 she shall  
 see him,

and she loves  
 him alone.

## 7

<sup>1</sup> "But you must consider, sweet hart, when you come thither  
 and haue List to dine,  
 there is no meate *that* wee can gett,  
 76 neither ale, beere, nor wine,  
 nor sheetes cleane to lye betweene,  
 made neither of threed nor twinn, [page 421]  
 Nor noe other house but leaues & brouse,  
 80 to couer *your* head and mine.<sup>2</sup>  
 my hart sweet, this ill dyett,  
 I know will make thee to Looke wan ;  
 therfore will I to the greenwood goe  
 84 my selfe, a banished man."

we shall have  
 no meat,

no sheets.

It'll make  
 you wan.  
 I'll go to the  
 woods by  
 myself."

## 8

<sup>3</sup> "But among wild deere," shee said, "such an archer  
 as men say *that* you bee,

"Oh, you'll  
 shoot deer  
 for us ;

## 17

[SQUIRE.]

<sup>1</sup> Iff ye go thyder, ye mvst consider,  
 whan ye have luste to dyne,  
 ther shalle no mete be for to gete,  
 Nether bere, ale, ne wyne ;  
 ne shetes clen, to lay betwen,  
 Made of threde and twyne ;  
 non other hows, but levis & bowes,  
 to Cover *your* hede & myne ;  
 loo, myn hart swete, this ille dyett  
 shuld make you pale and wan ;

wherfor I wille to the grenwod go,  
 a-lon, a banysshed man.

<sup>2</sup> nine in MS.—F.

## 18

[PUELLA.]

<sup>3</sup> Amonge *the* wilde dere, suche an archere,  
 as men say *that* ye be,  
 may not faylle of good vytaylle,  
 wher is so gret plente :  
 & water clere of *the* Rivere  
 shalle be fulle swete to me ;



you shold not ffaile ffor good vittaile  
 88 where is such great plentye ;  
 I'll drink water the water cleere within the riuer  
 shold be full sweete to me ;  
 I cold endure well, I am sure,<sup>a</sup>  
 92 in health as you may see ;  
 and provide a bed, & a bedd or 2, before I goe,  
 I will prouide anon ;  
 for I love but you alone." ffor in my minde,<sup>1</sup> aboue all mankind  
 96 I loue but you alone."

## 9

" Ah, but there's worse to do.  
 You must cut your hair, shorten your frock,  
 100 & your kirtle<sup>3</sup> aboue your knee,  
 ffor to withstand, with bow in hand,  
 your enemyes, if neede bee ;  
 ffor this same night, before it be day-light,  
 104 to the woods *that* I will flee ;  
 & if you will all this ffulfill,  
 doe itt as shortlye as you can,  
 or else I must to the greenwood goe  
 108 my selfe, a banished man."

with which in hele\* I shalle Right welle<sup>a</sup>  
 Endure, as ye shalle see ;  
 and, or we go, a bedde or two  
 I can provide anon ;  
 ffor, in my mynde, of alle mankynd  
 I love but you alone.

<sup>1</sup> ninde in MS.—F.

with bow in honde, for to withstonde  
 your enymyes, yf nede be :  
 & this same nyght, beffore day-light,  
 to wode-warde wille I flee.  
 yff *that* ye wille alle this ffulfille,  
 do it as shortly as ye can ;  
 Els wille I to the grenwode go,  
 alone, a banysshed man.

## 19

SQUIRE.

[leaf 212b]

<sup>2</sup> Loo yet, beffore, ye mvst do more,  
 yf ye wille goo with me :  
 as, cute your here vp by your ere,  
 your kyrtyll by your knee ;

<sup>3</sup> Kyrtle is not upper petticoat, but our  
 modern gown, a waist and petticoat. A  
 kyrtle and mantle completed a woman's  
 dress. *Crit. Rev.* Jan. 1795, p. 49.—  
 F.

\* Health.—F.



## 10

- <sup>1</sup> "Euen now," shee saies, "Ile doe more ffor you  
then belongs to woman-hood<sup>2</sup> ;  
Ile shorten my haire, a bow to beare,  
112 to shoote in time of neede.  
my owne deare mother ! aboue all other  
of you I haue much dread ;  
but yett, adew ! I must insue ;  
116 <sup>a</sup> such ffortune does me lead.  
therefore make you ready now  
as ffast as euer you can ; <sup>b</sup>  
ffor in my mind, of all mankind  
120 I loue but you alone."

"I'll go  
with you at  
once.

Dear mother,  
adieu !

My love,  
make ready !

I love but  
you alone."

## 11

- <sup>3</sup> "Noe, not soe, you shall not goe !  
ffor Ile tell you now as why :  
your habitt<sup>4</sup> itt is to be light,  
124 my loue, I will espye ;  
for likewise as you say to me,  
Likewise you shall ffind,<sup>c</sup>  
itt is told of old, 'soone hott, soone cold,  
128 and soe is a woman ;'  
therfore will I to the greenwood goe  
my selfe, a banished man."

"No, you  
shall not go.

Women  
change soon.

I'll go to the  
woods  
alone."

## 20

## PUELLA.

<sup>1</sup> I shalle as now do more for you  
than longith to womanhede ;  
to shorte myn here, a bowe to bere,  
to shote in tyme of nede.  
O my swete moder, beffore alle oder  
for you I have moste drede :  
but now, adewe ! I mvst ensue,  
<sup>a</sup> wher fortune doth me lede.  
alle this make ye : Now lat vs flee ;  
*the day commeth fast vpon ;* <sup>b</sup>  
ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynde  
I love but you a-lon.

<sup>2</sup> *heed* wanted, to rhyme with *neede*.  
—Dyce.

## 21

## SQUIRE.

<sup>3</sup> Nay, nay, not so ; ye shalle not go,  
& I shalle telle you whye,  
your appetite is to be light  
of love, I welle espye :  
for, like as ye haue said to me,  
In likewyse hardely <sup>c</sup>  
ye wolde answere who-so-euer it were,  
In way of Companye.  
It is said of olde, Son whot, sone colde ;  
& so is a woman.  
ffor I mvste to *the* grenwode goo,  
alone, a banysshed man.

<sup>4</sup> appetite.—P.



## 12

"You shall  
have no  
cause to say  
that of me.

132

"Giff you take heed, you doe not need  
soe ffarr to speake by mee;  
ffor I haue prayed, & long I haue sayd,  
before I loued *pardye*;  
& [though] *that* you [know] of *anceytrye* <sup>a</sup>  
a Barrons daughter I bee,  
& you haue proued how [I] haue loued <sup>b</sup>  
a squier <sup>2</sup> of a Low degree,  
& shall doe, whatsoeuer doth befall,  
to die with him anon;  
& in my mind, of all mankind  
I loue but you alone."

Haven't I, a  
baron's  
daughter,  
loved you,  
a poor  
squire?

136

And I'll die  
with you,  
I love but  
you alone."

140

## 13

"What! I,  
an outlaw,  
mate with a  
baron's  
daughter!

144

<sup>3</sup> "A Barrons child to be beguiled!  
*that* were a cursed deede.  
& to become ffellow with an outlaw!  
alimightye god fforbidd!

God forbid!

itt were better the pore Squier

148

himselſe to the fforrest yeede,  
then you shold say another day,

You'll  
reproach me  
with having  
betrayed  
you.

152

'by my accursed deede  
you were betraid.' therefore, good maide,  
the best way *that* I can,  
is, lett me vnto the fforrest goe  
my selfe, a banished man."

Let me go  
alone."

## 22

## PUELLA.

<sup>1</sup> yf ye take hede, it is no nede  
such wordis to say to me;  
ffor ofte ye prayd, and long assayed,  
Or I you loved, *pardè*:  
& thowgh that I of *avncetrye* <sup>a</sup>  
a barons dowghter be,  
yet haue ye proved how I ye loved, <sup>b</sup>  
a squyre of lowe degre;  
and ever shalle, what-so befalle;  
to dye therefor a-non;  
ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
I love but you a-lon.

<sup>2</sup> The MS. has four strokes for *ui*.—F.

## 23

## [SQUIRE.]

<sup>3</sup> A barons child to be begiled!  
It were a cursed dede!  
To be felowe with an owlawe!  
almyghty god forbede!  
yet better were, *the* pore squyer  
alon to foreste yede,  
than ye shuld say an-*other* day,  
that, by my cursèd Rede,  
ye were betrayde: Wherefor, good mayd,  
the best Rede *that* I can, [leaf 213]  
ys, *that* I to the grenwod go,  
alon, a banysshed man.



## 14

"Let this out-fall, I neuer shall  
 156 of *that* thing you vpbraid ;  
 but if you goe & leaue me soe,  
 then I am quite betraid.  
 Remember how *that* itt is,<sup>a</sup>  
 160 you are not as you said :  
 you are vnkind to leaue behind  
 your loue, the nutt-browne maid.  
 trust me, trulye I must dye  
 164 as soone as you are gone ;  
 for in my mind, of all mankind  
 I loue but you alone."

"Whatever  
 happens,  
 I'll never  
 upbraid you,  
 except you  
 leave me.

[page 422]

I am your  
 love, and  
 must die if  
 you go.

I love but  
 you alone."

## 15

2 "Why, but if you went, you wold repent ;  
 168 for in the fforrest now  
 I haue prouided me of a maid  
 whom I loue better then you ;  
 & ffairer then euer you were,  
 172 I dare this well auowe.  
 betw[i]xt you both I shold be wroth <sup>b</sup>  
 with eche other, as I trowe ;  
 itt is my ease to liue [in] peace ;  
 176 soe will I if I cann ;  
 ffor I will to the greenwood goe  
 my selfe, a banished man."

"But you'd  
 repent if you  
 did come ;

for I've got  
 there a  
 prettier  
 maid, whom  
 I love better  
 than you:

I'll go to the  
 woods  
 alone."

## 24

[PUELLA.]

What-*ever* befall*e*, I neuer shalle  
 of this thyng you owt-brayde ;  
 But yf ye go, & leue me so,  
 than haue ye me betrayde.  
 Remembre you welle, how *that* ye dele ;<sup>a</sup>  
 for, yf ye be as ye said,  
 ye were vnkynd, to leue me behynd,  
 your love, *the* Nutbrown mayde.  
 Truste [me] truly, *that* I shalle dye  
 sone after ye be gon ;  
 ffor, in my mynd, of all mankynd  
 I love but you alon.

## 25

SQUIRE.

2 If that you went, ye shuld Repent ;  
 for in *the* foreste nowe  
 I have purveyde me of a mayde,  
 whom I love more than you ;  
 an-*other* more fayre, than euer ye were,  
 I dare it welle avowe ;  
 and of you both, Eche wille be wroth <sup>b</sup>  
 with other, as I trowe.  
 It were myn eas to leue in peas ;  
 so wille I, yf I can ;  
 wherefor I wille to *the* grenwod goo,  
 alon, a banysshed man.



## 16

"Never  
mind,  
though you  
have a  
paramour,  
I still am  
yours.

I'll be soft  
and kind to  
her,

and be your  
second love,  
when you  
want one.  
I love you  
alone."

1 "Why, tho in the wood I vnderstood  
180 *that* you had a paramoure,  
yett all *that* right nought remoues my thought,  
for still I will be yours.  
shee shold me ffind both soft & kind,  
184 & curteous euery houre ;  
gladd *your* will for to ffulfill ;<sup>a</sup>  
comand me to my power.  
& if you haue a 100 more,  
188 of them I wold be one ;  
for in my mind, of all mankind  
I loue but you alone."

## 17

"Dear, true  
love!

Be glad,

believe not  
what I have  
said!

I am Lord  
Westmore-  
land's son,  
and not

2 "My owne deere loue ! I see and proue  
192 *that* you be kind and true !  
in maid & wiffe, in all my liffe  
the best *that* euer I knew !  
Be merry & glad, be no more sa[d],  
196 the case is altered now ;  
<sup>b</sup> be not dismaid [at] what I haue said  
to you since I begann.  
thus you haue woone the Erle of westmoreland sone,<sup>c</sup>  
200 & not a banished man."

## 26

[MAYD.]

1 Thowgh in *the* wode I vnderstode  
ye had a paramowre,  
alle this may nowght remeve my thowght,  
but *that* I wille be *your* :  
& she shalle me fynd softe and kynd,  
& Curteys euery owre ;  
Glad to fulfille alle *that* she wille,<sup>a</sup>  
Comaund me to my powere :  
ffor had ye, loo ! an hundreth mo,  
yet wolde I be that on ;  
ffor, in my mynd, of alle mankynd  
I love but you a-lon.

## 27

[SQUYRE.]

2 Myn own dere love ! I se *thee* proue  
*that* ye be kynde & trewe ;  
of mayde & wyf, In alle my lyff,  
the best that ever I knew.  
Be mery and glade ; be no more sade ;  
The case is chaunged newe ;  
for it were Rewth, *that* for your trewth,<sup>b</sup>  
*that* ye shuld have cawse to Rewe.  
be not dysmayde, what-so-euer I said  
to you, whan I be-gan ;  
I wille not to *the* grenwode go ;<sup>c</sup>  
I am no banysshed man.



## 18

1 "These tydings to me are gladder," shee saies,  
 "then tho I were a Queene,  
 If I were sure itt wold endure ;  
 204 but itt is often seene  
 men will break promise [tho] thé speake  
 words vpon the plaine.  
 you shape some wyle, me to beguile,  
 208 & steale ffrom me, I weene ;  
 then were the case worsse then euer itt was,  
 & I were woe-begon ;  
 for in my mind, of all mankinde  
 212 I loue but you alone."

a banished  
 man."  
 "I'm gladder  
 than if I  
 were Queen.

But are not  
 you beguil-  
 ing me ?

If you leave  
 me  
 I am lost ;

for I love  
 but you  
 alone."

## 19

2 "You shall not neede soe ffar to dreed,  
 ffor I will not disparishe <sup>3</sup>  
 [you, (God defend ! ) sith you descend  
 216 of so gret a linage ;]  
 for westmoreland, as I vnderstand,  
 itt is my owne heritage ;  
 I will thee bring in with a ringe ;  
 220 in way of Marryage  
 I will you take, and Ladye make,  
 as shortlye as euer I cann.

"No, truly,

Westmore-  
 land is mine.

I'll wed you

as soon as I  
 can.

## 28

## MAYD.

[leaf 213b]

1 Thes tydyngis be more gladder to me,  
 than to be made a quene,  
 yf I were sure they shuld endure :  
 but it is often seen,  
 when men wille breke promyse, they  
 speke  
 the wordis on the splene.\*  
 ye shape som wyle me to begile,  
 & stele from me, I wene :  
 than were the caas wors than it was,  
 & I more woo-be-gon :  
 ffor, In my mynd, of alle mankynd  
 I love but you alon.

## 29

## SQUIRE.

2 Ye shalle not nede further to drede ;  
 I wille not disparage †  
 you, (god defende ! ) Sith ye descende  
 of so gret a lynage.  
 Now vnderstond ; to Westmorelond,  
 which is myn herytage,  
 I wille you bryng ; & with a rynge  
 by way of maryage  
 I wille you take, & lady make,  
 as shortly as I can :  
 Than haue ye wonne an erles sonne,  
 & not a banysshed man.

\* On a sudden.—R. Bell.

† disparage. Arnolde.—F.



I'm not a  
banished  
man."

224

thus haue you woone the Erle of westmorelands  
sonne,<sup>1</sup>  
and not a banished man."

20

So you see  
women are  
true.  
Let not men  
reprove  
them.

228

<sup>2</sup> Heere you may see *that* women bee  
of loue meeke, kind, and stable.  
lett neuer men reproue them then,  
nor call them varyable,<sup>a</sup>  
but rather pray to god *that* they  
to men may be comfortable,  
*that* haue proued such as they loued,  
iff they be charitable.

232

Men want  
their love;

but I shall  
love God  
alone.

236

but men wold *that* women shold  
be kind to them eche one,  
yett I had rather, god to obay,  
& serue but him alone.<sup>3</sup>

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> sonme in MS.—F.

30

[AUTHOR.]

<sup>2</sup> Here may ye see, *that* women be  
In love, meke, kynd, & stable;  
latt never man Repreve them than,  
yf they be Charytable,<sup>a</sup>  
but Rather pray god *that* we may  
to them be comfortable;  
God sumtyme provith, such as he lovith,  
yf they be \* charytable.

for sith men wold *that* women shuld  
be meke to them echone;  
moche more awght they to god obey,  
and serue but hym alon.

Explicit, quod Richard Hille.

here endith *the* nutbrown mayd.

This last stanza is not in Prior's  
Edition.—P.

<sup>3</sup> From the concluding Words of this  
last stanza it should seem *that* the Author  
was a woman.—P.

\* MS. be be.—F.



The : rose of Englande : <sup>1</sup>

[page 423]

*Thomas.* Come hither, fiddler ;  
 What ballads are you seen in best ? Be short, Sir.  
*Fiddler.* Under your mastership's correction, I can sing  
 "The Duke of Norfolk," or "The merry ballad  
 Of Diverus and Lazarus," "*The Rose of England*,"  
 "In Crete when Dedimus first began,"  
 "Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry."  
*Thom.* Excellent !  
 Rare matters all !  
*Fid.* "Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter,"  
 "The Devil and ye Dainty Dames."  
*Thom.* Rare still !  
*Fid.* "The landing of the Spaniards at Bow,  
 With the bloody battle of Mile End."  
*Thom.* All excellent !

*Monsieur Thomas, act iii. sc. 3.*

THIS is one of the many pieces that compose the Bosworth Field and Stanley cycle. It relates in an allegorical manner how the Earl of Richmond returned to claim his right, and how he claimed it. There is some little confusion in this as in most other allegories ; for indeed, to speak the language of parables coherently and with consistence is a matter of no ordinary difficulty. Nor is the allegorical treatment always maintained ; the Rose suddenly becomes Earl Richmond. The piece is characterised by a certain vigour and earnestness. The writer gives himself up to his subject ; he feels that that is great and grand. No doubt he was some Lancashire or Cheshire man, a vehement admirer of the Stanleys. Percy says that the song was written in "Henry 8<sup>th</sup>'s lifetime." From the last stanzas it would

<sup>1</sup> An allegorical Song on the Landing & Victory of King Henry 7<sup>th</sup>, with the brave Conduct of the Bailiff of Shrews-

bury, written in Henry 8<sup>th</sup>'s lifetime.

N.B. This song is quoted in Beaum's Mons. Tho<sup>s</sup> p. 397.—P.



seem to have been written earlier—we should suspect before the execution of Sir William Stanley in 1495. But the present copy is, we may be sure, much modernised.

Vv. 57–90.—This incident is told, with additions, in “Dr. Taylor’s MS.” quoted *apud* Phillips’ *History and Antiquity of Shrewsbury*.

Thys yeare [runs the MS.] in the monthe of August 1485, Henry Earle of Rychemoonde came out of Bryttane towards England wyth a small companye & landyd at Mylford Haven in Wales nygh Pembroke the 7th daye of August, having help Inoughe in England & so marchyng forward being stayed at no place untill he came to the towne of Shrosberie, where the gates were shutt egainst by him, & the pullys let downe : so the Earle’s messengers came to the gate to say the Welsh gate, commandynge them to open the gates to theyre right Kynge, and Maister Myttoon made answeere being head bayley, & a stoute royste gentelman sayinge that he knew no kynge, but only Kynge Richard, whose lyffetenants he & hys fellows were ; & before he should enter there, he should goe ouer hys belly : meaninge thereby that he would be slayne to the grounde, and so to roon over hym before he entird, and that he protestyd vehementlye uppon the Othe he had tacken.

So the sayd Erle returnyd wyth hys companye backe agayne to a vylledge callyd Forton, 3 Myles and a halfe from Shrosberie, where he lay that night, & in the mornynge followynge there came Embassadors to speake with the Baylyff, requesting to passe quyetlye, and that the Erle theyre master dyd not meane to hurt the towne nor none therein, but to go to trye hys right, & that he promysed further that he would save his othe & hym & hys fellows harmless ; uppon thys they entered, and the sayd Mytton laye alonge the grounde, & hys belly upwardes, & soe the sayd Erl stepped over him & saved hys othe ; and so passing forthe & marching forward he came to Bosworth, whar the Battel was fought betwyxt hym & Kynge Richard, in which Kynge Richard was slayne.

The difficulty in which the poor mayor found himself placed was of course of no rare occurrence in a period when the occupancy of the throne was perpetually disturbed. It was of so common occurrence, that a statute was passed in the eleventh



year of Henry the Seventh's reign declaring that "subjects are bounden to serve their prince and sovereign lord *for the time being* in his wars for the defence of him and his land against every rebellion, power and might reared against him," and proceeding to enact that no person for the same "true service of allegiance" shall be "convict or attaint of high treason nor of other offences for that cause." The answer which the distressed official here makes is pretty much the same with that made by Herod under somewhat similar circumstances—made by him to Octavius after the fall of Antony, whose firm friend the Idumæan prince had been. (See *Jos. Ant.* xv. vi. 6; *Bell. Jud.* I. xx. 1.)

Vv. 107, 108.—Compare in Theocritus' account of the combat between Amycus and Pollux (ed. Ahrens):

ἔνθα πολὺς σφισι μόχθος ἐπειγομένοισιν ἐτύχθη,  
 ὁπότερος κατὰ νῶτα λάβοι φάος ἡελίοιο ·  
 ἰδρίη μέγα δ' ἄνδρα παρήλυθες, ᾧ Πολύδευκες,  
 βάλλετο δ' ἀκτίνεσσιν ἅπαν Ἀμύκοιο πρόσωπον.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>THROUGHOUT: a garden greene &amp; gay,<br/>         a seemlye sight itt was to see<br/>         how fflowers did flourish fresh and gay,<br/>         4 &amp; birds doe sing Melodiouslye</p> <p>in the midst of a garden there sprange<sup>1</sup> a tree<br/>         which tree was of a mickle price,<br/>         &amp; there vppon sprang the rose soe redd,<br/>         8 the goodlyest <i>that</i> euer sprange on rise.<sup>2</sup></p> <p>this rose was ffaire, ffresh to behold,<br/>         springing with many a royall Lance;<br/>         a crowned King, with a crowne of gold<br/>         12 ouer England, IreLand, and of ffrance.</p> | <p>In a gay garden,<br/><br/>grew gay flowers.</p> <p>and in the midst was a rose so red,<br/>(Edward V.)</p> <p>the King of England, Ireland, and France.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> this garden sprang.—P.

<sup>2</sup> bough.—F.



A Boar  
(Richard  
III.)  
came in and  
trampled  
it down,

then came in a beast men call a bore,<sup>1</sup>  
& he rooted this garden vpp and downe,<sup>2</sup>  
by the seede of the rose he sett noe store,  
16 but afterwards itt wore the crowne.

and buried  
its branches.

hee tooke the branches of this rose away,<sup>3</sup>  
and all in sunder did them teare ;  
& he buryed them vnder a clodd of clay,  
20 swore they shold neuer<sup>4</sup> bloome nor beare.

But an Eagle  
(Lord  
Derby)

bore the  
branch  
to its nest at  
Latham.

then came in an Egle gleaming gay,  
of all ffaire birds well worth the best ;  
he took the branche of the rose away,  
24 & bore itt to Latham<sup>5</sup> to his nest.

but now is this rose out of England exiled,  
this certaine truth I will not Laine<sup>6</sup> ;  
but if itt please you to sitt a while,  
28 Ile tell you how the rose came in againe.

And the Rose  
(Henry  
VII.)  
came in  
again at  
Milford,

att Milford hauen he entered in<sup>7</sup> ;  
to claime his right, was his delight ;  
he brought the blew bore in with him,  
32 to encounter with the bore soe white.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the stanza quoted in Mrs. Markham :

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog  
Ruled all England under the Hog."  
This poem, written by Wm. Col-  
lingborne, is quoted in Larwood's His-  
tory of Signboards, p. 116, where it says  
Richard III.'s cognisance was a *boar*,  
passant, *argent*. Blue Boar = Earl of  
Oxford. See *Hist. Signb.*, p. 116.—  
Skeat. The Earls of Oxford and Pem-  
broke were two of the chief commanders  
in Henry VII.'s army. The deeds of the  
latter (Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke,  
afterwards Duke of Bedford), and of the  
famous Sir Wm. Brandon, the Standard

Bearer, do not appear to be commemo-  
rated in this poem.—G. E. Adams.

<sup>2</sup> And there he rooted up and down.  
—P.

<sup>3</sup> clean away.—P.

<sup>4</sup> and . . . . ne'er.—P.

<sup>5</sup> See "Bosworth ffeilde," l. 347.—F.

<sup>6</sup> conceal.—P.

<sup>7</sup> See "Scotish ffeilde," l. 8, vol. i.  
p. 212 ; "Bosworth ffeilde," l. 50, below ;  
"Ladye Bessiye," below, l. 809.—F.

<sup>8</sup> The blue boar was borne by the  
Earl of Oxford, who is named in line 71.  
Richard III.'s cognisance was a boar  
passant, *argent*.—Skeat.



- the[n]<sup>1</sup> a messenger the rose did send  
 to the Egles nest, & bidd him hye ;  
 “ to my ffather<sup>2</sup> the old Egle I doe [me] comend,<sup>3</sup>  
 36 his aide and helpe I craue<sup>4</sup> speedylye.”
- saies, “ I desire my father att my<sup>5</sup> cominge  
 of men and<sup>6</sup> mony att my need,  
 & alsoe my mother of her deer blessing,  
 40 then better then I hope to speede.”
- & when the messenger came before<sup>7</sup> thold Egle,  
 he kneeled him downe vpon his knee,  
 saith, “ well greeteth you my Lord the rose,  
 44 he hath sent you greetings here by me.
- “ safe ffrom the seas Christ hath him<sup>8</sup> sent,  
 now he is entered England within.”  
 “ let vs thanke god,” the old Egle did say,  
 48 “ he shall be the fflower of all his kine !
- “ wend away, messenger, with might and maine ;  
 itt hard to know who a man may trust ;—  
 I hope the rose shall ffLOURISH againe,  
 52 & haue all things att his owne lust.”
- then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes wales with him :  
 a worthy sight itt was to see,  
 how the welchmen rose wholly with him,  
 56 & shogged<sup>9</sup> him to Shrewsburye.

and sent to  
ask

the old  
Eagle to  
help him

with men  
and money.

The Rose's  
messenger  
tells the old  
Eagle.

He thanks  
God,

and wishes  
the Rose God  
speed.

The Welsh-  
men carry  
the Rose  
to  
Shrewsbury,

<sup>1</sup> tho, or then.—P.

<sup>2</sup> send me the loue of the Lord  
Stanley!

he marryed my mother, a Lady  
bright.  
*Bosworth ffeilde*, l. 59-60, below.—F.

<sup>3</sup> we commend.—P.

<sup>4</sup> his aid I must crave.—P.

<sup>5</sup> I desire of my Father at my.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Both men &.—P.

<sup>7</sup> there.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Apparently altered from “mim” in  
MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> moved. See vol. i. p. 218, note 5.—  
F.



where  
Master  
Mitton is  
bailiff.

Att *that* time was baylye in<sup>1</sup> Shrewsburye  
one Master Mitton<sup>2</sup> in the towne.  
the gates were strong, & he mad them ffast,  
60 & the portcullis he lett downe;

Mitton  
declares no  
one shall  
enter,

& throug a garrett of the walls,  
ouer severne these words said hee,  
“att these gates no man enter shall.”  
64 but he kept him out a night & a day.<sup>3</sup>

but on  
getting  
orders  
from Sir  
William  
Stanley,

these words Mitton did<sup>4</sup> Erle Richmond tell;  
I am sure the Chronicles of this will not Lye;  
but when *lettres* came<sup>5</sup> from Sir William Stanley of  
the holt castle,  
68 then the gates were opened *presentlye*.

lets in the  
Red Rose,

who stops  
Lord Oxford  
killing him.

then entred this towne the noble Lord  
the Erle Richmond, the<sup>6</sup> rose soe redd,  
the Erle of Oxford with a sword  
72 wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.

“but hold *your* hand,” saies Erle Richmond,  
“ffor his loue *that* dyed vpon a tree!  
ffor if wee begin to head<sup>7</sup> so soone, [page 424]  
76 in England wee shall beare no degree.”

Richmond  
asks Mitton  
why he  
opposed  
him?

“Because  
Richard is  
my king.”

“what offence haue I made thee,” sayd Erle  
Richmonde,  
“*that* thou Kept me out of my towne?”  
“I know no King,” sayd Mitton then,  
80 “but Richard now *that* weares the crowne.”

<sup>1</sup> of.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Maister Mitton.—P.

<sup>3</sup> be kept out by night or day.—P.  
The man misses the whole point of the  
story: the Mayor said, I have sworn that  
no one shall enter this town except *over*  
*my body*: on which Henry proposed that

he should lie down and let him step over  
him; which he did.—Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> he did.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *cane* in MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> that.—P.

<sup>7</sup> A.-S. *heáfðian*, to behead.—F.



“why, what wilt thou say,” said Erle Richmonde,  
 “when I haue put *King* Richard downe?”  
 “why, then Ile be as true to you, my Lord,  
 84 after the time *that* I am sworne.”

“But when  
 I put  
 Richard  
 down?”

“Why then  
 I’ll be true  
 to you.”

“were itt not great pittie,” sayd<sup>1</sup> Erle Richmond,  
 “*that* such a man as this shold dye?”  
 such Loyall service by him done,  
 88 the cronickles of this will not Lye.<sup>2</sup>

“thou shalt not be harmed in any case.”  
 he pardone[d] him presentlye.  
 they stayd not past a night & a day,<sup>3</sup>  
 92 but towards newport<sup>4</sup> did they hye.

So Mitton  
 is pardoned.

but<sup>5</sup> [at] Attherston these Lords did meete;  
 a worthy sight itt was to see,  
 how Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,  
 96 & said, “Cheshire & Lancashire, welcome to me.”

Cheshire and  
 Lancashire  
 back  
 the Rose,

but now is a bird<sup>6</sup> of the Egle taken<sup>7</sup>;  
 ffrom the white bore he cannot ffliee.  
 therfore the old Egle<sup>8</sup> makes great moane,  
 100 & prayes to god most certainly:

but the  
 young Eagle  
 is taken,

and the old  
 one prays  
 God

“O stedfast god, verament,” he did say—  
 “3 persons in one god in Trinytye!  
 saue my sonne, the young Egle, this day  
 104 ffrom all ffalse craft & trecherye!”

to save his  
 son.

<sup>1</sup> the, or Richmond said.—P.

<sup>2</sup> will not belye.—P.

<sup>3</sup> In the wyle cop, Shrewsbury, is an old house, lately a tinman’s shop (and, perhaps, it is so still) where either *Henry* VII. or *Richard* III. is said to have lodged not long before the battle of Bosworth.—Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> Newport in Shropshire.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Qu. At, or perhaps about.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Lord Strange, the eldest son of Lord Stanley.—G. E. A.

<sup>7</sup> tane.—P.

<sup>8</sup> Lord Stanley, afterwards made Earl of Derby.—G. E. A.



The blue  
Boar (Lord  
Oxford)  
leads the  
van ;

then the blew bore <sup>1</sup> the vanward had :  
he was both warry and wise of witt ;  
the right hand of them he tooke,  
108 the sunn & wind of them to gett.

the Eagle,

then the Egle ffollowed fast vpon his pray ;  
with <sup>2</sup> sore dints he did them smyte.

Talbot,  
Unicorn,

the Talbott <sup>3</sup> he bitt wonderous sore,  
112 soe well the vnicorne <sup>4</sup> did him quite.

Hart's head,

& then came in the harts head <sup>5</sup> ;  
a worthy sight itt was to see,

white-and-  
red-jackets,  
fight,

they Iacketts *that* were of white & redd,  
116 how they Laid about them lustilye.

and win the  
day.  
The white  
Boar  
(Richard  
III.) is slain.

but now is the ffeirce ffeeld foughten & ended,  
& the white bore there Lyeth slaine ;  
& the young Egle is preserued,  
120 & come to <sup>6</sup> his nest againe.

The garden  
flourishes.

but now this garden flourishes ffreshly & gay,  
with ffragrant fflowers comely of hew ;  
& gardners itt doth maintaine ;  
124 I hope they will proue Iust & true.

Our King is  
the Rose.

our *King*, he is the rose soe redd,  
*that* now does flourish ffresh and gay.

God love  
him !

Confound his ffoes, Lord, wee beseeche,  
128 & loue his grace both night & day !      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> The badge of John, Earl of Oxford.  
—G. E. Adams.

<sup>2</sup> And with.—P.

<sup>3</sup> The Talbot was the badge of the family of Talbot, Earls of Shrewsbury. The person referred to is doubtless *Sir Gilbert Talbot* of Grafton (uncle of the 4th Earl, then a minor), who commanded the right wing of Henry's army.—G.E.A.

<sup>4</sup> The unicorn's head was the crest of Sir John Savage of Rock Savage, co. Chester, one of Henry's principal commanders at Bosworth.—G. E. A.

<sup>5</sup> Probably alluding to those in the arms of Sir Wm. Stanley (the brother to Lord Stanley), who had the rearguard.—G. E. A.

<sup>6</sup> unto.—P.



### The pore man & the Kinge :

THIS is a Kent version of the ballad which Martin Parker issued as a Northumberland one in 1640, with the title "*The King and a poore Northerne Man*. Shewing how a poore Northumberland man, a tenant to the King, being wronged by a Lawyer (his neighbour), went to the King himself to make knowne his grievances. Full of simple mirth and merry plaine jests." The Percy Society reprinted this in 1841, Mr. Collier editing; and Mr. Hazlitt reprinted it in 1866 in his *Early Popular Poetry*, vol. iv. p. 290. The Folio ballad differs from Parker's, not only in place, but in some of the incidents, and much in the wording. Its existence (coupled with that of the *King & Northern Man*, printed by W. O[nley] noticed by Mr. Collier,) confirms the suggestion of that editor, which Mr. Hazlitt states thus: "The strict claim of Martin Parker to the original authorship of this production may be open to question. Perhaps he merely modernized what he found already in print, but too antique to please the delicate palates of the customers for such articles in his day, and upon the strength of this attached his initials, which, as will be seen, occur at the conclusion of the tract." The second edition of it was in 1673, black letter, eleven leaves; and there is a copy of it in the British Museum. (Hazlitt.)

Lawyers have always been reckoned poor men's foes. And the reason is not far to seek. As a gamekeeper said to a solicitor I know, who had grumbled at the dogs out shooting, and then got regularly hooked up by some brambles, "We call them 'ere *lawyers* down here, we do. When they once gets hold of 'ee, they don't let 'ee go without takin' a bit out of 'ee." The



profession has not the credit of working at law for nothing, whatever it may do at Early English, &c. &c. Langland says in his *Vision* (p. 5, l. 849, Vernon Text, ed. Skeat):

þer houep an Hundret · in Houues of selk,  
 Seriauns hit semeþ · to seruen atte Barre;  
 Pleden for pons · and poundes þe lawe,  
 Not for loue of vr lord · vn-loseþ heore lippes ones.  
 þow mihtest beter meten þe Myst · on Maluerne hulles,  
 þen geten a Mom of heore Mouþ · til moneye weore schewed.

The rebels under Wat Tyler “killed such judges and lawyers as fell into their hands” (*Macfarlane*, iv. 183); and the Scotch proverbs—“Law licks up a’,” “Nae plea is the best plea,” “Law’s costly; tak a pint and gree,” &c. (*Hislop*, p. 308)—bear witness to the general modern feeling on the subject.

The punishment of a rapacious lawyer has always been a popular theme, and the present ballad tells how a poor man who dwelled in Kent paid out the lawyer who tried to fleece him. He went to his king—the popular remedy for men alone, as ballads and stories show; the popular remedy for crowds, as Wat Tyler’s rebellion shows—and begged to be let off the forfeiture of his lease that his felling five of his landlord’s, the king’s, ash trees to build his house with had worked, and of which forfeiture the lawyer wanted to take advantage. Needless to say that the king forgives his Kentish man,—a worthy descendant of those who stood up against William the Conqueror for their rights,—and, to punish the lawyer in a way that all may understand, bids the poor man,

untill hee haue paid thee a 100<sup>li</sup>  
 thoust tye him to a tree that hee cannott start.

This the poor man threatens to do; but the lawyer pays down his money, and the ballad concludes:

God send all Lawyers thus well served!  
 then may pore ffarmers liue in rest.

The poem also gives rise to another set of scenes like those we



have seen in the *Kinge and Miller* and *John de Reeve*, on the countryman's coming to court. To those who "coude their curtesye," and were full of the flunkeyish respect of persons that characterises courtiers, it must have been a joke to see a proud porter rapped on the crown by the country clown, a nobleman offered fourpence for an introduction to the king, and the dread incarnation of majesty himself told that he was a very poor-looking fellow for a sovereign, and his grand feast only—

. . . . . twatling dishes soe small :  
zounds ! a blacke pudding is better then all !  
(vol. i. p. 156.)

On the general subject Mr. Hales's Introduction to the *King and Miller*, vol. i. pp. 147–8, should be consulted.—F.

ITT : was a pore man, he dwelled in Kent,  
he payd our King 5<sup>d</sup> of rent ;

A poor man  
holds land of  
the King.

& there is a lawyer dwelt him by,  
4 a ffault in his [lease,<sup>1</sup>] god wott ! he hath ffound,  
" & all was for ffalling of 5 ashe trees  
to build me a house of my owne good ground.

A lawyer  
says he has  
forfeited his  
lease by  
cutting five  
ash trees.

" I bidd him lett me & my ground alone <sup>2</sup> ;  
8 to cease his selfe, if he was willinge,  
& pike no vantages out of his <sup>3</sup> lease ;  
& hee seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40<sup>s</sup>4<sup>''</sup> to keep  
quiet.

He offers the  
lawyer 40s.

[ " 40<sup>s</sup> nor 40<sup>li</sup>  
12 wold not agree this lawer and mee,  
without I wold giue him of my farme ground,  
& stand to his good curtesye.<sup>5</sup> ]

The lawyer  
demands  
some of his  
land.

<sup>1</sup> lease.—P. See line 9.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. alome. *him* is *hem* with the *e* dotted.—F.

<sup>3</sup> my.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Read 40 shillings.—Skeat.

<sup>5</sup> These are lines 147–50 below.—F.



He then  
offers  
5 marks;

“ he <sup>1</sup> said, “ nay, by his fay, *that* hee wold not doe,  
16 ffor wiffe and children wold make madd warke,  
but & he wold lett him and his ground alone,  
he seemed a good ffellow, he wold giue him 5 marke.” <sup>2</sup>

but the  
lawyer  
refuses that  
too.

So the poor  
man resolves  
to go to the  
King.

“ he said, “ nay by his ffay, *that* wold he not doe,  
20 ffor 5 good ash trees *that* he ffell.”  
“ then Ile doe as neighbors haue put me in head,  
Ile make a submission to the *King* my-selfe.”

by [that] he had gone a dayes iourney,  
24 one of his neighbors he did spye,  
“ Neibor ! how ffar haue I to our King ? [page 425]  
I am going towards him as ffast as I can hye.”

“ alas ! to-day,” said his neighbour,  
28 ittts ffor you I make all this mone.  
you may talke of *that* time enoughe  
by *that* tenn daies Iourney you haue gone.”

He gets to  
London,

oversleeps  
himself,

but when he came to London street,  
32 for an host house he did call.  
he Lay soe longe othe tother morninge a-sleepe,  
*that* the court was remoued to winsor hall.

and is told  
he must go  
on to  
Windsor;

“ arrise, my guest, you haue great neede ;  
36 you haue Lyen too long euen by a great while ;  
the court is Remoued to winsor this morning ;  
hee is ffurther to seeke by 20 mile.

“ alacke to-day ! ” quoth the poore man,  
40 “ I thinke your *King* att me gott witt ;  
had he knowen of my cominge,  
I thinke he wold haue tarryed yett.”

<sup>1</sup> The poor man speaks of himself in the third person ; or else *he* and *hee* are

miscopied for the *I* of line 154.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. narke.—F.



“ he ffoled not for you,” then said his host,  
 44 “ but hye you to windsor as fast as you may ;  
 & all your costs & your charges,  
 haue you no doubt but the *King* will pay.”

the King  
will pay his  
expenses.

he hath gotten a gray russett gowne on his backe,  
 48 & a hood well buckeled vnder his chin,  
 & a longe staffe vpon his necke,  
 & he is to windsor to our Kinge.

soe when hee came to windsor hall,  
 52 the gates were shutt as he there stood ;  
 he knocket and poled with a great Long staffe :  
 the porter had thought hee had beene woode.

So he goes to  
Windsor  
Hall,

knocks at  
the gates,

he knocket againe with might & maine,  
 56 sais, “ hey hoe ! is our *King* within ? ”  
 with *that* he proffered a great reward,  
 a single penny, to lett him come in.

and offers  
the porter a  
penny to let  
him in.

“ I thanke you, Sir,” quoth the porter then,  
 60 “ the reward is soe great I cannott say nay ;  
 there is a noble-man standing by,  
 ffirst Ile goe heare what hee will say.”

The porter

fetches a  
nobleman,

the nobleman then came to the gates,  
 64 & asked him what his busines might bee :  
 “ nay, soft,” quoth the ffellow, “ I tell thee not yett,  
 before I doe the *King* himselfe see ;

who asks  
the man  
what his  
business is.

“ I’ll tell the  
King myself.

itt was told me ere I came ffrom home,  
 68 *that* gentlemens hounds eaten arrands by the way,  
 & pore curr doggs may eate mine <sup>1</sup> ;  
 therfore I meane my owne arrands <sup>2</sup> to say.”  
 “ but & thou come in,” saies the Porter then,  
 72 “ thy bumble staffe behind wee must stay.”

Messengers  
often  
swallow  
their  
errands.”

“ Leave your  
staff, then.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. nine.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. arrand, with a tag to the *d*.—F.



"No, I  
shan't;

the court  
bankrupts  
may rob  
me."

"beshrow the, Lyar," then said the pore man,  
"then may thou terme me a foole, or a worsse;  
I know not what bankrouths bee about our *King*,  
76 for lacke of mony wold take my pursse."

"hold him backe," then said the noble-man,  
"& more of his speech wee will haue soone;  
Ile see how hee can answer the matter  
80 as soone as the match att bowles is done."

The poor  
man is led  
to a noble-  
man,

the porter tooke the pore man by the hand,  
& ledd him before the noble-man:  
he kneeled downe vpon his knees,  
84 & these words to him sayd then:

whom he  
first takes  
for the King,

"& you be *Sir King*," then said the pore man,  
"you are the goodlyest ffellow *that* euer I see;  
you haue soe many I[i]ngles Iangles about yee,  
88 I neuer see man weare but yee."

and then  
offers 4*d.* to  
bring him to  
the King.

"I am not the *King*," the Nobleman said,  
"although I weare now a proud cote."  
"& you be not *King*, & youle bring me to him,  
92 ffor your reward Ile giue you a groat."

The noble-  
man says  
he'll ask the  
King;

"I thanke you, *Sir*," saith the Noble-man,  
"your reward is soe great, I cannott say nay;  
Ile ffirst goe know our *Kings* pleasure;  
96 till I come againe, be sure *that* you stay."  
"here is such a staring," said the pore man,  
"I thinke the *King* is better heere then in our  
countrie;

I cold haue gone to ffarthest nooke in the house,  
100 Neither Ladd nor man to haue troubled mee." [page 426]

does so;

the noble-man went before our Kinge,  
soe well hee knew his curtesye,  
"there is one of the rankest clownes att your gates  
104 *that* euer Englishman did see.



“he calles them knaues *your* hignes keepe,  
 with-all hee calls them somewhatt worsse,  
 he dare not come in without a longe staffe,  
 108 hees ffeard lest some bankrout shold pike his pursse.”

“lett him come in,” then said our King,  
 “lett him come in, and his staffe too ;  
 weele see how he can answer euery matter  
 112 now the match att bowles is done.<sup>1</sup>”

and the  
 King  
 answers “let  
 him come  
 in.”

the Noble-man tooke the pore man by the hand,  
 & led him through chambers and galleryes hye :  
 “what does our *King* with soe many empty houses,  
 116 & garres them not ffilled with corne and hay ?”

The poor  
 man

asks why  
 the King  
 doesn't  
 fill his  
 empty  
 rooms with  
 corn and  
 hay,

& as they went through one alley,  
 the nobleman soone the *King* did spye ;  
 “yond is the *King*,” the noble-man sayd,  
 120 “looke thee, good ffellow, yond hee goes by !”

“belike hee is some vnthrifft,” said the pore man,  
 “& he hath made some of his clothes away.”  
 “now hold thy tounge,” said the Nobleman,  
 124 “& take good heed what thou dost say.”

and on being  
 shown  
 the King,  
 won't  
 believe it is  
 he,

the weather itt was exceeding hott,  
 & our *King* hath Laid some of his clothes away ;

& when the noble-man came before our *King*,  
 128 soe well hee knew his curtesie,  
 the pore man ffollowed after him,  
 gaue a nodd with his head, & a becke with his  
 knee :

“& if you be the king,” then said the pore man,  
 132 “as I can hardly thinke you bee,  
 this goodly ffellow *that* brought me hither,  
 seemes liker to be a *King* then yee.”

and tells  
 him the  
 nobleman  
 looks more  
 like a king  
 than he  
 does.

<sup>1</sup> doo.—Dyce.



But the  
King says he  
is king,

136

"I am the *King*, & the *King* indeede ;  
lett me thy matter vnderstand."

and the poor  
man tells  
him how  
the lawyer,

then the pore man ffell downe on his knees :

"I am your tennant on your owne good Land,

140

" & there is a Lawyer dwells me by,  
a ffault in my lease, god wott, hee hath found,  
& all is for ffelling of 5 ashe trees  
to build me a house in my owne good ground.

because he  
has cut  
down 5 ash  
trees,

144

"I bade him lett me & my ground alone,  
& cease himselfe, if *that* hee was willing,  
& pike no vantage out of my Lease ;  
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 40<sup>s</sup>·

wants to  
make him  
forfeit his  
lease,

148

" 40<sup>s</sup> nor 40<sup>li</sup>·  
wold not agree this lawer and mee,<sup>1</sup>  
without I wold giue him of my farme ground,  
& stand to his good curtesye.

unless he'll  
give up  
some of his  
land.

152

"I said, ' nay, by fay, *that* wold I not doe ;  
ffor wiffe & children wold make madd warke ;  
& hee wold lett me & my ground alone,  
he seemed a good ffellow, I wold giue him 5 marke.' "

"Have you  
your lease?"  
says the  
King.

156

"but hast thou thy Lease eene thee vppon,  
or canst thou shew to mee thy deede ? "  
he pulled itt fforth of his bosome,  
& saies, " heere my Leege, if you cann reeade."

"Here it is  
if you can  
read it."

"What if I  
can't ? "

160

"what if I cannott ? " then sayes our *King*,  
"good ffellow, to mee what hast thou to say ? "  
"I haue a boy att home, but 13 yeere old,  
will reede itt as ffale gast as young by the way."

"My boy of  
13 can."

<sup>1</sup> Lines 147 and 148 are written as one in the MS.—F.



- “ I can neuer gett these knotts Loose,” then said our  
King ;
- 164 hee gaue itt a gentleman stood him hard by.  
“ *thats* a proud horsse,” then said the pore man,  
“ *that* will not carry his owne prouentye ;
- “ & yee paid me 5<sup>s</sup> rent as I doe yee,  
168 I wold not be to proud to loose a knott ;  
but giuet me againe, & Ile loose itt for ye,  
soe *that* in my rent youle bate mee a groate.”
- an<sup>1</sup> old man tooke this Lease in his hande,  
172 & the Kings maiesty stooode soe,  
“ Ile warrant thee, pore man, & thy ground,  
if<sup>2</sup> thou had ffallen 5 ashes more.<sup>3</sup> ”
- “ Alas to-day ! ” then said the pore man,  
176 “ now hold your tonge,<sup>4</sup> & trouble not mee ;  
hee *that* troubles me this day with this matter,  
Cares neither for your warrantts, you, nor mee.”
- “ Ile make thee attachment, ffoole,” hee sayes, [page 427]  
180 “ *that* all *that* sees itt shall take thy part.  
vntill hee haue paid thee a 100<sup>li</sup>  
thoust tye him to a tree *that* hee cannott start.”
- “ I thanke you, Sir,” said the poreman then :  
184 “ about this Matter, sith you haue beene willinge,  
& seemed to doe the best you cann,  
with all my heart Ile giue you a shillinge.”
- “ a plauge on thy knaues hart ! ” then said our King,  
188 “ this mony on my skin<sup>5</sup> Lyes soe cold.”  
he fflang itt into the Kings Bossome,  
because in his hand he wold itt not hold.

“ I can't  
read it,”  
says the  
King.

“ More  
shame to  
you,” says  
the poor  
man ;

“ I'll read it  
for you if  
you'll let me  
off 4*d*. rent ! ”

The King  
tells him  
he'll war-  
rant him his  
ground.

“ Warrant !  
the lawyer  
don't care  
for you or  
your war-  
rants.”

“ Well  
then,” says  
the King,  
“ tie the  
lawyer up to  
a tree till he  
pays you  
100*l*.”

“ Thank  
you, that'll  
do,

and I'll give  
you 1*s*.”

which he  
throws into  
the King's  
bosom.

<sup>1</sup> the.—F.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. even if.—Skeat.

<sup>3</sup> moe.—Dyce.

<sup>4</sup> Another letter blotched with *e* follows  
in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> MS. skim.—F.



The King  
gives him  
100*l*.

the *King* called his tresurer,  
192 saies “count me downe a 100*l*—  
since he hath spent mony by the way,—  
to bring him home to his owne good ground.”

when the 100*l* was counted,  
196 to receiue itt the pore man was willing :  
“if I had thought you had had soe much siluer &  
gold,  
you shold not haue had my good shilling.”

When the  
poor man  
comes  
home,  
the lawyer  
asks him  
where he  
has been.

the Lawyer came to welcome him  
200 when hee came home vppon a sunday :  
“where haue you beene, Neihbor ? ” hee sayes,  
“methinkes you haue beene long away.”

“To the  
King,

“I haue beene att the *King*,” the poore man said.  
204 “& what the deuill didest thou doe there ?  
cold not our neihbors haue agreeede vs,  
but thou must goe soe ffarr ffrom heere ? ”

who's told  
me to tie you  
up till you  
pay me  
100*l*.”

“there cold no neighbors haue agreed thee & me,  
208 nor halfe soe well haue pleased my hart ;  
vntill thou haue payd mee a 100*l*,  
Ile tye thee to a tree, thou cannott start.”

The lawyer  
pays the  
money.

when the 100*l* was counted,  
212 to receiue itt the poreman was most willing ;  
& for the paines in the Law hee had taken,  
hee wold not giue him againe one shilling.”

May God  
serve all  
lawyers so,

and let us  
live in  
peace

god send all Lawyers thus well serued !  
216 then <sup>1</sup> may pore ffarmers liue in rest.<sup>2</sup>  
god blesse & saue our noble Kinge,  
& send vs all to liue in peace !                      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> MS. them.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ease.—Dyce.



### Sir : John Butler :

IN a "Booke of Survey of the Baronye of Warinton in the countie of Lancaster, Parcell of the possessions of the Right Honorable Robert Erle of Leicester, baron of Denbigh," as taken on the 19th of April in the twenty-ninth year of "our Sovereign Queen Ladye Elizabeth" (1587) we find the following description of Bewsey Hall :

The Mannerhowse of Bewsey is situate on the west side of the Town and Lordship of Warrington, and is a mile distant from Warrington Town, and is the South East side of Bewsey Park. The house is environed with a fair mote, over which is a strong draw-bridge. The house is large, but the one half of it being of very old building, is gone to decay, that is to say, the Hall, the Old Buttery, the Pantry, Cellars, Kitchen, Dayhouse and Brewhouse, which can not be sufficiently repaired again without the charge of 100*l*. The other half is of new building and not decayed, being one great chamber, four other chambers or buildings, a kitchen, a buttery, and also three chambers and a parlour of the old building are in good repair. There is also an old chapel, but much decayed. The seat of the manorhouse with the garden and all the rest of the grounds within the mote containeth 3 roods 20 perches. . . .

The park is three measured miles about ; almost the one half of it is full of little tall oaks, but not underwood. It is indifferent well paled about. There is in it little above six score deer of all sorts ; the soil of the park is very barren.

The park and demesne lands together contained 304 acres large measure = 644 statute.

The family of Botyller, Boteler, and many other variations of spelling, becoming Butler in the reign of Henry VII., was seated at Warrington in the time of Henry III. A William Butler was then in ward to Earl Ferrars, and sometime about 1240



bought the manor of Burtonwood from Robert de Ferrariis.<sup>1</sup> Here he built Bewsey Hall, and thereafter took the style of Butler of Bewsey instead of Butler of Warrington.

It is not intended to go into the family history of the Butlers. As lords of various manors held *in capite*, they had to lead their retainers in the Welsh and Scotch wars; and Froissart has a characteristic narrative of the rescue of John Butler of Bewsey by Sir Walter Manny in the French campaign in 1342.<sup>2</sup> This seems to have been the prosperous time of the family. A priory of Hermit Friars of St. Augustin in Warrington was probably founded by them towards the close of the thirteenth century. The chancel of the parish church dates about 1360. Sir John Butler rebuilt Warrington Bridge, which had been washed away by floods, 1364. He seems also to have founded the Butler Chantry in the church.<sup>3</sup> His grandson, another Sir John, died about 1432, leaving a son a year old, and a widow Isabella, whose petition to Parliament may be seen in the Rotuli Parliamentorum.<sup>4</sup>

Seven years after her husband's death she was forcibly carried away from Bewsey Hall by one William Poole, gent. of Liverpool, "in her kirtle and smok" to Birkenhead—another petition says the wild parts of Wales—and there compelled to enter into a forced marriage. What the end of it was we are not told, but her son John grew up and married, first Anne Savile, and secondly Margaret Stanley, sister of the first Lord Stanley, and widow of Sir Thomas Troutbeck. Here we come into much entanglement. Some accounts make Lady Margaret the wife of Troutbeck after her marriage with Lord Grey. Sir John Butler had two sons—William by Anne Savile, and Thomas by Margaret Stanley. William died about the time of his coming of age, and Thomas finally succeeded as heir in the year 1482. Sir John died in 1462, and he seems to have been the hero of the ballad, of the

<sup>1</sup> Gent. Mag. Dec. 1863, p. 755.

<sup>2</sup> Froissart, vol. ii. p. 9, cap. 86.

<sup>3</sup> Lancashire Chantries. (*Cheth. Soc.*), p. 67.

<sup>4</sup> Rot. Parl. iv. 497-8.



traditions of the neighbourhood, and of the narrative of Dods-worth.

The Old Church, as it is always called by the inhabitants, the High Church of Warrington as named in the ancient charters, seems even then to have lost the name of the saint to whom it was dedicated—St. Elphin—in Domesday Book. It has been rebuilt within the last few years, and consisted then (1860) of a nave, north and south transepts (private chapels), chancel and central tower. The chancel and tower arches were good decorated work of about 1360. The north transept was the chapel connected with Bewsey Hall, and had the name of the owners—the Athertons. In the sixteenth century it was the Butler Chapel or Chantry. It contained in the centre a magnificent altar tomb, apparently of the time of Edward IV., which still exists.<sup>1</sup> The LORD and LADY are recumbent, life-size, he in armour, and the sides of the tomb are ornamented with statuettes in relief of various saints, but there is no inscription, nor any appearance of there ever having been one. In an arch in the north wall of the chapel was a monument, in black marble, of a recumbent female; and to the east of this, in the position usually ascribed to the founder, was a cinquefoiled arch which held a stone coffin, the contents of which had disappeared before the chapel was pulled down. This chapel, except the cinquefoiled arch, was of late perpendicular work, and most likely built by the widow of Sir Thomas Butler 1520–30. The name of the Butlers had vanished from their resting place, but the memory of the lord and lady and their unfortunate end was handed down from generation to generation in connection with this monument, no doubt receiving additions or suffering mutilation according to circumstances.

The tale, as generally told, was that certain of the lord's enemies bribed his steward, and that the faithless servant placed

<sup>1</sup> The whole of the chapel has been pulled down, but the tombs have been preserved: the only part of the old pile left is the chancel.



a light at a window over the hall door, to give notice to the assassins, who crossed the mote and found the door open. They made their way to the lord's chamber, and were met and opposed by a negro servant, who fell in defence of his master, whose murder soon followed. The heir, a baby, was carried by the nurse in her apron, covered with chips, out of the house, under the pretence that she was going to light a fire. Two large dark patches on the oaken floors, one in a narrow passage leading to the lord's room, the other within the room, near the door, were left as evidence to all following time, and it was said that every room on that floor, the second, was more or less stained with blood.

A new servant had always to get accustomed to the visits of an apparition, a rattling of chains along the narrow lobby, and three raps at the bedroom door at midnight, till use made the thing pass as a matter of course. The traitor steward was promised great exaltation, and they hanged him on an oak as they came away through the park. A tree pointed out as the *infelix arbor* was cut down some forty years ago.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the tale sixty years ago. It had, perhaps, been modified by being introduced as an episode in a poem published with Dodsworth's account in 1796, the first effort of the author of the interminable epic *Alfred*—Mr. John Fitchett. Pennant, who travelled after the middle of last century, heard that both the lord and lady were slain; and a century before that, Roger Dodsworth had taken the pains to put in writing what he had heard, and his narrative is still in the Bodleian Library.

Dodsworth's account is as follows:—When King Henry VII. came to Latham, the Earl of Derby sent to Sir John Butler, who was his brother-in-law, to desire him to wear his cloth for a

<sup>1</sup> This tree was certainly not so old as the time of Elizabeth. As an attendant spirit (on the domain however, more than its lords) was a white rabbit, which

made its appearance when trouble or change was impending; it is said to have been seen within the present century.



time—a request which the Lady Butler answered with great disdain. This gave rise to great malice on the part of the Earl, which was increased by various other matters, till, with the assistance of Sir Piers Legh and William Savage, they corrupted his servants and murdered him in his bed. His lady, who was in London, dreamed that night that Bewsey Hall swam with blood. She indicted twenty men for the murder; but after marrying Lord Grey, he made her suit void. Upon which she left him and came back into Lancashire, and said, ‘If my lord will not help me, that I may have my will of mine enemies, yet my body shall be buried by him,’ and caused a tomb of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth upon the right hand of her husband Sir John Butler. The faithful servant was the chamberlain named Holcroft, and the traitor was his brother; the porter at the hall, whom the assassins hanged in the park.

Dodsworth’s tale, no doubt, represents the tradition as it existed in the middle of the seventeenth century, but it is altogether at variance with facts. During the whole of the reign of Henry VII. the lord of Bewsey was Sir Thomas Butler, who succeeded (as already stated) to the estate in 1482, and died in 1522. He certainly went quietly to his rest, after providing amply for the foundation of a grammar school in Warrington. His father, Sir John, according to the *Inquisitio Post Mortem* still extant in the Bodleian Library, died in 1463, leaving besides Thomas, who succeeded, a brother William, ten or twelve years older. They were wards to the king, and the younger one is said to have been of the Stanley blood; in fact, there are documents still in existence showing the interest Lord Stanley and his son Lord Strange took in the latter just before the battle of Bosworth Field.<sup>1</sup> But not a tittle of evidence has turned up to show that there was any murder at all. The record of the outrage on the previous Lady Butler is given in the ROTULI PARLIAMENTORUM,

<sup>1</sup> Gent. Mag. Sept. 1663.



but every thing connected with the murder of the last Sir John seems to have vanished like Macbeth's witches. There had certainly been bad blood between the Leghs and Butlers for some generations, which continued for two or three generations after; and this Sir Piers Legh of the tale is said to have been compelled to build a church at Dishley, near Lyme, to expiate the guilt he had incurred in the bloodshed. His monumental brass, where he is represented as wearing a priest's robes over his armour, is still to be seen in Winwick Church; and as he died in 1527, aged 65, he could only have been an infant at the date of Butler's death. It seems out of the question to connect Lord Stanley, Butler's brother-in-law, with it; and nothing is known about William Savage. As to the blood-marks, that portion of Bewsey Hall is not older than the sixteenth century, and was most likely the part described in the "Surveye" as having been then newly built, so that we meet only with phantom evidence, which we can neither grasp nor realise.

Whether the Lord Grey was of Codnor, of Groby, or de Ferrariis is uncertain; and it is doubtful whether Lady Margaret Butler was the widow of Troutbeck when she married Sir John, or whether, as another account states, she married Troutbeck for her third husband.

We believe no other copy of this ballad is known. It is in a fragmentary state, and no doubt a good deal of it is wanting; the language too has been modernised; but the peculiar account of Lady Butler's absence from home, and "her good brother John," clearly the first Stanley of Alderley, would lead to the supposition that it was written soon after the murder, by one who was acquainted with the family, and before Lord Stanley was made Earl of Derby. The introduction of Ellen Butler as Sir John's daughter, may have been a mistake, or put, *euphoniae gratia*, for the real name Alice, who would have been fourteen or fifteen at the time. Sir John is represented as nephew to Stanley, which must have been incorrect; it may, however, be from the



ballad-maker's confusion of ideas, as Lady Butler afterwards calls Stanley her brother.

The end of the Butlers was sad enough, but we have no space for it here. Descendants in the female line are still in existence, and a keen genealogist might trace them to our own time; but their place knows them no more, the very name is forgotten, and when the fine altar tomb was opened some years ago, a very few mouldering bones and the fragment of a heavy two-handed sword were all that it contained.

The knight was dust,  
His good sword rust,  
His soul is with the saints we trust. (J. ROBSON.)

BUT word is come to warrington,  
& Busye hall is laid about;  
Sir Iohn Butler and his merry men  
4 stand in ffull great doubt.

Busye Hall  
is sur-  
rounded,  
and Sir J.  
Butler in  
danger.

when they came to Busye hall  
itt was the merke<sup>1</sup> midnight,  
and all the bridges were vp drawen,  
8 and neuer a candle Light.

At midnight  
his takers  
come;

there they made them one good boate,  
all of one good Bull skinn;  
William Sauage was one of the ffirst  
12 that euer came itt within.

on a bull-  
skin boat

hee sayled ore his merrymen  
by 2 and 2 together,  
& said itt was as good a bote  
16 as ere was made of lether.

cross over  
the moat.

<sup>1</sup> merke, dark; MS. may be *merle*.--F.



Ellen Butler  
rouses her  
father.

His uncle  
Stanley is  
there.

No money  
will save  
him.

Ellen comes  
down to the  
hall.

"Where is  
your  
father?"

"Gone to  
London,  
I swear."

"No, he is  
not;

we must  
have him."

They search,

find him,

"waken you, waken you, deare ffather!  
god waken you within!  
for heere is your vnckle standlye  
20 come your hall within."

"if *that* be true, Ellen Butler,  
these tydings you tell mee,  
a 100<sup>li</sup> in good redd gold  
24 this night will not borrow mee."

then <sup>1</sup> came downe Ellen Butler  
& into her ffathers hall,  
& then came downe Ellen Butler,  
28 & shee was laced in pall.

"where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler?  
haue done, and tell itt mee."  
"my ffather is now to London ridden,  
32 as Christ shall haue *part* of mee."

"Now nay, Now nay, Ellen Butler,  
ffor soe itt must not bee;  
ffor ere I goe fforth of this hall,  
36 your ffather I must see."

thé sought *that* hall then vp and downe <sup>2</sup>  
theras Iohn Butler Lay <sup>2</sup>;  
thé sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
40 theras Iohn Butler Lay;

ffaire him ffall, litle Holcrofft!  
soe Merrilye he kept the dore,  
till *that* his head ffrom his shoulders  
44 came tumbling downe the ffloore.

<sup>1</sup> MS. them.—F.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines only of the four are

in the MS., but they are marked with a  
bracket and *bis*.—F.



“yeeld thee, yeelde thee, Iohn Butler!  
 yeelde thee now to mee!”  
 “I will yeelde me to my vnckle Stanlye,  
 48 & neere to ffalse Peeter Lee.”

and summon  
 him to yield.

“a preist, a preist,” saies Ellen Butler,  
 “to housle and to shriue!  
 a preist, a preist,” sais Ellen Butler,  
 52 “while *that* my father is a man aliue!”

“A priest to  
 shrive my  
 father,” says  
 Ellen.

then bespake him william Sauage,—  
 a shames death may hee dye!—  
 sayes, “he shall haue no other preist  
 56 but my bright sword and mee.”

“No priest  
 but my  
 sword,” says  
 Savage.

the Ladye Butler is to London rydden,  
 shee had better haue beene att home,  
 shee might haue beggd her owne marryed Lord  
 60 att her good Brother Iohn.

Lady Butler  
 is in  
 London.

& as shee lay in leeu London,  
 & as shee lay in her bedd,  
 shee dreamed her owne marryed Lord  
 64 was swiminge in blood soe red.

She dreams  
 that her  
 lord swims  
 in blood,

shee called vp her merry men all  
 long ere itt was day,  
 saies, “wee must ryde to Busye hall  
 68 with all speed *that* wee may.”

calls up her  
 men

and rides  
 homeward.

shee mett with 3 Kendall men  
 were ryding by the way:  
 “tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
 72 I pray you tell itt mee!”

She meets  
 Kendal men,

and asks  
 tidings.



"John  
Butler is  
slain."

"heauy tydings, deare Madam !  
ffrom you wee will not Leane,<sup>1</sup>  
the worthyest *Knight* in merry England,  
76 Iohn Butler, Lord ! hee is slaine ! "

"ffarewell, ffarwell, Iohn Butler !  
ffor thee I must neuer see.  
ffarewell, ffarwell, Busiye hall !  
80 for thee I will neuer come nye."

She turns  
back to  
London,

Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
in all the speed might bee ;  
& when shee came before her prince,  
84 shee kneeled low downe on her knee :

and prays  
the King

"a boone, a boone, my Leege !" shee sayes,  
"ffor gods loue grant itt mee ! "  
"what is thy boone, Lady Butler<sup>2</sup> ?  
88 or what wold thou haue of mee<sup>2</sup> ? "

to kill her  
lord's three  
slayers.

"what is thy boone, Lady Butler ?  
or what wold thou haue of mee ?  
"that ffalse Peeres of Lee, & my brother Stanley,  
92 & william Sauage, and all, may dye."

"What ! 3  
for 1 ?

"come you hither, Lady Butler,  
come you ower this stone ;  
wold you haue 3 men ffor to dye,  
96 all ffor the losse off one ?

No. Do you  
marry Lord  
Gray."

"come you hither, Lady Butler,  
with all the speed you may ;  
if thou wilt come to London, Lady Butler,  
100 thou shalt goe home Lady Gray."

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> O. N. *leina*, to conceal.—F. *Leane* is a Cheshire pronunciation for *layne*, conceal. This provincialism occurs in the previous stanza, where *way* rhymes to *mee*, and elsewhere in the ballad (l. 83–8).

How far south it extends I don't know, but about Frodsham it is very peculiar.—Dr. Robson.

<sup>2</sup> These two lines are bracketed, and marked *bis* in the MS.—F.



### Will : Stewart & John.

WE know of no other copy of this capital ballad.

The scene is in North Britain. The subject is the winning of the Earl of Mar's daughter by William Stuart of Adlatts Park (wherever that may be)—the winning, but not the wooing. The wooing is done by his brother John. It requires much tact and dexterity, and in this respect, though not in age, John has the advantage—

William he is the elder brother,  
But John he is the wiser man.

William generally takes to his bed—

—into care-bed leaps he (see vv. 9, 188)

when his passion runs high, or any scheme for crowning it with its object's possession fails. John sets forth to “propose” and “arrange” in his behalf. This giving of wit and importance to the younger brother is perhaps a Norse element. Such a compensation for the disadvantages of juniority, so to speak, is very commonly made in the Norse tales, (see e.g. Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*).

The incidental pictures and allusions to manners and customs are highly interesting; as to the kiss of courtesy (v. 139), to football matches (v. 105), to the beating of daughters (v. 171), to the Dole day (v. 262), the Beggar's dress and equipment (v. 241 *et seq.*, vv. 312, 313).

Football matches had not unfrequently, as here, a second object—not often, perhaps, so pacific a one as here. “The war-like convocations [of the borderers],” says Scott, “were frequently disguised under pretence of meetings for the purpose of sport.



The game of football in particular, which was anciently and still continues to be a favourite border sport, was the means of collecting together large bodies of moss-troopers previous to any military exploit. When Sir Robert Carey was warden of the East Marches, the knowledge that there was a great match at football at Kelso, to be frequented by the principal Scotch riders, was sufficient to excite his vigilance and his apprehension. Previous also to the murder of Sir John Carmichael, it appeared at the trial of the perpetrators that they had assisted at a grand football meeting where the crime was concerted."

Alas! my  
love won't  
love me!

ADLATTS : parke is wyde and broad,  
& grasse growes greene in our countrie ;  
eche man can gett the loue of his Ladye,  
4 but alas, I can gett none of mine !

I sing of  
Will Stewart  
and John.

itts by 2 men I sing my song,  
their names is *william* Stewart and Iohn :  
*william* he is the Elder brother,  
8 but Iohn hee is the wiser man.<sup>1</sup>

Will takes  
to his bed  
for love of  
the Earl of  
[page 429]  
Mar's  
daughter.

but *william* he is in carebed Layd,  
& for the loue of a ffaire Ladye ;  
If he haue not the loue of the Erle of Mars daughter,  
12 in ffaith ffor loue *that* he must dye.

John asks  
him what he  
mourns for ;

then Iohn was sorry ffor his brother,  
to see him lye and languish soe :  
" what doe you mourne for, brother ? " he saies,  
16 " I pray you tell to me *your* woe.

gold

" doe [*you*<sup>2</sup>] mourne for gold, brother ? " he saies,  
" or doe you mourne ffor ffee ?

or a girl?

or doe you mourne for a like-some Ladye  
20 you neuer saw her *with your* eye ? "

<sup>1</sup> mon.—F.

<sup>2</sup> you.—P.



"I doe not mourne for gold," he saies,  
 "nor I doe not mourne for any ffee ;  
 but I doe mourne for a likesome Ladye,  
 24 I neere blinke on her with mine eye."

"A beautiful lady."

"but when haruest is gotten, my deere brother,—  
 all this is true *that* I tell thee,—  
 gentlemen, they loue hunting well,  
 28 & giue wight men their cloth & ffee ;

"Well, after harvest,

when allow-  
ances are  
given out,

"then Ile goe a wooing ffor thy sake  
 in all the speed *that* I can gone,  
 & for to see this Likesome Ladye,  
 32 & hope to send thee good tydings home."

I'll go  
wooing for  
you, Will,

and hope to  
send you  
good news."

Iohn Stewart is gone a wooing for his brother  
 soe ffarr into ffaire Scotland,  
 & left his brother in mikle ffeare  
 36 vntill he heard the good tydand.<sup>1</sup>

So John  
goes

& when he came to the Erle of Mars his house,  
 soe well he could his curtesye,  
 & when he came before the Erle,  
 40 he kneeled Low downe vpon his knee.

to the Earl  
of Mar,

kneels down  
to him,

"O rise vp, rise vp, Iohn Stewart !  
 rise vp, now, I doe bidd thee ;  
 how doth thy ffather, Iohn Stewart,  
 44 & all the Lords in his countrie ? "

"& itt please you, my Lord, my ffather is dead,  
 my brother & I cannott agree,  
 my brother & I am ffallen att discord,  
 48 & I am come to craue a service of thee."

and says,  
"My father's  
dead; my  
brother and  
I can't  
agree; take  
me into your  
service."

<sup>1</sup> i.e. tidings.—P.



- “ You shall  
be chamber-  
lain to my  
daughter,  
52      “ O Welcome, welcome, Iohn Stewart!  
            a welcome man thou art to me!  
            Ile make thee chamberlaine to my daughter,  
            & ffor to tend of *that* Ladye soe ffree.
- and have  
treble  
wages.”  
56      “ & if thou wilt haue a better office,  
            aske, and thou shall haue itt of mee;  
            & where I giue other men a penny of wage,  
            inffaith, Iohn, thou shalt haue 3.”
- ..  
Content,  
says John.  
60      & then bespake him Iohn Stewart,  
            & these were the words said hee,  
            “ there is no office in *your* Court  
            this day *that* better pleaseth mee.”
- Next  
Sunday,  
64      the ffryday is gone, the sunday is come,—  
            all this is true *that* I doe say,—  
            & to the church that they be gone,  
            Iohn Stewart & the Lady gay;
- coming from  
church,  
68      & as they did come home againe,  
            I-wis itt was a meeten mile,  
            Iohn Stewart & the Lady gay,  
            they thought itt but a [little<sup>1</sup>] while.
- John tells  
the Lady his  
message;  
72      “ I am a messenger, Ladye,” he saies,  
            “ I am a messenger to thee.”  
            “ O speake ffor thy selfe, Iohn Stewart,” shee saies,  
            “ a welcome man *that* thou shalt bee ! ”
- 76      “ Nay, by my ffaith,” saies Iohn Stewart,  
            “ *which* euer, alas, *that* may not bee!  
            he hath a higher degree in honour,  
            allas, Ladye, then euer I !

<sup>1</sup> little.—P.



- “he is a Lord now borne by birth,  
 & an Erle affter his ffather doth dye;  
 his haire is yellow, his eyes beene gray;  
 80 all this is true *that* I tell yee.
- “he is ffine in the middle, & small in the wast,  
 & pleasant in a womans eye;  
 & more nor this, he dyes for your Loue,  
 84 Therefore, Lady, show some pittye.” [page 430]
- “If this be soe,” then saies the Lady,  
 “If this be true *that* thou tells mee,  
 by my ffaith then, Iohn Stewart,  
 88 I can loue him hartilye.
- “bidd him meete me att S<sup>t</sup>. Patr[i]ckes Church  
 on sunday after S<sup>t</sup>. Andrews day;  
 the fflower of Scotland will be there,  
 92 & then begins our summers play.
- “& bidd him bring with him a 100 gunners,  
 & rawnke<sup>1</sup> ryders lett them bee,  
 & lett them bee of the rankest ryders  
 96 *that* be to be ffound in *that* countrie.<sup>2</sup>
- “they<sup>3</sup> best & worst, & all in Like,  
 bidd him cloth them in one Liurye;  
 & ffor his men, greene is the best,  
 100 & greene now lett their liueryes bee;

that his  
brother, an  
Earl,

yellow-  
haired,  
grey-eyed,

small-  
waisted,

is dying for  
her love.

She say

she can love  
him,

and he is to  
meet her

at their  
Summer  
Games,

with 100  
gunners,

clad all in  
green,

<sup>1</sup> See Page 432 [of the MS.], 6<sup>th</sup> Line from the bottom, [page 227, l. 298 of this volume] where it is *ranke* ryders. *Renk* is used by Gaw<sup>n</sup> Douglas for a Race, a Course, and in the plural *renkis*, Whence to *rink* up & down; discurrere, circumire, from Belg. *rincken*, flectere. Thus Pag. 137, l. 15: 'The futemennis *renkis*, is, The Races of the footmen. Pag. 138. 18, 32. The *renkis* end, The

end of the Course. So Pag. 193. 52, Solisque vias is render'd The Sonny's *renke*, Æ. 6. 796. So Æn. 7. 802, querit iter, sekis his *renk*. N.B. *rank* rider is still used in Leicestershire, & signifies a keen eager rider, one that doth not spare horse-flesh.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *t* seems to be made over an *rl*, part of which is left.—F.

<sup>3</sup> the.—P.



himself in  
scarlet,

"& clothe himselfe in scarlett redd,  
*that* is soe seemlye ffor to see ;  
ffor scarlett is a ffaire Coulour,  
104 & pleasant allwayes in a womans eye.

and then  
win  
most of the  
16 games.

"he must play sixteene games att ball  
against the men of this countrie,  
& if he winn the greater *part*  
108 then I shall [Love] <sup>1</sup> him more tenderlye."

John writes  
all this to  
his brother  
Will.

what the Lady said, Iohn Stewart writt,  
& to Argyle Castle sent it hee ;  
& <sup>2</sup> [when] Willie steward saw the letter,  
112 fforth of care-bed then Lope hee.

Will leaps  
out of bed,

musters his

hee mustered together his merry men all,  
hee mustered them soe louelilye,  
hee thought hee had had scarson halfe a 100<sup>d</sup>;  
223 men, 116 then had hee 11 score and three.

chooses the  
100 best,

he chose fforth a 100 of the best  
*that* were to be ffound in *that* countrie,  
he cladd them all in one Coulour,  
clothes them 120 & greene I-wis their liueryes bee.  
in green,

himself in  
scarlet,

he cladd himselfe in scarlett redd,  
*that* is soe seemelye ffor to see ;—  
ffor scarlett is a ffaire coulour,  
124 & seemlye in a womans eye ;—

and goes to  
St. Patrick's  
Church.

& then towards Patricke Church he went  
with all his men in braue array,  
to gett a sight, if he might,  
128 & speake with his Lady gay.

<sup>1</sup> *Love* is written in the MS. by a later  
hand between *then* and *I*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> When.—P.



when they came to Patrickes church,  
 shee kneeled downe by her mother trulye :  
 “O Mother, if itt please you to giue me leaue,  
 132 the stewarts horsse ffaine wold I see.”

His Lady  
 asks  
 her mother  
 to let her go  
 and see  
 the Stewarts.

“Ile giue you leaue, my deere daughter,  
 & I and my maide will goe with yee :”  
 the Lady had rather haue gone her selfe,  
 136 then haue had her mothers companye.

when they came before Willie Steward,  
 soe well hee cold his curtesye,  
 “I wold kisse your daughter, Ladye,” he said,  
 140 “& if your will *that* soe itt bee.”

When they  
 see Will,  
 he asks for a  
 kiss from the  
 daughter.

the Ladyes mother was content  
 to doe a straunger *that* curtesye ;  
 & when willie had gotten a kisse,  
 144 I-wis shee might haue teemed him 3.<sup>1</sup>

She agrees,

and Will  
 takes it.

16 games were plaid *that* day there,—  
 this is the truth as I doe say,—  
 willie stewart & his merry men,  
 148 thé carryed 12 of them away.

He plays 16  
 games,

and wins 12  
 of them.

& when they games *that* they were done,  
 & all they ffolkes away were gone  
 but the Erle of Marrs & William Stewart,  
 152 & the Erle wold needs haue William home.

The Earl of  
 Mar asks  
 him home.

& when they came vnto the Erles howse,  
 they walked to a garden greene ;  
 ffor to conferr of their bussines,  
 156 into the garden they be gone.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> deemed it 3.—P. given him 3 :  
*teem*, to pour out ; to unload a cart ; to  
 cause, contrive. Halliwell. A.-S. *teám*,  
 issue, offspring, anything following in a

row or team: *teámian*, to produce, pro-  
 pagate. Bosworth.—F.

<sup>2</sup> I weene [added by]—P.



[page 431]  
Will asks  
him for his  
daughter.  
“God  
forbid,”  
says the  
Earl;

160 “I loue *your* daughter,” saies *william* stewart,  
“but I cannott tell whether she loueth mee.”  
“Marry, god defend,” saies the Erle of March,  
“*that* euer soe *that* itt shold bee!

“I’d sooner  
hang you

or burn  
you.

164 “I had rather a gallowes there was made,  
& hange thee ffor my daughters sake;  
I had rather a ffyer were made att a stake,  
& burne thee ffor my daughters sake!

Go to your  
room, girl,  
in the  
devil’s name,

or I’ll beat  
you.”

168 “to chamber, to chamber, gay Ladye,” he saies,  
“in the deuills name now I bidd thee!  
& thou gett thee not to the Chamber soone  
Ile beate thee before the stewarts eye.”

Will says  
he’d better  
not,

172 & then bespake *william* stewart,  
these were the words said hee,  
“if thou beate thy daughter for my sake,  
thoust beate a 100<sup>d</sup> men and mee.<sup>1</sup>”

and John  
rebukes him  
for his  
discourtesy.

then bespake Iohn stewart,—  
Lord! an angry man was hee,—  
“O Churle, if thou wouldest not haue macht with  
my brother,  
176 thou might <sup>2</sup> haue answerd him curteouslye.”

The Earl  
threatens  
John with

loss of  
service.

180 “O hold thy peace, Iohn Stewart,  
& chamber thy words now, I bidd thee;  
if thou chamber not thy words soone,  
thoust loose a good service; soe shalt thou doe me.”

“Hang your  
service,”  
says John;

“I hold to  
my brother.”

184 “Marry! hang them *that* cares,” saies Iohn Stewart,  
“either ffor thy service or ffor thee!  
services can I haue enoughe,  
but brethren wee must euer bee.”

<sup>1</sup> MS. nee.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Two strokes for the *i* in the MS. —F.



william Stewart & his brother Iohn,  
 to Argyle Castle gon they bee ;  
 & when willye came to Argyle Castle,  
 188 into carebedd then lope hee.

The brothers  
 go back to  
 Argyle  
 Castle,  
 and Will  
 takes to his  
 bed again.

A Parlaiment att Edenborrow was made,  
 the King & his Nobles all mett there ;  
 thé sent ffor william stewart & Iohn,  
 192 to come amongst <sup>1</sup> the other peeres.

A parlia-  
 ment  
 is held at  
 Edin-  
 burgh.  
 Will and  
 John go,

their clothing was of scarlett redd,  
 that was soe seemelye ffor to see ;  
 blacke hatts, white ffeathers plewed <sup>2</sup> with gold,  
 196 & sett all on their heads trulye.

gaily clad.

their stockings were of twisted silke,  
 with garters ffringed about with gold,  
 their shoes were of the Cordevine,<sup>3</sup>  
 200 & all was comelye to behold.

& when they came to Edenborrowe,  
 they called ffor Iohn Stewart & Willie :  
 I answer in A <sup>4</sup> Lords roome," saies will Stewart,  
 204 "but an Erle I hope to bee."

Will is  
 called, and  
 answers as  
 a Lord.

"come downe, come downe," saies the Lord of Mars,  
 "I knew not what was thy degree."  
 "O churle, if I might not haue macht with thy  
 daughter,  
 208 itt had not beene long of my degree.

The Earl of  
 Mar says he  
 didn't know  
 his rank  
 before.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. has four strokes for the *m*.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps pleited, pleted, i.e. plaited  
 or plated.—P. Fr. *plier*, to plait, plie,  
 bend, turne, wrie. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Cordevine, i.e. Cordwane, Spanish,  
 or Cordovan Leather, from Cordova, in  
 Spain. Johns.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. L.—F.



Will answers  
that he's the  
King's  
nephew, and  
fit to match  
with the  
Earl's  
daughter.

“ my ffather, hee is the *King* his brother,  
& then the *King* is vnckle to me ;  
O Churle, if I might not haue macht with thy  
daughter,  
212 itt had not beene long of my degree.”

The King  
says he'll

“ O hold your peace,” then sayd the *King*,  
“ Cozen william, I doe bidd thee ;  
infaith, Cozen william, he loues you the worsse  
216 because you are a-kinn to mee.

make Will  
an Earl,

John a Lord,

“ Ile make thee an Erle with a siluer wande,  
& adde more honors still to thee ;  
thy brother Iohn shall be a Lord  
220 of the best att home in his countrye.

and their  
brother  
Christopher  
a Knight.

“ thy brother Kester<sup>1</sup> shalbe a *Knight*,  
lands & liuings I will him giue,  
& still hee shall liue in Court with mee,  
224 & Ile maintaine him whilest he doth liue.”

& when the *parlaiment* was done,  
& all the ffolkes away were gone,  
willye stewart & Iohn his brother,  
228 to Argyle Castle they be gone.

Will and  
John go  
home,

and Will  
falls love-  
sick again.

but when they came to Argyle Castle  
That was soe ffarr in *that* Countrye,<sup>2</sup>  
he thought soe much then of his loue,  
232 *that* into carebedd then lope hee.

[page 432]

John  
promises to  
go wooing  
once more  
for him,

Iohn Stewart did see his brother soe ill :  
Lord ! in his heart *that* hee was woe ;  
“ I will goe wooing for thy sake  
236 againe yonder gay Ladye to.

<sup>1</sup> cp. *Kester Norton*, vol. ii. p. 212,  
l. 61.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps *West Country*, but it is  
North Country below.—P.



" Ile cloth my selfe in strange array,  
 in a beggars habbitt I will goe,  
*that* when I come before the Erle of March  
 240 my clothing strange he shall not knowe."

clad as a  
beggar,

Iohn hee gott on a clouted cloake,  
 soe meete<sup>1</sup> & low then by his knee,  
 with 4 garters vpon one Legg,  
 244 2 aboue, & towe below trulye.

with four  
garters on  
one leg.

" but if thou be a beggar, brother,  
 thou art a beggar *that* is vnknowne ;  
 ffor thou art one of the stoutest beggars  
 248 *that* euer I saw since I was borne.

Will

" heere, geeue<sup>2</sup> the Lady this gay gold ringe,  
 a token to her *that* well is knowne ;  
 & if shee but aduise itt well,  
 252 sheele know some time itt was her owne."

gives him  
a gold ring  
to show to  
his lady love.

" stay, by my ffaith, I goe not yett,"  
 Iohn *stewart* he can repleye ;  
 " Ile haue my bottle ffull of beere,  
 256 the best *that* is in thy butterye ;

John fills his  
bottle with  
beer, :

" Ile haue my sachell ffilld full of meate,  
 I am sure, brother, will doe noe harme ;  
 ffor, before I come to the Erle of Marrs his house,  
 260 my Lipps, I am sure, they wilbe warme."

his satchel  
with meat,

& when he came to the Erle of Marrs house,  
 by chance itt was of the dole day ;  
 but Iohn cold ffind no place to stand  
 264 vntill he came to the Ladye gaye.

and goes to  
the Earl of  
Mar's on  
Distribution  
Day.  
John gets  
near the  
lady,

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. 'micle and *mæte*, great and small: Guthlac, l. 24, ed. Grein. Skeat's

Gloss. to Piers Plowman's Crede.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> here give.—P.



but many a beggar he threw downe,  
 and made them all with weeping say,  
 "he is the devill, hee is no beggar,  
 268 *that* is come fforth of some strange countrie!"

and after the  
 doles are  
 given,

& now the dole *that* itt is delte,  
 & all the beggars be gon away  
 sauing Iohn Stewart, *that* seemed a beggar,  
 272 & the Ladye *that* was soe gay.

tells her

who he is.

"Lady," sais Iohn, "I am no beggar,  
 as by my clothes you may thinke *that* I bee;  
 I am your servant, Iohn stewart,  
 276 & I am sent a messenger to thee."

She asks

"but if thou be Iohn stewart,  
 as I doe thinke *that* thou bee,  
 avayle<sup>1</sup> thy capp, avayle thy hooode,  
 280 & I will stand & speake to thee.

how Will is.

"Ill, through  
 you."

"how doth thy brother, Iohn stewart,  
 & all the Lords in his countrie?"  
 "O ffye vpon thee, wicked woman!  
 284 my brother he doth the worsse ffor thee."

She weeps,

lays the  
 blame on her  
 father,

with *that* the teares stood in her eyes;  
 O lord! shee wept soe tenderlye;  
 sais, "ligg the blame vnto my ffather;  
 288 I pray you, Iohn stewart, Lay itt not to mee!

and says  
 she'll meet

Will at  
 Martings-  
 dale in three  
 days.

"comend me to my owne true loue  
*that* liues soe farr in the North countrie,  
 & bidd him meete me att Martingsdale  
 292 ffullye w[i]thin these dayes 3.

<sup>1</sup> pull down, from Fr. *à val*.—F.



- “hang them,” sais the Lady gay,  
 “*that* letts their<sup>1</sup> ffather witting bee!  
 Ile proue a Ladye ffull of loue,  
 296     & be there by the sunn be a quarter highe.
- “& bidd him bring with him a 100<sup>d</sup> gunners,<sup>2</sup>  
 & ranke riders lett them bee,  
 lett them be of the rankest ryders<sup>3</sup>  
 300     *that* be to be ffound in *that* Countrie.
- “the best & worse, & all in like,  
 bidd him clothe them in one liuerye;  
 & for his men, greene is the best,  
 304     And greene now lett their Lyueryes bee; [page 433]
- “& cloth himselfe in scarlett Redd,  
*that* is soe seemelye for to see;  
 for scarlett is a ffaire Coulor,  
 308     & pleasant in a womans eye.”
- what they Lady sayd, Iohn steward writt,  
 to Argyle Castle sent itt hee;  
 his bagg & his dish, & showing horne,  
 312     vnto 3 beggars he gaue them all 3.
- & when willie stewart saw the Letter,  
 fforth of carebed then Lope hee;  
 he thought himselfe as lustye & sound  
 316     as any man in *that* countrie.
- he mustered together his merrymen all,  
 he mustered them soe louinglye;  
 he thought he had had scarce halfe a 100<sup>d</sup>,  
 320     then had hee 11 score and three.

“Let him  
bring 100  
gunners  
with him,

clad all in  
green,

while he's in  
scarlet.”

John sends  
this message  
to Will.

Will jumps  
out of bed,

musters his  
223 men,

<sup>1</sup> my.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *m* in place of *nn* in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Two or three letters appear one over

the other for the *s* of this word in the  
MS.—F.



chooses the  
100 best,

he chose fforth a 100<sup>d</sup> of the best  
*that* were to be found in *that* companye,  
& presentlye they tooke their horsse,

and posts to  
Martings-  
dale.

324

& to martingsdale posted hee.

There his  
love  
meets him,

& when he came to Martingsdale,  
he found his loue staying there trulye,  
for shee was a Lady true of loue,  
328 & was there by sunn was a qwarter highe.

kisses him  
and John,

shee kisst william stewart & his brother Iohn,  
soe did shee part of his merry men :  
“if the Churle, thy ffather, hee were here,  
332 he shold not haue thee backe againe.”

marries him,

goes home  
with him,

336

they sent ffor preist, they sent ffor Clarke,  
& they were marryed there with speede ;  
William tooke the Lady home<sup>1</sup> with him,  
& they liued together long time indeed.

and is soon  
great with  
child.

John goes  
to the Earl  
of Mar.

340

& in 12 monthe soe they wrought,  
the Lady shee was great with childe ;  
thé sent Iohn stewart to the Erle off Marre  
to come & chr[i]sten the barne soe milde.

The Earl  
hopes Will  
has married  
his  
daughter.

344

“And if this be soe,” sayes the Erle of Marre,  
“Iohn stewart, as thou tells mee ;  
I hope in god you haue marryed my daughter,  
& put her bodye to honestye.”

No, he  
hasn't, says  
John,

and he'll send  
her home to  
you.

348

“Nay, by my ffaith,” then saies Iohn stewart,  
“ffor euer alas *that* shall not bee ;  
ffor now wee haue put her body to shame,  
thoust haue her againe hame to thee.”

<sup>1</sup> *n* instead of *m* in the MS.—F.



"I had rather make thee Erle of Marre,  
 & marry my daughter vnto thee;  
 for by my ffaith," sais the Erle of Marr,  
 352 "her marryage is marrd in our countrie."

"I'd rather  
 you marry  
 her then,  
 and I'll  
 make you  
 Earl of  
 Mar."

"if this be soe," then sais Iohn stewart,  
 "a marryage soone *that* thou shalt see;  
 ffor my brother william, my ffathers heyre,  
 356 shall marry thy daughter before thine eye."

"No, Will  
 'll marry  
 her."

they sent ffor preist, thé sent ffor Clarke,  
 & marryed there they were with speed;  
 & william stewart is Erle of Marr,  
 360 & his ffather-in-Law dwells with him indeed.   ffinis.

So Will does,  
 and is Earl  
 of Mar.



## Now the Springe is come

THIS ballad is in the Roxburghe Collection, vol. i. p. 200, entitled "A Lover's desire for his best beloved ; or, Come away, come away, and do not stay. To an excellent new Court tune." Having been printed by the assigns of Thomas Symcocke, the Roxburghe copy of the ballad must be of the reign of James I., says Mr. Chappell, who prints the tune of it on pages 464-5 of his *Popular Music*, vol. ii. "The rhythm of the first part of the tune is peculiar, from its alternate phrases of two and three bars, but still not unsatisfactory to the ear." The date assigned to the ballad by Mr. Chappell, he confirms by the fact that *Christmas's Lamentation*—a piece like in character to our *In olde times paste*—is to be sung to the tune of *Now the Spring is come*, and was itself written during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, or that of James I., as the yellow starch then in vogue is mentioned in it.

It needs almost an effort now to realise how great the change must have been from the winter of Early and Middle England—with their ill-built and chimneyless houses, their scarcity of fuel and seldom-changed food, their wretched roads,—to the glad light green of spring, its sun, its song of birds, and all its heavenly brightness. The impression which the spring made on Chaucer is seen often in his works, and was, I believe, a deeper one than the season has made on any subsequent poet. But still to all poets and men the time has been, and is, one of joy ; to all lovers one specially of love. Nature's current then sets that way : why should not her loveliest work go with it ? "Fairest faire, then turn to thy love !" sings our song-writer. Who of us does not hope that she did ?—F.



NOW the spring is come, turne to thy loue, to thy loue,  
 to thy loue, to thy loue, without delay!  
 where the fflowes spring, & birds doe singe

Dearest,  
 now spring's  
 come, turn  
 to thy love!

4 their sweete tunes : # : # : doe not stay!  
 where I shall fill thy lapp with fflowes,  
 & couer thee with shady bowers.

Come away, Come awaye,

Come away!

8 Come away, & doe not stay!

Shall I languish still for<sup>1</sup> thy loue,  
 still ffor thy loue : # : # : without releffe?  
 shall my ffaith soe well aproued

[page 434] Let me not  
 languish.

12 now dispayre : # : # : with my greeffe?  
 where shall vertue then be ffound

Leave me  
 not to  
 despair!

but where bewtye doth abound? Come away! &c.

fflora heere hath made a bedd ffor my loue,  
 16 ffor my loue : # : # : of roses redd.  
 Phebus beames to stay are bent,  
 ffor to yeeld : # : # : my loue content,  
 & the pleasant Eglantine

Here is a bed  
 for thee

of roses

and  
 eglantine.

20 m[i]xt<sup>2</sup> with a 1000 fflowes fine. Come away! &c.

Hearke! the Nightingale<sup>3</sup> doth singe  
 ffor my loue : &c : the woods doe ringe.

The nightin-  
 gale sings for  
 thee.

Pan, to please my loue, allwayes

24 pipethe there : &c : his roundelayes.

& the pleasant rushye brookes,

& euery fflower, for my loue lookes. Come away! &c.

Bewtyes *Queen* with all her traine

28 <sup>4</sup> doth attend : &c : my loue vpon the plaine ;

Venus waits  
 for thee,

<sup>1</sup> Shall I still languish for.—P.

<sup>2</sup> mixt.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Mightingale in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> attends.—P.



the Muses  
play for thee;

trippinge Satyres dancinge moue  
delight : &c : my bewtyous loue  
the muses nine, with musicke sweete  
32 doe all attend, my loue to meete. Come away ! &c.

then turn to  
thy love!

ffairest ffaire ! then turne to thy loue,  
to thy loue : &c : *that* looues thee best !  
lett sweete pittye moue ! grant loue for loue  
36 like the doue : &c : let our loue for euer rest !  
crowne my desires with a 1000<sup>d</sup> ioyes !  
Come away ! thy loue reuiues, thy hate destroyes. Come away ! &c.  
ffin[is].



### Bosworth ffeilde.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is one of many pieces celebrating that great event which gave the land rest from its generation-long succession wars. The following version of the song was produced, as the last line shows, in the reign of James I. But the original composition may well belong to an earlier period. There is a certain air of greater antiquity about many passages of it. Alliterative verses abound, as vv. 47, 48, 55, 147, 148, 175, 176, 199, 211, 212, 214, 218, &c. &c.

The passage relating the narrow escape from execution of Lord Strange occurs also in *Lady Bessy*. Perhaps the earliest account of that peril is given by the continuer of the Croyland Chronicle in the following words:—

Denique crescentibus indies rumoribus quod Regis rebelles adventum suum in *Angliam* maturant & accelerant; Rex autem dubius in quo portu applicare intendunt, id enim per nullos exploratores sibi certitudinaliter afferri potuit; se transfert versus Aquilonem, parum ante festum *Pentecostes*: relicto domino de *Lovell* Camerario suo prope *Suthamptoniam*, ut classem suam ibi diligenter instruat, ut omnes portus illarum partium fida observet custodia, ut ipsos hostes si inibi applicare curarent, coadunatis viribus omnium circum incolentium, debellare non prætermitteret.

Perditis illic sub hac non necessaria

politia victualibus & pecuniis \* \* \* . . . quo Rex tot expensas faceretur, unde non falleret æquivocationem vocabuli portus illius, qui à multis pro eorum descensu describebatur. Aiunt aliqui esse portum in partibus *Suthamptoniæ* appellatum *Milfordiam*, sicut est in *Wallia*. Et quia nonnulli quasi essent prophetico spiritu præditi, prædixerunt homines istos in portu de *Milford* appulsuros, consueveruntque prophetiæ hujusmodi non in famosiori sed in alio sæpissime ejusdem nominis loco suum sortiri effectum: Præterea visus est Rex tot propugnacula in illa Australi parte Regni hoc tempore constituisse. Sed

<sup>1</sup> written in *the* Time of James 1<sup>st</sup>, see last line. Either the Author of this & of the Song in Page 464 [of the MS. *Ladye Bessiye*, p. 321 below] is *the* same, or one of them has copied almost ver-

batim from *the* other. See Page 441 & seq<sup>tes</sup> There is a song of latter date on this Subject in *the* printed Collection 12<sup>mo</sup> Vol. 3<sup>d</sup> p. 47, N. 6.—P.



frustra. Illi enim primo die *Augusti* in nominatissimo illo portu *Milford* juxta *Pembrochiam* prospero statu, nulla inventa resistentia, applicuerunt.

Gavisus est Rex, audito eorum adventu, seu saltem gaudere dissimulavit, scribens ubique, jam sibi diem venisse desideratum, quo de tam exili comitiva facile triumphaturus, subjectos a modo indubitatae pacis beneficiis recomfortet. Interea mandata terribilia multiplicibus literis ad omnes Regni comitatus dirigit, ne ulli hominum, eorum saltem quotquot ad aliquas in Regno hæreditates nati sunt, bellum futurum detractent, cum ea interminatione, quod quicumque post obtentam victoriam inveniretur in aliqua parte Regni, ei in campo præsentialiter non abstitisse, nihil aliud speraturi sunt, quam bona omnia, possessiones, & vitam amittere.

Parum ante istorum hominum appulsum, *Thomas de Stanley*, senescallus hospitii Regis, accepta licentia, ut in patriam suam *Lancastriæ*, domum & familiam suam, unde diu aberat visurus, transiret, non aliter ullam ibi moram trahere permittebatur, nisi filium suum primogenitum, *Georgium* dominum *Lestrangle*, *Notinghamiam* ad Regem loco suo transmitteret; quod & fecit. Deinde hominibus istis, ut præfertur, apud *Milfordiam Walliæ* appulsis, facientibusque iter suum per aspera & indirecta partium Borealiū illius Provinciæ; ubi *Willielmus Stanley* frater ejusdem Domini Senescalli, utpote Camerarius de *Northwales*, singulariter præsidebat: misit Rex ad dictum dominum de *Stanley*, ut omni postposita mora, sese Regis conspectui apud *Notinghamiam* præsentaret. Timuit enim Rex id quod accidit, ne mater dicti Comitissæ *Richmundiæ*, quam dictus dominus de *Stanley* habuit in uxorem, maritum ad partes filii tuendas induceret. Ille autem mirabili . . . . pestem sudatoriam qua laborabat allegans, venire non potuit. Filius autem ejus qui clanculum à Rege discessum paraverat, discoopertus ab insidiis capitur, conjurationem suam & patris sui *Willielmi Stanley* supradicti, simul & *Johannis Savage* Militum, ad partes Comitissæ *Richmundiæ* defensandas, aperit, misericordiam postulat, promittitque patrem suum cum omni potentia in Regis auxilium quam citissime adventurum. Et super hoc, periculum in quo

erat, simul cum desiderio hujusmodi præstandi auxilii, literis suis patri denunciat.

Interim dictis duobus aliis Militibus pro proditoribus Regis apud *Coventriam* & alibi publice denunciatis, festinantibusque inimicis, ac dirigentibus vias suas die ac nocte recte in faciem Regis: opus erat omnem exercitum, licet nondum integre congregatum, à *Notinghamia* dimittere, venireque ad *Leicestriam*. Ibique compertus est numerus hominum pugnatorum ex parte Regis major quam antea visus est unquam in *Anglia* pro una parte. Die autem Dominico ante festum *Bartholomei* Apostoli, Rex maxima pompa diadema portans in capite, cum Duce *Norfolchiæ Johanne de Howard*, ac *Henrico Percy* Comite *Northumbriæ*, ceterisque magnificis Dominis, Militibus, & armigeris, populariumque multitudine infinita, opidum *Leicestrense* egressus, satis per intercursores edoctus, ubi hostes sequenti nocte de verisimili manere volebant, ad octo miliaria ab eo opido distantia, juxta *Abbathiam de Mirivall*, castra metatus est.

Majores autem exercitus adversantis hi erant: imprimis *Henricus* Comes de *Richmond*, quem illi suum Regem *Henricum* septimum appellabant; *Johannes Vere* Comes *Oxonie*, *Johannes Wellys* dominus de *Wellys*, avunculus Regis *Henrici* septimi, *Thomas* dominus de *Stanley* & *Willielmus* frater ejus, *Edwardus Widevill* frater *Elizabeth* Reginæ, valentissimus miles, *Johannes Cheyne*, *Johannes Savage*, *Robertus Willoughby*, *Willielmus Berkeley*, *Jacobus Blunt*, *Thomas Arundell*, *Richardus Egecombe*, *Edwardus Ponyns*, *Richardus Gilford*, & alii plures, tam ante hanc turbationem, quam in isto ingressu belli, militari ordine insigniti. De Ecclesiasticis vero affuerant consiliarii, qui simile exilium perpassi sunt, venerabilis Pater *Petrus* Episcopus *Exoniensis*, flos militiæ patriæ suæ, Magister *Robertus Moreton* Clericus Rotulorum Cancellariæ, *Crystopherus Urswyk*, & *Johannes Fox*, quorum alter Eleemosynarii alter Secretarii officium postea consecutus est, cum aliis multis.

Mane die *Lunæ*, illucescente aurora, cum non essent Capellani de parte Regis *Richardi* parati ad celebrandum, neque jentaculum ullum paratum, quod Regis tabescentem animum refocillaret; illeque,



ut asseritur, ea nocte terrenda somnia quasi multitudine dæmonum circumdatus esset, viderat, sicut de mane testatus est; faciem uti semper attenuatam, tunc magis discoloratam & mortiferam præ se tulit, affirmans quod hujus hodierni belli exitus, utrivis parti victoria concessa fuerit, Regnum *Angliæ* penitus distruet: & expressit mentem suam eam fore, ut si ille victor evadit, omnes fautores adversæ partis confundat: idque ipsum idem prædicebat, adversarium suum super benevolos suæ partis executurum, si victoria illi succedat. Denique ingre[di]entibus moderato passu Principe & militibus partis adversæ super exercitum Regis; mandavit ille ut prædictus dominus *Lestrangle* illico decapitaretur. Illi autem quibus hoc officium datum est, videntes ancipitem rem nimis, majorisque ponderis quam unius hominis exterminium in manibus esse, differentes crudele Regis mandatum exequi dimiserunt hominem suo arbitrio, & ad interiora belli reversi sunt.

Inita igitur acerrima pugna inter ambas partes, Comes *Richmundiæ* cum militibus suis directe super Regem *Richardum* processit: Comes autem *Oxonie*, major post eum in tota ipsa societate, valentissimus miles, in eam alam ubi Dux *Norfolchiæ* constitutus erat, magno tam *Gallicorum* quam *Anglicorum* comitatu stipatus tetendit. In eo vero loco ubi Comes *Northumbriæ* cum satis decenti ingentique militia stabat, nihil adversi neque datis neque susceptis belli ictibus cernebatur. Ad postremum, gloriosa Dicto [sic] Comiti *Richmundiæ*, jam soli Regi victoria, una cum pretiosissima Corona quam Rex *Richardus* ante gestavit in capite, cœlitus data est. Nam inter pugnandum, & non in fuga, dictus Rex *Richardus* multis letalibus vulneribus ictus, quasi Princeps animosus & audentissimus in campo occubuit. Deinde præfato Duce *Norfolchiæ*, *Richardo Rat-*

*clyff* Milite, *Roberto Brakenbury* Milite, Constabulario Turris *Londoniarum* *Johannem* [sic] *Kendall* Secretario, *Roberto Percy* Milite, Controrotulatore hospitii Regii, ac *Waltero Devereux* Domino de *Ferreis*, & multis, maxime Borealibus, in quibus Rex *Richardus* adeo confitebat, [sic] ante ullas consertas manus fugam ineuntibus: nullæ partes dignæ sive habiles remanserunt, in quas gloriosus victor *Henricus* septimus alicujus pugnae experientiam denuo renovaret. Pace igitur ex hoc bello universo Regno concessa, inventa [sic] inter alios mortuos corpore dicto *Richardi* Regis, . . . Multasque alias contumelias illatas, ipsoque non satis humaniter propter funem in collum adjectum usque ad *Leicestriam* deportato; novus Rex Corona tam insigniter conquæsitâ decoratus *Leicestriam* vadit. Dumque hæc ita se haberent, multi nobiles atque alii in captivitatem redacti sunt. Atque in primis *Henricus* Comes *Northumbriæ*, *Thomas* de *Howard* Comes *Surrei*, primo genitus dicti defuncti Ducis *Norfolchiæ*: captus est etiam *Willielmus Catesby*, qui inter omnes consiliarios defuncti jam Regis præminebat; cujus caput apud *Leicestriam* pro ultima remuneratione tam excellentis officii sui abscisum est. Duo autem valecti partium occiduarum Regni, pater & filius sub *Brecher* vocabulo appellati, qui post finitum prælium ad victorum manus devenerant, laqueo suspensi sunt. Et cum neque auditum, neque lectioni aut memoriæ commendatum est, aliquos alios post recessum à bello, similibus supplicis deputatos; sed Principem hunc novum in omnes suam clementiam impartisse; cœpit laudari ab omnibus, tanquam Angelus de cœlo missus, per quem Deus dignaretur visitare plebem suam, & liberare eam de malis quibus hactenus afflicta est supra modum.—*Historiæ Croylandensis Continuatio*; Gale, *Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores*, tom. i. p. 572-575.

GOD : that shope both sea and Land,  
& ffor all creatures dyed ont tree,  
saue & keepe the realme of England  
4 to liue in peace & tranquillitye !

May Christ

keep  
England in  
peace!



We have  
cause  
to welcome  
Henry VII.

St. George, to vs a sheild thou bee !  
ffor we haue cause to pray, both old & younge,  
with a stedfast hart ffull devatlye,  
8 & say, " welcome HENERY, right-wise <sup>1</sup> King ! "

welcome right-wise King, & Ioy royall,  
he *that* is grounded with grace !  
welcome the ffortune *that* hath befall,  
12 *which* hath beene seene in many a place !

Who thought  
England  
would have  
changed  
so soon ?

who wend <sup>2</sup> *that* England as itt was,  
soe suddenlye changed shold haue beene ?  
therfore lett vs thanke god of his grace,  
16 & say " welcome Henery, right-wise King ! "

We know

how had wee need to remember, & to our minds  
call

that Henry  
VI. was  
martyred.

how England is transported miraculouslye  
to see the great Mischeefe *that* hath befall  
20 sith the Martyrdome of the holy King HENERY !

Let us thank  
God for  
Henry VII.

how many lords haue beene deemed to dye,  
young innocents *that* neuer did sinn !  
therfore lett vs thanke god hartilye,  
24 & say " welcome HENERY, right-wise King ! "

King  
Edward

some time a King raigned in this land,  
*that* was Edward of hye ffelicytye;  
he was dowed & dread, as I vnderstand,  
28 through all the nations in Christentye;

served Jesus.

he serued Iesus ffull heartilye :  
these examples may be taken by him  
*which* hath preuailed him <sup>3</sup> with royaltie  
32 to weare the crowne & be our King.

<sup>1</sup> rightwise, i. e. righteous.—P. A.-S.  
*rihtwis.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> wen'd, ween'd.—P.

<sup>3</sup> ? *him* superfluous, see l. 39.—F.



for with tounge I haue heard it told,  
 when HENERY was in a ffar cuntrye,  
*that* 3 times he was bought & sold  
 36 throughe the might of gold & ffee.

Henry VII.

he serued Iesus ffull hartylye : [page 435] did so too.  
 this example may be said by him  
*which* preuailed right royallye  
 40 to weare the crowne and be our *King*.

they banished him ouer the fflood,  
 ouer the fflood & streames gray ;  
 yett his right in England was good,  
 44 as herafter know you may.

He was  
banished

there was hee banished ouer the ffloode,  
 & into a strange Land they can him <sup>1</sup> bring ;  
*that* time Raigned Richard with royaltie,  
 48 he ware the crowne & was our *Kinge*.

when  
Richard III.  
was king.

*that* was well seene att streames stray ;  
 att Milford hauen, when he did appeare  
 with all his Lords in royall array,  
 52 he said to them *that* with him weare :

But he  
landed  
at Milford  
Haven,

“into England I am entred heare,  
 my heritage is this Land within ;  
 they shall me boldlye bring & beare,  
 56 & loose my liffe, but Ile be King.

and claimed  
his heritage,

to be king.

“Iesus *that* dyed on good ffryday,  
 & Marry mild *thats* ffull of might,  
 send me the loue of the Lord Stanley !  
 60 he marryed my mother, a Lady bright ; <sup>2</sup>

He prayed  
for the  
help of

Lord Stanley

<sup>1</sup> MS. hin.—F.<sup>2</sup> Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby) had married as his second wife

the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. She was his wife as early as 1473, if not earlier.—G. E. Adams.



“*that* is long sith I saw her with sight;  
 I trust in Iesu wee shall meete with winne,<sup>1</sup>  
 & I shall maintaine her honor right  
 64 ouer all England when I am Kinge.

and his  
 brother Sir  
 William,

“had I the Loue of *that* Lord in rich array  
*that* hath proued his manhood soe well att  
 need,  
 & his brother Sir William, the good Stanley;—  
 68 a better *Knight* neuer vmstrode<sup>2</sup> steede!

that noble  
 knight.

“*that* hath beene seene in mickle dreed:  
 much was the worshipp *that* happened him;  
 a more nobler *Knight* att neede  
 72 came neuer to maintaine Kinge.”

But we'll  
 talk of  
 Richard III.

now leaue wee HENERY, this prince royall,  
 & talke of Richard in his dignitye,  
 of the great misfortune did him befall:  
 76 the causer of his owne death was hee.

Wicked  
 counsellors  
 ruined him.

wicked counsell drew Richard neere,  
 of them *that* had the prince<sup>3</sup> in their guiding<sup>4</sup>;  
 ffor wicked counsell doth mickle deere,<sup>5</sup>  
 80 *that* bringeth downe both Emperour & King.

He con-  
 demned  
 to death  
 Lord  
 Stanley  
 who won  
 Berwick for  
 him

the Lord Stanley bothe sterne & stout,—  
 he might be called fflower of fflowers,—man<sup>6</sup>  
 dye.  
*that* was well seene without doubt  
 84 att Barwicke walls with towers hye;

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *win*, pleasure.—F.

<sup>2</sup> bestrode.—P. *vm-*, *um-*, means  
 ‘round.’—F.

<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Four strokes for *ui* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> A.-S. *dar*, *daru*, destruction, injury.  
 —F.

<sup>6</sup> *maun*, i. e. must.—P.



when all the Lords of England let itt bee,  
*that* castle wightlye can hee winn.  
 was there euer Lord in England, ffare or nere,<sup>1</sup>  
 88 *that* did such iorney <sup>2</sup> to his Kinge?

when no  
 other Lord  
 could.

then Richard bade a messenger to ffare  
 soe ffare <sup>3</sup> into the west countrye  
 to comfort his knights, squiers lesse & more,  
 92 & to set good rule amongst his comintye.

then wicked counsell drew Rich[ard] neere:  
 these were they <sup>4</sup> words they said to him,  
 “wee thinke yee worke vnwittilye  
 96 in England, & <sup>5</sup> yee will continue King.

His bad  
 counsellors

“ffor why, the Lord Stanley is lent <sup>6</sup> in this Land,  
 the Lord Strange, & the Chamberlaine <sup>7</sup>; these 3  
 they may show vpon a day a band  
 100 such as may noe Lorde in Christentye.

told him  
 Lord Stanley  
 and others  
 were too  
 strong,

“lett some of them vnder your bondage bee,  
 if any worshipp you thinke to winn;  
 or else short while continue shall yee  
 104 In England to be our Kinge.”

he must put  
 them down.

then they made out messengers with maine & might  
 soe ffarr into the west countrye;  
 to the Lord Stanley *that* noble Knight  
 108 they kneeled downe vpon their knee

So  
 messengers  
 are sent

to Lord  
 Stanley

<sup>1</sup> far or nere, or perhaps neie.—P.

<sup>2</sup> A day's work.—Dyce. Cp. Fr. *Bonne iournée fait qui de fol se delivre.*  
 Pro. he does an excellent *day's work*  
 that rids himsele of a foole. Cotgrave.  
 —F.

<sup>3</sup> far.—P.

<sup>4</sup> the.—P.

<sup>5</sup> an, if.—F.

<sup>6</sup> lend, to dwell, remain, tarry.—  
 Halliwell.—F.

<sup>7</sup> John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Lord  
 Chamberlain.—G. E. A.



and bid him

& said, "*Richard that* raignes with royaltie,  
Emperour of England this day within,  
hee longeth you sore, my Lord, to see ;

come to the  
King.

112

you must come &amp; speake with our Kinge."

He sets off,

then they Lord busked<sup>1</sup> him vpon a dayTo ryde to *King Richard* with royaltie, [page 436]but falls  
sick at Man-  
chester,

116

& hee ffell sicke att Manchester by the way :  
as the will of god is, all things must bee.

and sends on  
Lord  
Strange

the Lord strange then called [he] him nee ;

these were the words hee said to him :

to know  
Richard's  
will.

120

"In goodlye hast now ryde must yee  
to witt the will of Richard, our Kinge."

Lord  
Strangethen this Lord bowned<sup>2</sup> him ffull rightto ryde to *King Richard* hastilye.

when hee came before his souerraigine in sight,

kneels to  
Richard,

124

he kneeled downe vpon his knee.

who  
welcomes  
him with  
kind words

"welcome Lord strange, &amp; kinsman nye !"

these were the words he said to him :

"was ther eeuer any Baron in England of ancetrye<sup>3</sup>

128

shold be soe welcome to his Kinge ?"

but froward,  
heart,alas *that* euer he cold soe say,

soe ffroward a hart as hee had vnder !

*that* was well seene after vpon a day ;

132

itt cast him &amp; his crowne assunder,

&amp; brought his body into bale &amp; blunder,

these wicked words he cold begin ;

thus ffalshood endeth in shame &amp; wonder,

136

whether itt be with Emperour or King.

<sup>1</sup> busked, i. e. dressed.—P.<sup>2</sup> bcwned, i. e. prepared.—P.<sup>3</sup> ancestry.—P.



- of itt heere is no more to say,  
 but shortlye to ward comanded was hee.  
 new messengers were made without delay  
 140 soe ffarr into the west cuntrye
- to the Lord stanley soe wise & wittye:  
 these were the words thé sayd to him,  
 “you must raise those *that* vnder you bee,  
 144 & all the power *that* you may bringe;
- “yonder cometh Richmond over the fflood  
 with many allyants<sup>1</sup> out of ffarr cuntrye,  
 bold men of bone and blood;  
 148 the crowne of England chalengeth hee.
- “you must raise those *that* vnder you bee,  
 & all the power *that* yee may bringe,  
 or else the Lord strange you must neuer see,  
 152 *which* is in danger of our *King*.”
- In a studye this Lord can stand,  
 & said, “deere Iesus! how may this bee?  
 I draw wittenes to him *that* shope<sup>2</sup> both sea &  
 land,  
 156 *that* I neuer delt with noe trecherye.
- “Richard is a man *that* hath no mercye;  
 hee wold mee & mine into bondage bringe;  
 therfore cleane against him will I bee,  
 160 of all England though hee bee King.”
- then another messenger he did appeare  
 to william Stanley, *that* noble Knight,  
 & saith, “Richard *that* weareth the crowne soe  
 cleare,  
 164 & in his Empire raigneth right,
- and casts  
 him into  
 prison.  
 Other  
 messengers  
 come to
- Lord  
 Stanley,  
 and say,  
 “Raise all  
 your men;  
 for
- Richmond is  
 coming
- to claim the  
 crown;
- or you'll  
 never see  
 Lord  
 Strange  
 again.”
- Lord Stanley  
 says,
- “Richard has  
 no mercy.
- I am  
 against  
 him.”
- Richard's  
 messenger  
 asks Sir  
 William  
 Stanley

<sup>1</sup> i.e. allyants, aliens.—P.<sup>2</sup> i.e. shaped.—P.



- to help the King. "willeth you to bring your power to helpe him to fight ;  
ffor all his trust itt is you in."
- "What!  
when he keeps 168 "I haue great marueill of your *King* ;
- my nephew in hold. "he keepeth the[r]e my nephew, my brothers heyre ;—  
a truer knight is not in christentye ;—
- He shall repent it sore ! 172 *that*, Richard shall repent ffull sore,<sup>1</sup>  
ffor any thing *that* I can see.
- Let him arm "bidd him array him with royaltye  
& all the power *that* hee may bringe ;
- and fight,  
and flee or die. 176 ffor hee shall either fight, or flee,  
or loose his liffe, if hee bee Kinge.
- By Mary and Christ "I make mine avow to Marye, *that* may,  
& to her sonne *that* dyed on tree,
- I'll make him a meal ! 180 I will make him such a breakefast vpon a day  
as neuer made *Knight* any *King* in Cristentye !
- Tell him "tell thou *King* Richard these words ffrom mee :  
ffor all the power *that* he may bringe,
- to fight and flee or die ! " 184 in the ffeild he shall either fight, or flee,  
or loose his liffe or hee be Kinge."
- The messenger tells Richard then this messenger fforth hee went  
to carry to *King* Richard with royaltye,
- how all the country rebel at Lord 188 & saith, "in yonder countrye I haue beene sent,  
soe greeued men are not in Christentye
- Strange's imprisonment. "ffor loue of the Lord strange *that* in bale doth bee."  
these were the words hee sayd to him :
- He must fight, or flee, or die. 192 "you must either fight or flee,  
or loose your liffe, if you bee Kinge."

<sup>1</sup> *sair* (i.e. sore).—Dyce.



att *that* King Richard smiled small,  
 & sware, "by Iesu ffull of might,  
 when they are assembled with their powers all,  
 196 I wold I had the great turke against me to ffight,

Richard  
 swears that,  
 whoever  
 opposes,  
 [page 437]

"or Prester Iohn in his armor bright,  
 the Sowdan of Surrey <sup>1</sup> with them to bringe!  
 yett with manhood & with might  
 200 in England I shold continue *King*.

he'll still  
 be king,

"I sweare by Iesu *that* dyed on a tree,  
 & by his mother *that* mayden blythe,  
 ffrom the towne of Lancaster to Shrewsburye,  
 204 *Knight* nor squier Ile leaue none aliue.

he'll leave no  
 Lancashire  
 squire alive.

"I shall kindle their cares riffe,  
 & giue their Lands to my *Knights* keene;  
 many a man shall repent the while  
 208 *that* euer they rose against their King.

"ffrom the holy-head to St. dauids Land,  
 where now be towers & castles hye,  
 I shall make *parkes* & plaine ffeilds to stand,  
 212 ffrythes ffaire, & fforrests ffree.

and will lay  
 waste Wales,

"Ladyes, 'well-away!' shall crye;  
 widdowes shall weepe, & their hands wringe;  
 many a man shall repent *that* day  
 216 *that* euer they rose against their Kinge."

make  
 widows  
 weep,  
 and rebels  
 rue.

then he made out messengers with maine & might  
 throughout England ffarr & neere,<sup>2</sup>  
 to Duke, Erle, Barron, & Knight,  
 220 & to euery man in his degree.

He sends  
 all over  
 England  
 for his  
 nobles,

<sup>1</sup> Syria.—Robson.

<sup>2</sup> nee.—P.



- and they  
come to  
serve their  
King :
- 224      you neuer heard tell of such a companye  
att sowte, seege,<sup>1</sup> nor noe gatheringe :  
part of their names heere shall yee  
*that came that day to serue their King.*
- the Duke of  
Norfolk,  
the Earls of  
Kent,  
Shrewsbury,
- 228      thither came the duke of Norffolke vpon a day,  
& the Erle of Surrey *that* was his heyre ;  
the Erle of Kent was not away,  
the Erle of Shrewsbury breme<sup>2</sup> as beare.
- Lincoln,  
North-  
umberland,  
Westmore-  
land :
- 232      the Erle of Lincolne<sup>3</sup> wold not spare,  
the Erle of Northumberland ready bowne,  
the Erle of westmoreland great othes sware,  
all they said *Richard* shold Keepe his crowne.
- Lords  
Zouch,  
Maltravers,  
Arundel,  
Wells,
- 236      theres was my Lord Zouch, sad att assay<sup>4</sup>  
my Lord Mattrevis,<sup>5</sup> a noble *Knight* ;  
young Arrundell dight him vpon a day,  
the Lord wells, both wise and wight ;
- Grey of  
Codnor,  
Bowes,  
Audley,
- 240      the Lord Gray Cotner<sup>6</sup> in his armour bright,  
the Lord Bowes made him bowne,  
the Lord Audley was ffeirce to ffight,  
& all said *Richard* shold keepe his crowne.
- Berkeley,  
Ferrers of  
Chartley,  
Ferrers of  
Groby,
- 244      there was my Lord Bartley, sterne on a steede,  
the Lord fferryes of chartlye, the Lord fferryes of  
Strobe,  
the Lord Bartley noble att neede,  
chamberlaine of England *that* day was hee.
- Fitzhugh,  
Scrope of  
Upsal,  
Scrope of  
Bolton,  
Dacres,
- 248      the Lord ffittz Hugh, & his cozen nye,  
the Lord Scroope of vpsall, the Lord scroope of  
Bolton ;  
the Lord Dacres raised all the North cuntrye ;  
& all said *Richard* shold keepe his crowne.

<sup>1</sup> assault, siege.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. brenne.—F.<sup>3</sup> MS. Lincolme.—F.<sup>4</sup> stedfast in trial.—F.<sup>5</sup> Maltrevers.—P.<sup>6</sup> i. e. Lord Grey of Codnor.—P.



- There was many nobles mustered to flight :  
the Lord Audley & the Lord Lumley, Lumley,  
the Lord Gray-stocke <sup>1</sup> in his armour bright, Greystocke;  
252 he brought with him a noble companye,
- he sware by Iesus *that* dyed on a tree,  
‘ *that* his enemyes shold be beaten downe ;  
he was not [in] England, ffarr nor neere,  
256 *that* shold lett <sup>2</sup> Richard to weare his crowne.’
- there was Sir Iohn Spencer, a noble *Knight*, Sirs J. Spencer,  
Sir Raph hare-bottle <sup>3</sup> in rich array,  
Sir william ward, alwayes *that* was wight, W. Ward,  
260 Sir Archeobald, the good Rydley ;
- Sir Nicholas Moberly was not away, N. Moberly,  
nor yett Sir Robert of Clotten, R. Clutton,  
alsoe Sir Oliuer, the hend horsley ; O. Horsley,  
264 all said Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- there was Sir Henery Percy,<sup>4</sup> sterne on steede, H. Percy,  
Sir Roger Bowmer in his companye,  
Sir Richard Manners, noble att neede, R. Manners,  
268 Soe was Sir Henery the hend Hatteley ; [page 438]
- Sir Robert Conway in companye, R. Conway,  
Sir Raphe Smyth & Sir Roger Akerston,  
& Sir William, his cozen nye ; W. Akerston,  
272 & all sayd Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- There was a noble *Knight*, Sir Iohn the Gray, Jn. Gray,  
& Sir Thomas of Mountgomerye ;  
Sir Rodger Sanfort was not away ; R. Sanfort,  
276 ffrom London came Sir Robert Brakenburye ;

<sup>1</sup> Ralph, Lord Greystock, who died in 1487, without male issue, when the barony became united with that of Dacre.—G. E. Adams.

<sup>2</sup> hinder.—Robson.

<sup>3</sup> Harbottle.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Henry Percy.—P.



- H. Bowdrye, Sir Henery Bowdrye was not away,  
nor yett Sir Richard the good Chorlton ;
- R. Robbye, Sir Raphe Robbye made him yare ;  
280 all said Richard wold keepe his crowne.
- M. Con-  
stable, there was Sir Marmaduke Constable, a noble *Knight*,  
of King Richards counsell hee was nye ;
- W. Conyers, Sir william Conyous,<sup>1</sup> allwayes *that* was wight,  
284 Sir Robert Thribald with his meanye ;
- M. Wardley, soe was Sir Martine of the wardley,  
& Sir Richard the good Horton,  
R. Rosse, & Sir Richard Rosse sware smartlye  
288 *that* King Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- R. Sturley, There was Sir Robert, the sterne Sturley ;  
Sir Iohn of Melton, thither Came hee,  
G. Clyfton, Sir Garuis Clyfton <sup>2</sup> in rich array,  
292 Sir Henery Perpoint in his degree,
- T. North, Sir Thomas North with royaltie,  
& alsoe Sir Iohn of Babington,
- H. Stafford, Sir Humphrey Stafford sware certainlye  
296 *that* King Richard shold keepe his crowne.
- R. Ryder, there was Sir Robert Ryder, a man of might,  
Sir Robert Vtridge in his dignitye ;
- J. Hunting-  
ton. Sir Iohn Huntington was ffeirce to ffight,  
300 soe was Sir Iohn willmarley.
- R. Swayley, Sir Robert Swayley with royalltye,  
& alsoe Sir Bryan of stableton,<sup>3</sup>
- W. Staple-  
ton. & Sir william his cozen nye,  
304 & all said Richard shold keepe his crowne.

<sup>1</sup> Conyers.—P.<sup>2</sup> Sir Gervase Clyfton.—P.<sup>3</sup> Sir Bryan Stapleton.—P.



There was *Sir Richard Ratcliffe*, a noble *Knight*,  
of *King Richards* counsell was hee ;  
*Sir William* his brother was ffeirce to ffight,  
308 & *Sir Thomas*, they were brethren 3.

R. Ratcliffe,

W. Ratcliffe,

& *Sir Richard* the Mallinere,  
& *Sir Iohn* the good Horton,  
& *Sir Thomas* the good Mallynere,  
312 & all said Rich[ard] shold keepe his crowne.

R. Mal-  
linere,T. Mally-  
nere,

There was *Sir Raphe Dacres* out of the North,  
& *Sir Christopher* the Moresbye<sup>1</sup> ;  
*Sir William Musgreave* was stiffe to stand,  
316 soe was *Sir Alexander ffawne* in his dignitye.

R. Dacres,

W. Mus-  
grave,

*Sir George Murkenffeild* behind wold not bee,  
nor yett *Sir Thomas* the doughtye Broughton ;  
*Sir Christopher Owen* made him readye,  
320 & all sayd Rich[ard] shold weare his crowne.

G. Murken-  
ffeild,

C. Owen,

there was *Sir william Tempest* out of the vale,  
& *Sir Richard* his cozen nye ;  
*Sir Raph Ashton*, hee made not ffaile,  
324 *Sir Thomas Maclefeild*<sup>2</sup> in Companye.

W. Tempest,

R. Ashton,

*Sir Richard* ward behind wold not bee,  
nor yett *Sir Robert* of Middleton ;  
*Sir Iohn Coleburne* sware certainelye  
328 *that King Richard* shold keepe his crowne.

R. Ward,

J. Cole-  
burne,

there was *Sir Iohn Neuill*<sup>3</sup> of bloud soe hye,  
*Sir Iohn Hurlstean*<sup>4</sup> in rich arraye,  
*Sir Rodger Herne* behind wold not bee,  
332 *Sir Iames Harrington*, sad att assay,

J. Neville,

R. Herne,

J. Harring-  
ton,

<sup>1</sup> perhaps Thoresby.—P. Perhaps  
not.—Adams.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Thomas Macklesfield*.—P.

<sup>3</sup> *Neville*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> ? *MS. Hurfslean*.—F.



R. Harrington.

All swear  
Richard  
shall reign.

2 shires  
alone  
fight for  
Henry.

Lord  
Stanley

leaves  
Latham  
Castle

and marches  
towards

Newcastle.

Sir Wm.  
Stanley

marches to  
Nantwich,

with the  
flower of  
Cheshire;

Sir Robert his brother was not away,  
nor yett Sir Thomas of Pilkinton ;  
& all these, great othes sware they  
336 *that King Richard* shold keepe his crowne.

had wee not need to Iesu to pray,  
*that* made the world, the day & night,  
to keepe vs out of bale and woe ?

340 2 shires against all England to ffight,

& maintaine HENERY *that* came ffor his right,  
& in the realme of England was ready bowne !  
ffreinds, & yee will hearken me right, [page 439]

344 I shall tell you how Henery gott his crowne.

the Lord Stanley sterne and stout,  
*that* euer hath beene wise and wittye,  
ffrom Latham Castle withouten doubt  
348 vppon a munday bowned hee

with *Knights* & squiers in companye.  
they had their banners in the sunn glitteringe ;  
they were as ffeirce as ffawcon to fflye,  
352 to maintaine HENERY *that* was their King.

then this Lord bowned him vpon a day  
with noble men in companye ;  
towards Newcastle vnder Line he tooke the way,  
356 & told his men both gold and ffee.

Sir william Stanley wise and wight,  
ffrom the castle of Holt with holts hye  
to the Nantwich hee rydeth straight,  
360 & tooke his men wages of gold and ffee.

all the north wales ffor the most partye,  
the fflower of Cheshire, with him hee did bringe ;  
better men were not [in] christentye  
364 *that* euer came to maintaine their King.



- Erly vpon Twesday att Morne  
 Sir william Stanley, *that Noble Knight*,  
 remoued ffrom Nantwiche to the towne of stone,—  
 368 by then was Henery come to stafford straight,—  
 he Longed sore to see him in sight,  
 & straight to stafford towne is gone,<sup>1</sup>  
 & kneeled downe anon-right,  
 372 & by the hand he hath him tane :  
 hee said, “ I am ffull glad of thee ; ”  
 & these were the words he said to him :  
 “ through the helpe of my Lord thy ffather,<sup>2</sup> & thee,  
 376 I trust in England to continue Kinge.”  
 then he hent *that* noble prince by the hand,  
 & said, “ welcome my souerraigne King HENERY !  
 chalenge thy Herytage & thy Land,  
 380 *that* thine owne is, & thine shall bee.  
 “ be Eger to ffight, & lothe to fflee !  
 let manhood be bredd thy brest within !  
 & remember another day who doth ffor thee,  
 384 of all England when thou art Kinge.”  
 after, there was noe more to say,  
 but leaue of the prince he hath taken,<sup>3</sup>  
 & came againe by light of the day  
 388 to the litle prettye towne of stone.  
 Early vpon Saturday att morne,  
 to Lichffeild they remoue, both old & younge.<sup>4</sup>  
 att woosley bridge them beforne,  
 392 there had they a sight of our Kinge.

thence to  
Stone,

from whence  
he goes to  
meet Henry,

who is full  
glad of him.

He exhorts  
Henry  
to claim his  
crown,

be eager to  
fight,

and, when  
he wins,  
to remember  
his friends.

Then Sir  
William

returns  
to Stone.

On Saturday  
he marches  
to Lichfield

<sup>1</sup> *gane* (i. e. gone).—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> This should be “*brother*”: Thomas,  
Lord Stanley, the father of Sir William,

and the then (1485) Lord Stanley, having  
died in 1458.—Adams.

<sup>3</sup> *tane*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *yinge*.—Dyce.



- with a  
goodly  
company,
- 396      & to Lichefeild they ridden right,  
            with answerable army came royallye :  
to nomber the companye *that* was with the *Knight*,  
            itt was a goodlye sight to see.
- 400      guns in Lichefeild they cracken on hye  
            to cheere the countye both more & min,  
            & glad was all the Chiualrye  
            *that* was on heneryes parte, our Kinge.
- and rides  
through the  
town.
- Then he  
hears
- 404      throughout Lichefeild rydeth the Knight,  
            on the other side there tarryed hee ;  
a messenger came to him straight,  
            & kneeled downe vpon his knee,
- that Lord  
Stanley
- is about to  
fight  
Richard.
- 408      & saith, "the Lord Stanley is his enemy nye,  
            *that* are but a litle way ffrom him ;  
they will ffight within these houres 3  
            with Richard *that* is Englands Kinge."
- He passes  
on to  
Hattersey
- 412      "that wold I not," the Knight can say,  
            "ffor all the gold in Christentye !"  
towards Tamworth he tooke the way,  
            & came to Hattersey, & neighed nye
- and joins  
Lord  
Stanley.
- 416      where the Lord Stanley in a dale cold bee,  
            with trumpetts & tabours tempered with him :  
itt was a comelye sight to see  
            as euer was to maintaine Kinge. [page 440]
- On Sunday  
they set  
their battle  
in array,
- 420      All *that* night there tarryed they,  
            & vpon the sunday gods service did see.  
toward the ffeild they did them array ;  
            the vawward the Lord Stanley tooke hee,
- waiting  
Richard's  
attack.
- 424      Sir William Stanley the rerward wold bee,  
            & his sonne Sir Edward with a winge.  
thé did remaine in their array  
            to waite the coming of Richard King.



- then they Looked to a fforrest syde,  
 they hard trumpetts & tabours tempered on hye :  
 they thought *King Richard* had comen there,  
 428      & itt was the Noble prince, *King HENERYE*. But Henry  
first comes,
- ouer a riuer then rydeth hee ;  
 he brake the ray, & rode to him :  
 itt was a comelye sight to see (comely it  
was to see  
the meeting)  
 432      the meeting of our *Lord & Kinge*.—
- then in their host there did ffall affray  
 a litle time before the night ;—  
 you neuer saw men soe soone in their array  
 436      with fell weapons ffeirce ffor to ffight.—
- vpon a keene courser *that* was wight,  
 other *Lords* with him hee cold bringe ;  
 thus in array came ryding straight,  
 440      *HENERY* of England, our noble Kinge. on a swift  
courser,
- he lowted low & tooke his hatt in his hand,  
 & thanked the states<sup>1</sup> and cominaltye :  
 “to quitt<sup>2</sup> you all I vnderstand ;  
 444      I trust in Iesu *that* day to see.” He thanked  
the lords  
and com-  
mons,  
and said he  
hoped to re-  
quite them.
- many a cry in the host *that* night did bee ;  
 & anon the Larke began to singe ;  
 truth of the battell heere shall yee,  
 448      *that* euer was betweene *King* and *King*. Next  
morning,
- King HENERY* desired the vaward right  
 of the *Lord stanley that* was both wise & wittye ;  
 & hee hath granted him in sight, he asked to  
lead the  
van.  
 452      & saith “but small is your companye.”

<sup>1</sup> nobles.—F.<sup>2</sup> quite, i.e. requite.—P.



- Lord Stanley gave  
it him,  
with 4 good  
knights,  
456 4 of the Noble *Knights* then called hee;  
their names to you then shall I minge;  
he bade array them with their chivalrye,  
& goe to the vaward with our Kinge:
- Tunstall,  
Savage,  
Perschall,  
460 Sir Robert Tunsall, a Noble Knight,  
& come of royall anceytrees;  
Sir Iohn Savage, wise & wight,  
Sir Hugh Persall; there was 3:
- Humphrey Stanley.  
464 Sir Humphrey Stanley the 4<sup>th</sup> did bee,  
*that* proued noble in euerye thinge;  
they did assay them with their chivalrye,  
& went to the vaward with our kinge.
- Lord Stanley  
has two  
battalions.  
468 the Lord stanley both sterne and stout,  
2 battells *that* day had hee  
of hardye men, withouten doubt  
better were not in christentye.
- Sir Wm. Stanley  
has the  
rearguard.  
472 Sir william, wise and worthye,  
was hindmost att the outsettinge;  
men said *that* day *that* dyd him see,  
hee came betime<sup>3</sup> vnto our King.
- He sees  
Richard's  
host:  
five miles  
of men,  
476 then he remoued vnto a mountaine full hye,  
& looked into a dale ffull dread;  
5 miles compasse, no ground they see,  
ffor armed men & trapped steeds.
- in four  
battalions,  
480 theyr armor glittered as any gleed<sup>2</sup>;  
in 4 strong battells they cold fforth bring;  
they seemed noble men att need  
as euer came to maintaine [a] King.

<sup>1</sup> MS. betine.—F.<sup>2</sup> burning coal.—Dyce.



- the duke of Norfolke <sup>1</sup> avanted <sup>2</sup> his banner <sup>3</sup> bright, Norfolk in  
the van.  
 soe did the younge Erle of Shrewsburye,  
 to the sun & wind right speedylve dight,  
 484 soe did Oxfford, *that* Erle, in companye.
- to tell the array itt were hard ffor me,  
 & they Noble power *that* they did bring.  
 And of the ordinance <sup>4</sup> heere shall yee, [page 441] Their  
artillery  
was,  
 488 *that* had *that* day Richard our Kinge.
- they had 7 scores Sarpendines <sup>5</sup> without dout, 140 ser-  
pentine,  
*that* were locked & Chained vppon a row,  
 as many bombards <sup>6</sup> *that* were stout; 140  
bombards,  
 492 like blasts of thunder they did blow.
- 10000 Morespikes <sup>7</sup> with-all, 10.000  
morris-pikes  
and harque-  
busiers.  
 & harquebusyers, throwlye can thé thringe <sup>8</sup>  
 to make many a noble man to ffall  
 496 *that* was on HENERYS part, our kinge.
- <sup>9</sup> King Richard looked on the mountaines hye, Richard sees  
Lord  
Stanley's  
banner,  
 & sayd, "I see the banner of the Lord Stanley."  
 he said, "ffeitch hither the Lord Strange to mee,  
 500 ffor doubtlesse hee shall dye this day;
- "I make mine avow to Marye, *that* may, and swears  
*that* all the gold this Land within  
 shall not saue his liffe this day,  
 504 in England iff I be Kinge!" Lord  
Strange  
shall die.

<sup>1</sup> *Norfolk* was on the side of Richard. *Shrewsbury*, a minor, probably with his uncle Sir Gilbert Talbot, was on the side of Henry. *Oxford* was a chief commander of Henry's side.—Adams.

<sup>2</sup> availed, or perhaps avanced.—P. advanced, raised.—Dyce.

<sup>3</sup> MS. bamer.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Fr. *Artillerie*, f., Artillerie, Ordnance. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>5</sup> a kind of cannon. Halliwell. Fr.

*Serpentine*, the Artillerie called a Serpentine or Basiliskoe. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>6</sup> See Florio, ed. 1611, pp. 106, 112, 127. Halliwell. Fr. *Bombarde*. A Bum-bard, or murthering peece. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>7</sup> a large pike. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>8</sup> A.-S. *bringan* = to rush.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Vide Pag. 478. St. 236, & sequent<sup>s</sup> [The 6<sup>th</sup> Part of *Ladye Bessie*, below.] —P.



Strange is  
brought out;

then they brought the Lord Strange into his sight;  
he said, "ffor thy death make thee readye."

then answered *that* noble Knight,

he calls

508

& said, "I crye god & the world mercye !

Christ to  
witness  
that he never  
was a  
traitor.

"& Iesus, I draw wittnesse to thee  
*that* all the world ffrom woe did winn,  
since the time *that* I borne did bee,  
512 was I neuer traitor to my Kinge."

a gentleman then called hee,—

men said Latham was his name,—

He sends a  
message  
to his  
gentlemen

516

"& euer thou come into my countrie,  
greete well my gentlemen eche one;

and yeomen,

"my yeomen Large of blood and bone,  
sometimes we had mirth att our meetinge;  
they had a Master, & now they haue none,  
520 ffor heere I must be martyred with the Kinge."

a ring to his  
Lady,

there he tooke a ring of his ffingar right,  
& to *that* squier raught itt hee,  
& said, "beare this to my Lady bright,  
524 for shee may thinke itt longe or shee may <sup>1</sup> see ;

and hopes  
that

"yett att doomes day meete shall wee,—  
I trust in Iesu *that* all this world shall winn—

they all may  
meet in  
heaven.

528

In the celestyall heauen vpon hye  
in presence of a Noble King.

If Henry  
loses,

"& the ffeild be lost vpon our partye,—  
as I trust in god itt shall not bee,—

his son is to  
be taken  
abroad ;

532

take my eldest sonne *that* is my heyre,  
& fflee into some ffarr countrie.

<sup>1</sup> me.—F.



- “yett the child a man may bee,—  
 hee is comen of a ~~Lords~~ kinn,—  
 another day to reuenge mee  
 536 of Richard of England, if he be *King*.”
- then to King Richard there came a *Knight*,  
 saith, “I hold noe time about this to be.  
 see yee not the vawards begining to ffight?  
 540 when yee haue the ffather, the vnckle, all 3,
- “looke what death you will haue them to dye;  
 att *your* will you may them deeme.”  
 through these ffortunate words eskaped hee  
 544 out of the danger of *Richard* the *Kinge*.
- then the *party*es countred<sup>1</sup> together egerlye.  
 when the vawards began to ffight,  
*King* Henery ffought soe manffullye,  
 548 soe did Oxford, *that* Erle soe wight;
- Sir Iohn Sauage, *that* hardy *Knight*,  
 deathes dints he delt *that* day  
 with many a white hood in fight,  
 552 *that* sad men were att assay.
- Sir Gilbert Talbott was not away,  
 but stoutly stirred him in *that* ffight;  
 with noble men att assay  
 556 he caused his enemyes lowe to light.
- Sir Hugh Persall, with sheild & speare  
 ffull doughtylye *that* day did hee;  
 he bare him doughtye in this warr,  
 560 as a man of great degree.

and when  
he's a man,

he is to  
revenge him  
on Richard.

Richard  
hears

that the vans  
are fighting,

waits to  
take  
the Stanleys;

and Strange  
escapes  
death.

Henry fights  
manfully,

and so do  
Savage,

Talbot,

and Pearsall.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. encountered.—P.



Richard has  
40,003 men.

*King Richard* did in his army stand,  
he was n[u]mbred to 40000 and 3  
of hardy men of hart and hand,  
564 *that* vnder his banner there did bee.

Sir William  
Stanley

Sir William Stanley wise & worthie [page 442]  
remembred the brea[k]ffast <sup>1</sup> he hett to him ;  
downe att a backe then cometh hee,  
attacks him. 568 & shortlye sett vpon the Kinge.

Arrows fly,  
guns shoot:

then they countred together sad & sore ;  
archers they lett sharpe arrowes flee,  
they shott guns<sup>2</sup> both fell & farr,  
572 bowes of vewe<sup>3</sup> bended did bee,

Richard's  
men begin to  
fail.

springalls<sup>4</sup> spedd them speedlye,  
harquebusiers pellets throughly did thringe ;  
soe many a banner began to swee<sup>5</sup>  
576 *that* was on Richards partye, their King.

Henry's  
archers  
take to their  
swords,

then our archers lett their shooting bee,  
with ioyned weapons were growden<sup>6</sup> full right,  
brands rang on basenets hye,  
580 battell-axes fast on helmes did light.

and his men  
fight  
mightily.

there dyed many a doughtye Knight,  
there vnder ffoot can thé thringe ;  
thus they ffought with maine & might  
584 *that* was on HENERYES part, our King.

A knight  
advises  
Richard to  
flee.

then to *King Richard* there came a Knight,<sup>7</sup>  
& said, " I hold itt time ffor to flee ;  
ffor yonder stanleys dints they be soe wight,  
588 against them no man may dree.

<sup>1</sup> See line 179, page 242.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. gums.—F.

<sup>3</sup> yewe.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Springal, an ancient military engine  
for casting stones and arrows. Halliwell.  
—F.

<sup>5</sup> swee, qu. perhaps flee.—P. sway  
(& fall).—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? grownden.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Vide Pag. 479, St. 255 [of MS., last  
part of *Ladye Bessiye*], et sequentes.—P.



“ heere is thy horsse att thy hand readye ;  
 another day thou may thy worshipp win,  
 & ffor to raigne with royaltye,  
 592 to weare the crowne, and be our *King*.”

he said, “ giue me my battell axe in my hand,  
 sett the crowne of England on my head soe hye !  
 ffor by him *that* shope both sea and Land,  
 596 *King* of England this day I will dye !

But Richard  
 calls for his  
 battle-axe  
 and crown :  
 he will die a  
 King,

“ one ffoote will I neuer flee  
 whilest the breath is my brest within ! ”  
 as he said, soe did itt bee ;  
 600 if hee lost his liffe, if he were *King*.

and never  
 flee.

about his standard can thé light,  
 the crowne of gold thé hewed him ffree,  
 with dilffull dints his death thé dight,  
 604 the Duke of Norffolke *that* day thé slowe.

Richard  
 is slain ;

Norfolk too,

the Lord fferrers & many other moe,  
 boldlye on bere they can them bringe ;  
 many a noble *Knight* in his hart was throwe,  
 608 *that* lost his liffe with Richard the *King*.

Lord  
 Ferrers,

there was slaine Sir Richard Ratcliffe, a noble  
*Knight*,  
 of *King* Richards counsell was ffull nye ;  
 Sir william Conyas,<sup>1</sup> allwayes *that* was wight,  
 612 & Sir Robert of Brakenburye.

Sir Richard  
 Ratcliffe,

Sir William  
 Conyers,

a *Knight* there dyed *that* was ffull doughtye,  
*that* was Sir Richard the good Chorlton ;  
*that* day there dyed hee  
 616 with Richard of England *that* ware the crowne.

and Sir  
 Richard  
 Chorlton.

<sup>1</sup> Conyers.—P.



- amongst all other *Knights*, remember  
*which* were hardy, & therto wight:  
 Sir William Brandon, Henry's standard-bearer, 620 *King* Heneryes Standard he kept on height,  
 & vanted itt with manhood & might  
 vntill with dints hee was dr[i]uen downe,  
 was killed, & dyed like an ancyent *Knight*,  
 624 with HENERY of England *that* ware the crowne.
- and also Sir P. Triball, Richard's standard-bearer. 628 Sir Perciuall Thriball, the other hight,  
 & noble *Knight*, & in his hart was true;  
*King* Richards standard hee kept vpright  
 vntill both his leggs were hewen him free;
- 632 to the ground he wold neuer lett itt goe,  
 whilest the breath his brest was within;  
 yett men pray ffor the *Knights* 2  
*that* euer was soe true to their King.
- Henry is proclaimed King, 636 then they moued to a mountaine on height,  
 with a lowde voice they cryed *king* HENERY;  
 the crowne of gold *that* was bright,  
 and Lord Stanley to the Lord stanley deliuered itt bee.
- hands the crown of England to him. 640 anon to King HENERY deliuered itt hee,  
 the crowne *that* was soe deliuered to him,  
 & said, "methinke ye are best worthye  
 to weare the crowne and be our King."
- They ride to Leicester, 644 Then they rode to Leister *that* night  
 with our noble prince *King* HENERYE;  
 they brought *King* Richard thither with might  
 as naked as he borne might bee,



& in Newarke <sup>1</sup> Laid was hee,  
*that* many a one might looke on him.  
 thus ffortunes raignes most maruelouslye  
 648 both with Emperour & with king.

and lay  
 Richard's  
 body in  
 Newark.

now this doubtfull day is brought to an end,  
 Iesu now on their soules haue mercye!  
 & hee [*that*] dyed this world to amend,  
 652 saue stanleys blood, where-soeuer they bee,

Jesu have  
 mercy on  
 their souls,

to remaine as *Lords* with royaltie  
 when truth & conscyence shall spread & spring,  
 & *that* they bee of councell nye  
 656 to Iames <sup>2</sup> of England *that* is our King!

and save  
 Stanley's  
 blood  
 as Lords  
 wherever  
 truth shall  
 spread!

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> A place in Leicester so called.—P.

<sup>2</sup> This Poem was certainly written  
 before the time of King James, but some

transcriber applied the Prayer to the  
 reigning Prince.—P.



### Aeneas & Dido : <sup>1</sup>

THIS song is to be found among “*The Ayres that were sung and played at Brougham Castle in Westmerland, in the King’s Entertainment, given by the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland and his Right noble Sonne the Lord Clifford.* Composed by Mr. George Mason and Mr. John Earsden. Printed by Thomas Snodham, 1618.” They were reprinted by John Stafford Smith in *Musica Antiqua*; and in the preface to that work he says: “The last verse of the famous ballad *Dido Queen* was, on this occasion, added to the more ancient song. The Editor has in his possession an older copy without it.” The verse here referred to begins “Dido wept.”

D’Urfey reprinted the song, with this third verse, in *Pills to purge Melancholy*, vol. vi. p. 192, but to another tune. The old song was very popular, as may be proved by the following quotations:

You ale-knights! you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions! that sing *Queen Dido* over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot! you shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottom before you are aware. (*The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets*, 1608.)

This allusion to the song is ten years earlier than the date of the printed copy of the “Entertainment.” Again, in Fletcher’s *The Captain*, Act iii. Scene 3, Frank says:

These are your eyes—  
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love  
With the old footman for singing *Queen Dido*?

In Charles II.’s reign, Sir Robert Howard (speaking of him-

<sup>1</sup> In praise of Inconstancy.—P.



self) said: "In my younger time I have been delighted with a ballad for its sake; and 'twas 10 to 1 but my muse and I had so set up first: nay, I had almost thought that *Queen Dido*, sung *that way*, was some ornament to the pen of Virgil." (*Poems and Essays*, 8vo, 1673.)

“The most excellent History of The Duchess of Suffolk’s Calamity,” printed in 1607, was sung to the tune of *Queen Dido*. Several more are quoted in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. pp. 371-2.—W. C.

DIDO : was a Carthage Queene,  
 & loued a Troian Knight,  
 [that] wandering,<sup>1</sup> many a coste had seene,  
 4 & many a bloody ffight.  
 as they on hunting [rode,<sup>2</sup>] a shower  
 droue them in a louing hower,  
 downe to a darkesome Caue,  
 8 wheras Æneas with his charmes  
 locket Queene didon in his armes,  
 & had what hee wold craue.  
 Dido Hymens rites fforgett,<sup>3</sup>  
 12 her loue was winged with hast ;  
 her honor shee regarded not,  
 but in her brest him placet.  
 but when their loues were new begun,  
 16 Ioue sent downe his winged sonne  
 to ffright Aeneas sleepe,  
 who bade him by the breake of day  
 ffrom *Queene* dido steale away,  
 20 which made her wayle and weepe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. wondering.—F. who wand<sup>g</sup> —P.

<sup>2</sup> went.—P. rode, in the other copy.—W. C.

<sup>3</sup> forgot.—P.



and Dido  
wept.

Æneas did  
no wrong, as  
he was  
forced to go.

Learn lords,  
then,  
to be  
faithless,

and get new  
loves.

dido wept, but what of this ?

the gods wold haue itt soe ;

Æneas nothing did amisse,

24 ffor he was fforcte to goe.

Learne, Lordings, Learne <sup>1</sup>, no ffaith to keepe

with your loues, but lett them weepe ;

itts folly to be true ;

28 And lett this story serue your turne,

& lett 20 didoes burne,

soe you gett dalye <sup>2</sup> new.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> *then* in the other copy.—W. C.

<sup>2</sup> *daily*.—P.

[“*As it beffell on a Day,*” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 82, follows  
here in the MS. p. 444.]



## The Squier.<sup>1</sup>

THIS is a much abridged and somewhat mutilated version of the charming and most popular old romance, *The Squyr of Lowe Degre*,<sup>2</sup> reprinted by Ritson from Copland's edition, in his *Ancient English Metrical Romances*; reprinted again more accurately by Mr. Hazlitt in his *Early Popular Poetry*; liberally quoted from by Warton in his *History of English Poetry*. The "Squyr of Lowe Degree," as Mr. Hazlitt (ii. 22) points out, "was licensed to John Kyng on the 10th of June, 1560, with several other articles; but no impression by King has hitherto come to light." The following may possibly be a copy of King's edition.

With one part of the story—the tender care with which the supposed remains of her lover are preserved by the king's daughter—the reader will not fail to compare Keats' *Isabella or the Pot of Basil*.

IT : was a squier of England borne,  
 he wrought a fforffett against the crowne,  
 against the crowne & against the ffee :  
 4 in England tarry no longer durst hee,  
 ffor hee was vexed beyond the ffome<sup>3</sup>  
 into the Kings Land of Hungarye.  
 he was no sooner beyond the ffome,  
 8 but into a service he was done ;

An English  
 Squire  
 offended his  
 King,

and had to  
 flee to  
 Hungary.

There he  
 took service

<sup>1</sup> A poor imperfect Old Ballad. Of very moderate excellence: yet curious. This is a mutilated incorrect copy of the ancient Romance intituled *The Squire of Low Degree*. (So I once thôt, but upon comparing them I find *them* very different.) This seems to differ from the printed Romance of the *Squier of Low*

*Degree* about as much as that of Sir Lambwell in pag. 60 [of MS., vol. i. p. 142 of print] does from *that* of Sir Launfal, & probably for the same Reason—vid. *supra*, p. 60.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Or *Vndo your doore*: 1132 lines.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sea, qu.—P.



with  
the King's  
daughter,

and waited  
on her  
till he won  
her love.

When he  
was sad,  
he went to  
his garden  
of maples  
and hazles,

where the  
martin and  
  
thrush sang.

There he  
lamented  
his want of  
money

and birth  
that he  
might win  
his Lady.  
She heard  
him,

and asked  
him  
whom he  
was

- such a service he cold him gett,  
he serued the Kings daughter in her seate;  
such a service he was put in,  
12 he serued the *Kings* daughter with bread & wine;  
he serued this Lady att table and Chesse  
till hee had woone her loue to his.<sup>1</sup>  
he was made vs her of the hall,  
16 the setter of the *Lords* both great & small.<sup>2</sup>  
the Squier was soe curterous & kind,<sup>3</sup>  
Euery man loued him & was his ffreind.  
& alwaies when the Squier was woe,  
20 into his arbour he wold goe;  
the maple trees were ffaire & round,  
the ffilbert hangs downe to the ground,  
the Iay iangles them amonge,  
24 the marttin song many a ffaire songe,  
the sparrow spread vpon her spray,  
the throstle song both night and day,  
the swallow swooped too and ffroe:  
28 the squires hart was neuer soe woe,  
he Leaned his backe vntill a thorne,  
& said, "alacke *that* euer I was borne!  
*that* I had gold, soe had I ffee,  
32 marry I might yond ffaire Ladye.  
O *that* I were borne of soe hye a kin,  
the Ladyes loue *that* I might win!"  
the Lady lay in her chamber hind,  
36 & heard the Squier still mourning;  
shee pulled fforth a pin of Iuorye,  
like the sun itt shone by and by;  
shee opened the Casement of a glasse,  
40 shee saw the squier well where hee was,  
"Squier," shee sayes, "ffor whose sake  
is *that* mourning *that* thou dost make?"

<sup>1</sup> Compare *Thomas of Potte*, p. 136 above.—F.

<sup>2</sup> See Russell's *Boke of Nurture*, l. 1001.—F.

<sup>3</sup> hend, i. e. gentle.—P.



- "Ladye," he sayes, "as I doe see,  
 44 of my mourninge I dare not tell yee,  
 ffor you wold complaine vnto our *King*,  
 & hinder me of my Liuinge."  
 "Squier," shee saies, "as I doe thriue,  
 48 neuer while I am woman alieue!"  
 "Squier," shee saies, "if you will my loue haue,  
 another ffashion you must itt craue,  
 ffor you must to the ffeild, & ffight,  
 52 & dresse you like & other wise Knight<sup>1</sup>;  
 & euer the fformost I hold you ffirst,  
 & euer my ffather hold you next,  
 & hee will take such ffavor to yee,  
 56 soone marryed together wee shalbee."  
 "Lady," he saies, "*that* is soone said:  
 how shold a man to the ffeild, was neuer arraid?  
 Lady," he said, "itt were great shame  
 60 a naked man shold ryde ffrom home."  
 "thou shalt haue gold, thou shalt haue ffee,  
 strenght of men & royaltie."  
 shee went to a Chest of Iuorye,  
 64 & ffeicht out a 100<sup>li</sup> and 3:  
 "Squier," shee saies, "put this in good Lore;  
 when this is done, come ffeitch thee more."  
 shee had no sooner these words all said,  
 68 but men about her chamber her ffather had Laid:  
 "open your doore, my Lady alone,  
 heere is twenty, I am but one."  
 "I will neuer my dore vndoe  
 72 ffor noe man *that* comes me to,  
 nor I will neuer my dore vnsteake<sup>2</sup>  
 vntill I heare my ffather speake."  
 then they tooke the Squier alone,  
 76 & put him into a chamber of ffrom<sup>3</sup>;

[page 445] mourning  
after,

and told him

that if he  
would have  
her love,he must  
fight and  
dress  
like a  
knight,and then  
they could be  
married."But I have  
no armour."The Lady  
giveshim 103*l*.and promises  
him more,The King's  
men  
who have  
lain in wait,take the  
Squire, put  
him in  
prison,<sup>1</sup> Another-guesse *Knight*; qu.—P.<sup>2</sup> i. e. unfasten, open.—P.<sup>3</sup> her from, qu.—P.  
ffrane, l. 153.—F.

? frame: cp.



- set a corpse & to the gallow tree they be gone,  
& ffeitched downe a hanged man.
- at her  
chamber  
door, 80 the dead might ffall vpon the ffloore ;  
they mangled him soe in the face,  
and mangle  
his face. they Lady might not know who he was.  
shee harde the swords ding & crye ;
- The Lady  
gets up, 84 the Lady rose vpp by and by  
naked as euer shee was borne,  
sauing a mantle her beforne ;  
shee opened the chamber dore,
- opens her  
door, and the  
corpse falls  
on the floor. 88 the dead man ffell vpon the fflore.  
She thinks "alacke," shee saith, "& woe is aye !  
something to Long *that* I haue Lay.  
alacke," shee sais, "*that* euer I was borne !
- her Squire is  
dead. 92 Squier, now thy liffe dayes are fforlorne !  
I will take thy ffingars & thy flax,<sup>1</sup>  
I will throwe them well in virgins wax ;  
I will thy bowells out drawe,
- She says she  
will bury his  
bowels, 96 & bury them in christyan graue ;  
I will wrapp thee in a wrapp<sup>2</sup> of lead,  
embalm his  
body,  
and keep it  
at her bed's  
head & reare thee att my beds head.  
Squier," shee sayes, "in powder thoust Lye ;
- till it can be  
kept no  
longer : 100 longer kept thou cannott bee ;  
I will chest thee in a chest of stree,  
& spice thee well with spicerye,  
& bury thee vnder a marble stone,
- then she'll  
bury it, and  
say her daily  
prayers on  
it. 104 & euery day say my praiers thee vpon,  
& euery day, whiles I am woman alieue,  
for thy sake gett masses ffine.  
through the praying<sup>3</sup> of our Lady alone,
- Also she'll  
wear  
nothing but  
black. 108 saued may be the soule of the hanged man.  
Squier," shee sais, "now ffor thy sake  
I will neuer weare no clothing but blacke.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *feax*, hair of the head.—F.<sup>3</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> Wrapper.—P.



- Squier," shee sais, "Ile neuer looke att other thing,  
 112 nor neuer weare mantle nor ringe."  
 her ffather stood vnder an easing<sup>1</sup> bore,  
 & heard his daughter mourning euer more ;  
 "daughter," he sais, "ffor whose sake  
 116 is *that* sorrow *that* still thou makes ? "  
 "ffather," shee sais, "as I doe see,  
 itt is ffor no man in Christentye.  
 ffather," shee sayes, "as I doe thriue, [page 446]  
 120 itt is ffor noe man this day aliue ;  
 ffor yesterday I lost my kniffe ;  
 much rather had I haue lost my liffe ! "  
 "my daughter," he sayes, "if itt be but a blade,  
 124 I can gett another as good made."  
 "ffather," shee sais, "there is neuer a smith but one  
*that* [can] smith you<sup>2</sup> such a one."  
 "daughter," hee sais, "to-morrow I will a hunting  
 ffare,  
 128 & thou shalt ryde vppon thy chaire,  
 & thou shalt stand in such a place  
 & see 30 harts come all in a chase."  
 "ffather," shee sayes, "godamercy,  
 132 but all this will not comfort mee."  
 "daughter," he sais, "thou shalt sitt att thy meate,  
 & see the ffishes in the ffloud leape."  
 "ffather," shee sais, "godamercy,  
 136 but all this will not comfort mee."  
 "thy sheetes they shall be of they Lawne,  
 thy blanketts of the ffine ffustyan."  
 "ffathe[r,]" shee sais, &c.:  
 140 " & to thy bed I will thee bring,  
 many torchers ffaire burninge."  
 "ffather," shee sais, &c.
- Her father  
 asks whom  
 she's sorrow-  
 ing for.  
 "No man  
 alive.  
 I've lost my  
 knife."  
 "I'll get  
 another  
 blade for  
 you.  
 Come and  
 see me hunt  
 to-morrow."  
 "That won't  
 comfort  
 me."  
 "I'll give  
 you some  
 lawn  
 sheets and  
 fustian  
 blankets,

<sup>1</sup> Easing, i. e. Eaves of a house.—P.  
 ? Building with eaves. *Bor*, *bore*, a  
 place used for shelter, especially by  
 smaller animals. *Sir Tristrem*. *Easin-*

*gang*, a course of sheaves projecting a  
 little at the *easin*, to keep the rain from  
 getting in. Jamieson.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> that can smithe you, &c.—P.



- minstrels shall play to you, and  
pepper and cloves burn for you.
- Why are you so pale?
- I have your lover!"
- He brings the Squire to her;
- she swoons,  
but recovers when kissed.
- She marries the Squire.  
Kings come to her wedding.
- The feast lasts 34 days,  
and the lovers live over 30 years.
- 144 "If thou cannott sleepe, nor rest take,  
thou shalt haue Minstrells with thee to wake.<sup>1</sup>"  
"ffather," shee sais, &c.  
"peper & Cloues shall be burninge,  
*that* thou maist ffeelee the sweet smellinge."
- 148 "ffather," shee sais, &c.  
"daughter, thou had wont to haue beene both white  
& red;  
now thou art as pale as beaten leade.  
I haue him in my keeping  
152 *that* is both thy loue & likinge."  
he went to a Chamber of ffirane,  
& ffeicht fforth the Squier, a whales bone.<sup>2</sup>  
when shee looked the Squier vpon,  
156 in a dead swoone shee ffell anon.  
throug<sup>3</sup> kissing of *that* worthye wight,  
vprisse *that* Lady bright.  
"ffather," shee sayes, "how might you for sinn  
160 haue kept vs 2 louers in twin?"  
"daughter," he said, "I did ffor no other thinge  
but thought to haue marryed thee to a *King*."  
to her Marriage came *Kings* out of Spaine,  
164 & Kings out of Almaine,  
& Kings out of Normandye,  
att this Ladyes wedding ffor to bee.  
a long month and dayes 3,  
168 soe long lasted this Mangerye.<sup>4</sup>  
30 winters and some deale moe,  
soe longe liued these Louers too.                      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> A.-S. *wæccan*, to watch.—F.<sup>2</sup> as white as ivory.—F.<sup>3</sup> *ffor* is marked out for *throug*.—F.<sup>4</sup> Mangerye, i. e. eating, feasting.—P.

[*"Blame not a Woman,"* printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 84, follows here in the MS. p. 446.]



Ⓢ Noble ffeſtus : <sup>1</sup>

[page 447]

THIS piece is, as Percy mentions, “printed in a Collection of Songs called the Rump, p. 237, A. D. 1662.” (It is not in the 1660 edition of the said collection.) It is reprinted in the two-volumed edition that appeared in 1731. “It was written,” says Percy, “about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3rd edition of his poems 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor’s folio MS.”

V. 9. “Coming to Court after he [Sir Walter Mildmay, “formerly a serious student in and benefactor to Christ’s College,”] had founded his college [Emmanuel College,]” says Fuller in his *History of the University of Cambridge*, “the queen told him ‘Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation.’ ‘No, madam,’ saith he, ‘far be it from me to countenance any thing contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.’” John Gifford, Ezekiel Culverwell, Jeremiah Burroughs, Stephen Marshall, Thomas Shephard, Nathaniel Ward, Samuel Croke, John Cotton, Thomas Hooker, John Yates, John Stoughton, all well-known Puritan divines, were members of Mildmay’s College.

V. 47. Richard Greenham was born *circ.* 1531, educated at and elected fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, “became pastor to the congregation at Drayton, near Cambridge,” “took such uncommon pains,” says Brook in his *Lives of the Puritans*, “and

<sup>1</sup> Printed in a Collection of songs    N. B. The Various Readings below are called the *Rump*, p. 237, A. D. 1662.    from the printed Copy.—P.



was so remarkably ardent in his preaching, that at the conclusion of the service his perspiration was so great that his shirt was usually as wet as if it had been drenched in water ;” “ was a most exact and conscientious nonconformist, choosing on all occasions to suffer rather than sacrifice a good conscience ;” “ died a most comfortable and happy death in the year 1591.” With regard to the “cure” the reading of his writings is said in the following piece to have effected, we quote once more from Brook : “ In addition to his public ministerial labours, he had a remarkable talent for comforting afflicted consciences ; and in this department the Lord greatly blessed his endeavours. Having himself waded through the deep waters, and laboured under many painful conflicts, he was eminently qualified for relieving others. The fame of his usefulness in resolving the doubts of inquiring souls having spread through the country, multitudes from all quarters flocked to him as to a wise physician, and by the blessing of God obtained the desired comfort. Numerous persons, who to his own knowledge had laboured under the most racking terrors of conscience, were restored to joy and peace in believing. When any complained of blasphemous thoughts, his advice was “do not *fear* them, but *abhor* them.” Amongst his treatises (see his *Works*, fol. 1612) are “A sweet comfort for afflicted conscience,” “A short direction for the comfort of afflicted consciences,” “Rules for an afflicted minde concerning several temptations,” &c.

V. 49. William Perkins (1558–1602), too, was of Cambridge, a fellow of Christ’s College, and afterwards preacher at St. Andrew’s Church. He was both a Boanerges and a Barnabas, according to Brook. “Mr. Perkins’ sermons were *all law* and *all gospel* . . . He used to apply the terrors of the law so directly to the consciences of his hearers, that their hearts would often sink under the convictions ; and he used to pronounce the word *damn* with so peculiar an emphasis that it left a doleful *echo* in their ears a long time after.” “As for his books,” says Fuller in



a highly eulogistic sketch of his life in his *Abel Redivivus*, "it is a miracle almost to conceive how thick they lye and yet how far they overspread all over Christendome." . . .

Of all the Worthies in this learned role,  
Our English *Perkins* may, without controule,  
Challenge a crowne of Bayes to deck his head,  
And second unto none be numbered,  
For's learning, wit and worthy parts divine,  
Wherein his Fame resplendantly did shine  
Abroad and eke at home ; for's Preaching rare  
And learned writings, almost past compare ;  
Which were so high estéem'd, that some of them  
Translated were (as a most precious jem)  
Into the Latine, French, Dutch, Spanish tongue,  
And rarely valued both of old and young.  
And (which was very rare) Them all did write  
With his left hand, his right being uselesse quite ;  
Borne in the first, dying in the last year  
Of Quéen *Eliza*, a Princesse without péer.

T. Fuller's *Abel Redivivus* (1651) p. 440.

His works were printed again and again—in 1608–10, 1612, 1616, 1621, 1626, 1635. The reference in the following piece is, no doubt, to his "Golden chaine or the description of Theologie, containing the order of the causes of Salvation and Damnation, according to God's Word, a view whereof is to be seen in the Table annexed." See vol. i. of the 1612 edition of his works. This table, a side-note on it informs us, "may be in stead of an Ocular Catechisme to them which cannot read ; for by the pointing of the finger they may sensibly perceive the chiefe points of religion and the order of them." The reader is instructed that "the white line sheweth the order of the causes of salvation from the first to the last. The blacke line sheweth the order of the causes of damnation." Some of these latter causes are "the decree of Reprobation," "A calling not effectual," "No calling," "Ignorance and vauitie of mind," "the hardening of the heart," "a reprobate sense," "Greedines in sinne," "Fulnes of sinne." A bold analysis of perdition this—an audacious piece of



theological presumption. The black line has a fearful look, as of some dark deadly flood moving across the page. No wonder

Those crooked veins  
Long stuck in my brains  
That I feared my reprobation.

---

Am I mad  
because I  
hope to put  
down the  
Pope?

AM: I mad, O noble ffestus,  
when zeale & godlye knowledge  
put me in hope to deale with the Pope  
4 as well as the best in the Colledge?  
Boldlye I preacht "war<sup>1</sup> & cross war a surplus,  
miters, copes, & rochetts!  
come heare me pray 9 times a day,  
8 & ffill your head with crochetts."

I was trained  
in  
Emmanuel's  
house.

In the house of pure Emanuell<sup>2</sup>  
I had my educatyon,  
till my ffreinds did surmise I dazled my eyes  
12 with the light of reuelation.  
Boldlye I preacht &c.

I was bound  
like a  
madman,  
and lashed.

Thé bound me like [a]<sup>3</sup> bedlam,  
& lash[t]<sup>4</sup> my 4 poore quarters.  
while this does endure,<sup>5</sup> ffaith makes me sure  
16 to be one of ffox his Martyres.  
Boldlye I preacht &c.

These iniuryes I sufferd  
with Antich[r]ists perswasion.  
lett loose my chaine! neither Roome nor Spaine  
20 can withstand my strong inuasyon.  
Boldlye I preacht &c.

<sup>1</sup> hate a Cross, hate, &c., or *ware a Cross* &c. i.e. beware, &c.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Emanuel College, Cambridge, was

originally a seminary of Puritans.—W. C.

<sup>3</sup> a.—P. <sup>4</sup> t.—P. <sup>5</sup> thus I indure.—P.



I assailed the seauen-hild Cittye  
 where I mett the great redd dragon;  
 I kept him alooffe with the armor<sup>1</sup> prooffe  
 24     thoughe now I haue neuer a ragg on.  
        Boldlye I preacht &c.

At Rome I  
 fought the  
 red dragon,

with a ffiery sword and Targett,  
 twice ffought I with this monster;  
 but the sonnes of pryde my zeale doe deryde,  
 28     & all my deeds misconster.  
        Boldly I preacht &c.

with a sword  
 and target.

I vnhorset the hore of Babell  
 with the Launce of Inspiration;  
 I made her stinke, & spill the<sup>2</sup> drinke  
 32     in the Cupp of abbominatyon.  
        Boldlye I preacht &c.

I unhorsed  
 the whore of  
 Babylon.

<sup>3</sup> ffrom the beast with 10 hornes, Lord blesse vs,  
 I haue plucket of 3 allreadye;  
 if theyle Lett me alone, Ile leaue him none;  
 36     but they say I am tó headye.  
        Boldlye I preacht &c.

I pulled out  
 three of the  
 beast's ten  
 horns.

I saw 2 in the visyon,  
 with a fflying booke betweene them.  
 I haue beene in dispaire 5 times in a yeere,  
 40     & beene cured by reading Greenham.<sup>4</sup>  
        Boldlye I preacht &c.

I've been  
 rescued  
 from despair  
 by  
 Greenham.

<sup>1</sup> [insert] of.—P.

<sup>2</sup> her.—P.

<sup>3</sup> This Stanza is not in the printed Copy.—P.

<sup>4</sup> *The Works of Richard Greenham, Minister and Preacher of the Word of*

*God.* Lond. 1599, 4to. Greenham was a puritan divine of considerable talents and popularity. His works consist of sermons, treatises, and a commentary on Psalm cxix. Lowndes.—F.



Perkins has

I haue read in <sup>1</sup> Perkins table <sup>2</sup>

the blacke Line of damnatyon ;

made me fear  
my dam-  
nation.

44

these crooked vaines long stucke <sup>3</sup> in my braines,  
that I ffeared my reprobacion.

Boldlye I preacht &amp;c.

In the holy tounge of Cannan

I placed my Cheefest tresure,

till I hurt my ffoot with an hebrew roote

48

that I bled beyond all measure.

Boldlye I preacht &amp;c.

I've told the  
Archbishop  
thatI was <sup>4</sup> before the Archbishophe

&amp; all the hye Comissyon ;

he favoured  
superstition.

52

I gaue him no grace, but told him to his fface  
that he ffaououred superstition.

Boldlye I preacht &amp;c.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> observed in.—P.<sup>2</sup> Perkins, William, *The Works*. Lond., 1608–10, fol., 3 vols. *A Reformed Catholike, or a Declaration of Declarations*. Camb., 1567. *A Reformation of a Catholike deformed*. 1604, 4to., and a *Second Part of the Reformation, etc.* 1607. *Discourse of the Damned**Art of Witchcraft*. Camb. 1610. The works of this Puritan are distinguished for their piety, learning, extensive knowledge of the Scriptures, and strong Calvinistic argumentation. Lowndes.—F.<sup>3</sup> so stuck.—P.<sup>4</sup> appear'd.—P.[“O Watt, where art tho?” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 121, follows here in the MS. p. 447–8.]



### Carle off Carlile<sup>1</sup>:

THIS poem was printed from the Folio by Sir F. Madden in the Appendix to his *Syr Gawayne* for the Bannatyne Club, pp. 256–74. Some of his readings of the MS. differ from mine; and though, if I can trust my eyes, the MS. does not make all the mistakes that Sir F. Madden attributes to it, I have thought it only due to his well-established reputation and great experience in reading MSS., as well as to our readers, who will probably trust him rather than me, to put his readings in the notes. The poem is, as he says, a modernised copy of the *Syre Gawene and the Carle of Carelyle* in the Porkington MS. No. 10, “written in the reign of Edward IV.,” printed by him (Sir F. Madden) in the Appendix to his *Syr Gawayne*, pp. 187–206. Though Mrs. Ormsby Gore has kindly lent me this Porkington MS., I have not collated the Folio with it, as its *Syre Gawene* will be printed by Mr. Richard Morris for the Early English Text Society next year, and will there be easily accessible to all readers. The alterations are great in words, small in incidents, and the earlier poem is the better one. Sir F. Madden looks on the occurrence of the present poem and *The Grene Knight* (vol. ii. p. 58) in our Folio as settling the “question of the genuineness and antiquity of the *romance-poems* (as distinguished from the longer and better-known *romances*) in this celebrated MS.”—that is, that the Folio poems are not abstracts made of the old romances in the seventeenth century, but retellings or adaptations of abstracts made in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. “The original of this story must be sought for in the literature of the Continent, and we find it in the beautiful *fabliau* of *Le Chevalier à l’Epée*, printed in Meon’s *Recueil*, tome i. p. 127, 8vo, 1823, and previously analysed by Le Grand.”

<sup>1</sup> A curious Song of the Marriage of Sir Gawane, one of King Arthur’s Knights.—P.



Like the other Gawaine stories in the Folio, this one takes us into weirdland, the region where necromancers have been at work, where Kelts loved specially to range. And, as in *The Turke and Gowin* and *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, the counter charm which undoes the fiendly work is Gawaine's courtesy. Though he was not held worthy of the highest honours in Arthur-story, though he kept not the state of the virgin three who alone achieved the Quest of the Holy Graal<sup>1</sup>—Galahad, Percival, Bors,—yet the sweetness of his spirit, his never-failing gentleness to poor as well as rich, to frightful dames as well as beauties, made him the favourite of most<sup>2</sup> of the Arthur-writers, and they sang his praises and his prowess, blessed him with the loveliest wives—the second appears here—and, with Israelitish unction, added many concubines. In contrast with him, here, is not only crabbed Kay, but also the Christian Bishop who has sunk the humility of his religion in the pride of his office, has forgotten that

It fitteth a clarke to be curteous and ffree,

and gets accordingly a rap on his crown that sends him down. But Gawaine does not fail: what courtesy requires, that he does, all that his host asks; and so, escapes himself, and rescues his friends, from the fate that had befallen 1500 men before who “coude not their curtasye,”—death at the hand and mouths of the Carle and his Four Whelps. As of the Turke (vol. i. p. 101, l. 288) so of the Carle, Gawaine strikes off the head; the bale that Necromancy had wrought is turned to bliss, the loathsome giant becomes again a man, and Gawaine weds the lady gay. What is not possible to those sweet souls who sun their world, at

<sup>1</sup> “Gauwains, Gauwain! mult a lunc tans que tu fus chiualers, et onques puis ne seruis ton creatour, se peu non: tu ies mais si vieus arbres qu’il n’a en toi ne fuelle ne fruit, car tu penses que nostre sires en eust la moule et l’escorche, puis que li anemis en a eu la flour et le fruit.” Nasciens to Gawain, *Queste*, p. 144. Again: “et quant il vous vit, si

s’en ala, car uous auies le lieu ordi de uotre pechie, et quant il s’en ala il vous dist, ‘chiualer plain de poure foi et de poure creanche, ches iij. choses vous faillent: carite, abstinenche, et uerites, et pour che n’en poes auenir as auentures del saint graal.’” *Queste*, p. 133, ed. F. J. F. for Roxb. Club, 1864.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Others consistently run him down.



whose presence words of wrath and thoughts of evil cease, the remembrance even of whose smile wins us from bitterness and gloom?—F.

- LISTEN: to me a litle stond,  
 yee shall heare of one *that* was sober & sound :  
 hee was meeke as maid in bower,  
 4 stiffe & strong in euery stoure;  
 certes withouten ffable  
 he was one of the round table;  
 the *Knights* name was Sir Gawaine,  
 8 *that* much worshipp wan in Brittainne.  
 the Ile of Brittainne called is  
 both England & Scotland I-wis ;  
 wales is an angle to *that* Ile,  
 12 where *King* Arthur soiorned a while <sup>1</sup> ;  
 with him 24 *Knights* told,  
 besids Barrons & dukes bold.  
 the *King* to his Bishopp gan say,  
 16 “ wee will have a Masse to-day,  
 Bishopp Bodwim <sup>2</sup> shall itt done :  
 after, to the ffairest <sup>3</sup> wee will gone,  
 ffor now itt's grass time of the yeere,  
 20 Barrons bold shall breake the deere.  
 ffaine theroff was Sir Marrocke,<sup>4</sup>  
 soe was Sir Kay, the *Knight* stout ;

I'll tell you  
about

Sir Gawaine.

Arthur  
stayed a  
while in  
Wales,

and one day  
said he'd  
hear Mass,

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and then go  
hunting.

Murrock  
was glad.  
Kay too,

<sup>1</sup> At Cardyfe soiorned be kynge a whylle. Porkington MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> that Bishop Sir Bodwine. *Turke & Gowin*, l. 154, vol. i. p. 96. On this Bodwin or Bawdewyn in *The Grene Knyzt*, Sir F. Madden says that he “occurs nowhere in the early French metrical and prose romances; and his name seems to have been substituted by the English or Sectish poets in the 14th century, for that of Bishop Brice or Dubricius. There was an Archbishop of Canterbury named Baldwin, who held the See from 1184 to 1191, from whom the name may have been taken. *Syr*

*Gawayne*, p. 312.—F.

<sup>3</sup> forrest.—Pork.

<sup>4</sup> Mewreke.—Pork. Marrake in *The Awntyrs of Arthure*, l. 641. He “appears to be the same as ‘Sir Marrok, the good knyghte, that was bitrayed with his wyf, for she made him seuen yere a werwolf,’ in Malory’s *Morte d’Arthur*, vol. ii. p. 385; and on a similar story is founded the *Lai de Bisclaveret* of Marie, ed. Roquefort, tome i. p. 179.”—Madden’s *Syr Gawayne*, p. 335. Marrocke is also the name of the giant in *Eglumore*, vol. ii. p. 349, l. 239, and of the false steward in *Sir Triamore*, vol. ii. p. 82, l. 51.—F.



and  
Lancelot,  
Percival,      24      ffaine was Sir Lancelott Dulake,  
Ewaine,      soe was Sir Perciuall,<sup>1</sup> I vndertake;  
Lott, the  
Green  
Knight,      ffaine was Sir Ewaine<sup>2</sup>  
Gawaine,      & Sir Lott of Lothaine,<sup>3</sup>  
28      soe was the *Knight* of armes greene,<sup>4</sup>  
    & alsoe Sir Gawaine the sheene.  
    Sir Gawaine was steward in Arthurs hall,  
    hee was the curteous *Knight* amongst them all.<sup>5</sup>  
Mordred,      King Arthur & his Cozen Mordred,<sup>6</sup>  
32      & other *Knights* withouten Lett,  
Lybius  
Disconyus,      Sir Lybius Disconyus<sup>7</sup> was there  
    with proud archers lesse & more,  
and Iro  
side,      Blanch ffaire<sup>8</sup> & Sir Ironside,<sup>9</sup>  
36      & many *Knights* that day can ryde.

<sup>1</sup> The nephew of king Pescheor, [or king Pelles, the Rich Fisher,] guardian of the *Sangreal*, whose adventures occupy a quarto volume, printed in 1530. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 345. See Mr. Halliwell's edition of the verse abstract of the French romance in *The Thornton Romances*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 231.—F.

<sup>3</sup> See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 55, &c.—F. He was the father of Gawayne, and king of Lothian and Orkney. *Geoffr. Monm.*, lib. ix. cap. 9. Madden, p. 346. He is the celebrated Ywain or Owain sometimes surnamed *Le Grand*, son of Urien, king of Moray, according to Geoffrey, or of Rheged, according to the Welsh authorities. His exploits were celebrated in French verse by Chrestien de Troyes, and thence translated into the German, Icelandic, Welsh, and English languages; for which consult Benecke's edition of *Iwein der Riter mit dem Lewen*, 8vo, Berlin, 1827; Von der Hagen's *Grundriss zur Geschichte der Deutschen Poesie*, 8vo, Berlin, 1812, p. 118; Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i., and Notes, vol. iii., 8vo, 1802; and Lady C. Guest's *Mabinogion*, part i., 8vo, 1838. He must not be confounded (as Ritson has done him) with Ywain

*l'Avoultre*, a base son of Urien by his seneschal's wife, who was killed by Gawayne without knowing him, *Roman de Lancelot*, iii. f. cxvii. There are also others of the same name mentioned in the *Roman de Merlin*, i., f. ccviii<sup>b</sup>, and in the *Roman d'Erec et d'Enide*. Cf. *Arthour and Merlin*, p. 306, 4to, 1838. Madden, p. 312-13.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Ironside's son, see l. 37-40. I know nothing [of him] as one of Arthur's knights. Madden, p. 346.—F.

<sup>5</sup> most courteous *Knight* of all.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Arthur's son by his sister, King Lot's wife.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Gawaine's bastard. See vol. ii. p. 416, l. 8; p. 418, l. 80.—F.

<sup>8</sup> Blancheles. Porkn. MS. "But as no knight of that name occurs, in all probability we should read *Brandelys*," says Sir F. Madden, who gives an abstract of the French Romance about him at p. 349 of *Syr Gawayne*. See Caxton's *Maleore*, vol. i. p. 230, 'syre Braundyles'.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Syre Ironsyde that was called the noble kny3te of the reed laundes, that Syre Gareth [brother of Gawayne] wonne for the loue of dame Lyones. *Maleore*, vol. ii. p. 384. The narrative of the combat may be read in vol. i. p. 211. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 347.—F.



- & Ironside, as I weene,  
gate <sup>1</sup> the Knight of armour greene—  
certes as I vnderstand—
- 40 of a ffaire Lady of blaunch Land.<sup>2</sup>  
hee cold more of honor in warr  
then all the *Knights that* with Arthur weare :  
burning dragons he slew in Land,
- 44 & wilde beasts, as I vnderstand ;  
wilde beares he slew *that* stond ;  
a hardyer *Knight* was neuer ffound ;  
he was called in his dayes
- 48 one of *King* Arthurs ffellowes.  
why was hee called Ironsyde ?  
ffor, euer armed wold he ryde ;  
hee wold allwais arms beare,
- 52 ffor Gyants & hee were euer att warr.  
dapple coulour <sup>3</sup> was his steede,  
his armour and his other weede,  
Azure of gold he bare,
- 56 with a Griffon lesse or more,  
& a difference of a Molatt <sup>4</sup>  
he bare in his crest Allgate.<sup>5</sup>  
where-soeuer he went, East nor west,
- 60 he neuer fforsooke man nor beast.  
beagles, keenely away thé ran,  
the *King* ffollowed affter with many a man.  
they <sup>6</sup> gray hounds out of the Leashe,
- 64 they drew downe the deere of grasse.<sup>7</sup>  
ffine <sup>8</sup> tents in the ffeild were sett,  
a merry sort there were mett

who was  
better than  
any of  
Arthur's  
knights, an

got his  
name  
because he  
went always  
armed,

to fight  
giants.

Beagles ran,

greyhounds  
pulled down  
the deer,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. begat.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The *Seigneur de la Blaunche londe* is noticed as one of Arthur's knights, in the *Roman de Perceval*, f. lxxi. Cf. f. clxxi<sup>b</sup>. See in regard to this territory a note of M. Michel on *Tristan*, vol. ii. p. 173. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 348.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Dapple colour'd.—P. The steed's name was Fabele-honde. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 189, l. 79.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. a mullet.—P.

<sup>5</sup> The second *l* is over the *g* in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> the.—P. <sup>7</sup> greace.—P. fat.—F.

<sup>8</sup> or ffine.—F.



- and by noon  
100 harts  
were killed.
- But  
Gawaine,  
Kay, and  
Bishop  
Bodwin,
- lose their  
way in
- following a  
red deer.
- Gawaine  
proposes to
- dismount,  
and stay all  
night in the  
forest.
- Kay says  
he'll lodge  
in some-  
body's  
house.  
No one  
dare stop  
him.  
The Bishop  
says,
- The Carle of  
Carlisle will:
- of comely *knights* of kind,  
68 vppon the bent there can they lead,<sup>1</sup>  
& by noone of the same day  
a 100<sup>d</sup> harts on the ground thé<sup>2</sup> Lay.  
then Sir Gawaine & Sir Kay,  
72 & Bishopp Bodwin, as I heard say,  
after a redd deere<sup>3</sup> thé rode  
into a fforrest wyde & brode.  
a thicke mist ffell them among,  
76 *that* caused<sup>4</sup> them all to goe wronge :  
great moane made then Sir Kay  
*that* they shold loose the hart *that* day ;  
*that* red hart wold not dwell.  
80 hearken what aduentures them beffell :  
ffull sore thé were adread  
ere thé any Lodginge had ;  
then spake Sir Gawaine,  
84 “ this Labour wee haue had in vaine ;  
this red hart is out of sight,  
wee meete with him no more this night.  
I reede wee of our horssees do light,  
88 & lodge wee heere all this night ;  
Truly itt is best, as thinketh mee,  
to Lodge low vnder this tree.”  
“ nay,” said Kay, “ goe wee hence anon,  
92 ffor I will lodge whersoere<sup>5</sup> I come ;  
for there dare no man warne me,<sup>6</sup>  
of whatt estate soeuer hee bee.”  
“ yes,” said the Bishopp, “ *that* wott I well ;  
96 here dwelleth a Carle in a Castele,  
the Carle of Carlile is his name,  
I know itt well by St. Iame ;

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<sup>1</sup> lend.—Madden.<sup>2</sup> delend.—P.<sup>3</sup> rayne-dere, and reyne-dere, l. 79.—Pork.<sup>4</sup> Only half the *u* in the MS.—F.

caised.—Madden.

<sup>5</sup> wherforre, Madden's text : whersoever ? , his note.—F.<sup>6</sup> wern hit me.—Pork.



- was there neuer man yett soe bold  
 100 *that* durst lodge within his hold ;  
 but, & if hee scape<sup>1</sup> with his liffe away,  
 hee ruleth him well, I you say.”<sup>2</sup>  
 then said Kay, “all in ffere,<sup>3</sup>  
 104 to goe thither is my desire ;  
 ffor & the Carle be neuer soe bolde,  
 I thinke to lodge within his hold.  
 ffor if he iangle & make itt<sup>4</sup> stout,  
 108 I shall beate the Carle all about,  
 & I shall make his bigging bare,  
 & doe to him mickle Care ;  
 & I shall beate [him,] as I thinke,  
 112 till he both sweate and stinke.”  
 then said the Bishopp, “so mote I ffare,  
 att his bidding I wilbe yare.”  
 Gawaine said “lett be thy bostlye ffare,<sup>5</sup>  
 116 ffor thou dost euer waken care.  
 if thou scape<sup>6</sup> with thy liffe away,  
 thou ruleth thee well, I dare say.”  
 then said Kay, “*that* pleaseth mee ;  
 120 thither Let vs ryde all three.  
 such as hee bakes, such shall hee brew ;  
 such as hee shapes, such shall hee sew ;  
 such as he breweth, such shall he<sup>7</sup> drinke.”  
 124 “*that* is contrary,” said Gawaine, “as I thinke ;  
 but if any ffaire speeche will he gaine,  
 wee shall make him Lord within his owne<sup>8</sup> ;  
 if noe ffaire speech will auayle,  
 128 then to karp on Kay wee will not ffaile.”
- he never  
lets any  
man lodge  
with him.
- “ If he  
refuses me,
- I’ll beat  
him till he  
stinks,” says  
Kay.
- Gawaine  
tells Kay  
not to brag ;
- they’ll try  
fair speech  
first ;
- if that’s no  
good,  
Kay may  
scold.

<sup>1</sup> staye.—Madden.<sup>2</sup> It schall be bette, as I harde say,  
And 3efe he go wtt lyfe away.—  
Porkington MS.<sup>3</sup> i. e. together. Perhaps *all on fire*.  
—P.<sup>4</sup> him.—P.<sup>5</sup> Compare vol. i. p. 91, l. 25–30.Kay was the braggart of Arthur’s court.  
—F.<sup>6</sup> Madden reads the MS. *stape*, and  
corrects it to *scape*.—F.<sup>7</sup> him ?.—Madden.<sup>8</sup> aine (in pencil).—P. Pork. has the  
talk l. 104–30 somewhat differently.—  
F.



- then said the Bishopp, "*that* senteth <sup>1</sup> mee;  
thither lett vs ryde all three."
- They ride to  
the Earl's  
gate. 132 when they came to the carles gate,  
a hammer they ffound hanging theratt:  
Gawaine hent the hammer in his hand,  
& curteouslye on the gates dange.  
fforth came the Porter with still ffare,  
136 saying, "who is soe bold to knocke there?"  
Gawaine answered him curteouslye  
"man," hee said, "that is I.<sup>2</sup>  
wee be 2 *Knights* of Arthurs inn,  
140 & a Bishopp, no moe to min <sup>3</sup>;  
wee haue rydden all day in the fforrest still  
till horsse & man beene like to spill;  
ffor Arthurs sake, *that* is our Kinge,  
144 wee desire my Lord of a nights Lodginge,  
& harbarrow <sup>4</sup> till the day att Morne,  
*that* wee may scape <sup>5</sup> away without scorne."  
Kay  
threatens  
the Porter, 148 <sup>6</sup>Then spake the crabbed *Knight* Sir Kay:  
"Porter, our errand I reede the say,<sup>7</sup>  
or else the Castle gate wee shall breake,  
& the Keyes thereof to Arthur take."  
the Porter sayd with words throe,<sup>8</sup>  
but he  
answers  
boldly. 152 "theres no man aliue *that* dares doe soe!  
of<sup>9</sup> a 100<sup>d</sup> such as thou his death had sworne,  
yett he wold ryde on hunting to morne.<sup>10</sup>"  
then answered GAWAIN *that* was curteous aye,  
Gawaine  
asks him  
courteously, 156 "Porter, our errand I pray thee say."  
"yes," said the Porter, "withouten ffayle  
and the  
Porter  
gives his I shall say your errand ffull well."

<sup>1</sup> Madden reads *tinteth*.—F.<sup>2</sup> "It am I" is the earlier phrase.—F.<sup>3</sup> min, ming, i. e. mention, vide v. 162.  
—P.<sup>4</sup> Madden reads *harborrow*.—F.<sup>5</sup> Madden again reads *stape*, and  
corrects to *scape*.—F.<sup>6</sup> Pork. puts in the Porter's answer,warning them that his lord "can no  
cortessye," and that they will not escape  
without a "wellony."—F.<sup>7</sup> thou say or thee (to) say.—P.<sup>8</sup> tho, i. e. then.—P. A.S. *þrá*, bold.—  
F.<sup>9</sup> If.—P.<sup>10</sup> to-morrow.—P.



- as soone as the Porter the Carle see,  
 160 hee kneeled downe vpon his knee :  
 "Yonder beene 2 *Knights* of Arthurs in,<sup>1</sup> [page 451]  
 & a Bishopp, no more to myn ;  
 they haue roden all day in the fforrest still,  
 164 *that* horsse [&] man <sup>2</sup> is like to spill ;  
 they desire you ffor Arthirs sake, their *King*,  
 to grant them one nights Lodginge,  
 & herberrow till the day att Morne  
 168 *that* they may scape <sup>3</sup> away without scorne."  
 "noe thing greeues <sup>4</sup> me," sayd the Carle without  
 doubt,  
 "but *that* they <sup>5</sup> *Knights* stand soe long without."  
 with *that* they <sup>6</sup> Porter opened the gates wyde,  
 172 & the *Knights* rode in *that* tyde.  
 their steeds into the stable are tane,  
 the *Knights* into the hall are gone <sup>7</sup> :  
 heere the Carle sate in his chaire on hye,  
 176 with his legg cast ouer the other knee ;  
 his mouth was wyde, & his beard was gray,  
 his lockes on his shoulders lay ;  
 betweene his browes, certaine  
 180 itt was large there a spann,  
 with 2 great eyen brening as ffyer.  
 Lord ! hee was a Lodlye syer <sup>8</sup> !  
 ouer his sholders he bare<sup>9</sup> a bread  
 184 3 taylors yards, as clarkes doe reade ;  
 his ffingars were like to teddar stakes,<sup>10</sup>  
 & his hands like breads *that* wiues may bake ;

message to  
the Carle.

The Carle  
regrets that  
they have  
been kept so  
long wait-  
ing.

Gawaine &c.  
ride in,

go to the  
hall, and  
see the  
Carle,

a loathly  
man,

with fingers  
like stakes  
and hands  
like leaves.

<sup>1</sup> inne.—P.

<sup>2</sup> horse & man.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Madden again reads *stape*, and corrects to *scape*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Half the *u* left out in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> the.—P.

<sup>6</sup> the.—P.

<sup>7</sup> gane.—P.

<sup>8</sup> a lodlye sire, i. e. filthy, p. 387.—P.

<sup>9</sup> bore.—Madden.

<sup>10</sup> The stakes by which the hair lines are fasten'd to the ground *that* are tied to the horses' feet when they graze in open fields.—P. Madden reads *tedder*.—F.



- 50 Cubitts<sup>1</sup> he was in height ;  
 188 Lord, he was a Lothesome wight !  
 when Sir Gawaine *that* carle see,  
 he halched<sup>2</sup> him ffull curteouslye,  
 & saith, "carle of Carlile,<sup>3</sup> god saue thee  
 192 as thou sitteth in thy prosperitye !"  
 the carle said, "as christ<sup>4</sup> me saue,<sup>5</sup>  
 yee shall be welcome ffor Arthurs sake.  
<sup>6</sup> yet is itt not my *part* to doe soe,  
 196 ffor Arthur hath beene euer my ffoe ;  
 he hath beaten my *Knights*, & done them bale,  
<sup>7</sup> & send them wounded to my owne hall.  
 yett the truth to tell I will not Leane,<sup>8</sup>  
 200 I haue quitt him the same againe."  
 "that is a kind of a knaue<sup>9</sup>," said Kay, "without  
 Leasing,  
 soe to reuile a Noble King."  
 Gawaine heard, & made answer,  
 204 "Kay, thou sayst more then meete weere."  
 with *that* they went ffurth into the hall,  
 where bords were spredd, & couered with pall ;  
 & 4 welpes of great Ire  
 208 they ffound Lying by the ffire.  
 there was a beare *that* did rome,<sup>10</sup>  
 & a bore *that* did whett his tushes<sup>11</sup> ffrome,  
 alsoe a bull *that* did rore,  
 212 & a Lyon *that* did both gape & rore ;  
 the Lyon did both gape and gren.  
 "O peace, whelpes !" said the carle then :

Gawaine  
salutes him  
courteously,

and the  
Carle  
welcomes  
them for  
Arthur's  
sake, though  
Arthur and

he have long  
been foes.

They go to  
the tables,

and see 4  
whelps,

a bear,

a boar,

a bull,

and a lion.

<sup>1</sup> ix. taylloris 3erdis.—Pork.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. saluted.—P. Madden reads the MS. *haltled*, and corrects it to *halsed*. *Halche* is O. N. *heilsa*, Dan. *hilsa*, to salute, to cry *hail* to. Wedgwood.—F.

<sup>3</sup> "Callile, MS.," says Madden.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Madden reads *cheif*, and puts "*Crist*?" in his note.—F.

<sup>5</sup> perhaps take.—P.

<sup>6</sup> y<sup>t</sup> et in MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> sent.—P.

<sup>8</sup> vid. p. 367, St. 45 [of MS.].—P. See Dr. Robson's note in *Sir John Butler* above. Madden says "leave, MS."—F.

<sup>9</sup> A *c* follows in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Cp. the *bere* to *ramy*. Pork.—F.

<sup>11</sup> tusks.—Madden.—F.



- ffor *that* word *that* they carle <sup>1</sup> did speake,  
 216 the 4 whelpes vnder they bord <sup>2</sup> did creepe.  
 downe came a Lady ffaire & ffree,  
 & sett her on the carles knee;  
 one whiles shee harped, another whiles song,  
 220 both of Paramours & louinge amonge.  
 “well were *that* man,” said Gawaine, “*that* ere were  
 borne,  
*that* might Lye with *that* Lady till day att morne.”  
 “*that* were great shame,” said the carle ffree,  
 224 “*that* thou sholdest doe me such villanye.”<sup>3</sup>  
 “Sir,” said Gawaine, “I sayd nought.”  
 “no, man,” said the carle; “more thou thought.”  
 Then start Kay to the fflore,  
 228 & said hee wold see how his palfrey fflore.<sup>4</sup>  
 both corne & hay he ffound Lyand,  
 & the carles palfrey by his steed did stand.  
 Kay tooke the carles palfrey by the necke,  
 232 & soone hee thrust him out att the hecke<sup>5</sup>:  
 thus Kay put the carles ffole out,  
 & on his backe he sett a clout.  
 then the carle himselfe hee stood there by,  
 236 and sayd, “this buffett, man, thou shalt abuy.”<sup>6</sup>  
 The carle raught Kay such a rapp [page 452] The Carle  
*that* backward he ffell flatt;  
 had itt not beene ffor a ffeald <sup>7</sup> of straw.  
 240 Kayes backe had gone in 2.<sup>8</sup>  
 then said Kay, “& thow were without thy hold,  
 Man! this buffett shold be deere sold.”  
 “what,” sayd the carle, “dost thou menace me?” and he tells  
 Kay

A fair lady  
seats herself  
on the  
Carle's kneec,

and  
Gawaine  
says her  
bedfellow  
will be a  
happy man.

The Carle  
reproves  
him.

Kay goes to  
the stable,

finds the  
Carle's  
palfrey next  
to his,  
turns it out,

and gives it  
a clout.

knocks Kay  
down.

Kay  
threatens  
him,

and he tells  
Kay

<sup>1</sup> the Carle.—P.

<sup>2</sup> the bord.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Pork. substitutes a scene of the knights drinking, for this one of the lady; but describes the Carle's wife at supper-time, p. 197 of Madden's *Syr Gawayne*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. fared, *præt. inusitat.*—P.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. Cratch, verb. Scot. Dr. Graing<sup>r</sup>.—P.

<sup>6</sup> abye.—P. Madden reads *aby*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. a truss of straw, Dr. Graing<sup>r</sup>.—P.

<sup>8</sup> twa.—P.



- that if he  
says any  
more  
he'll get  
more  
knocks.
- 244 I swere by all soules sicerlye<sup>1</sup> !  
Man ! I swere ffurther thore,<sup>2</sup>  
if I heere any malice more,<sup>3</sup>  
ffor this one word *that* thou hast spoken
- 248 itt is but ernest thou hast gotten."  
then went Kay into the hall,  
& the Bishopp to him can call,  
saith: Brother Kay, where you haue beene ? "
- 252 " to Looke my palfrey, as I weene.<sup>4</sup> "  
then said the Bishopp, " itt ffalleth me  
*that* my palfrey I must see."  
both corne & hay he ffound Lyand,
- He finds the  
Carle's  
there,  
and turns it  
out  
with a cut,  
to go to the  
devil.  
The Carle  
knocks the  
Bishop over,  
he cares  
nothing for  
mitre or  
ring.
- 256 & the carles palfrey, as I vnderstand.  
the Bishopp tooke the carles horsse by the necke,  
& soone hee thrust him out att the hecke ;  
thus he turned the carles ffole out,
- 260 & on his backe he sett a clout ;  
sais, " wend forth, ffole, in the devills way !  
who made thee soe bold with my palfrey ? "  
the carle himselfe he stood there by :
- 264 " man ! this buffett thou shalt abuy.<sup>5</sup> "  
he hitt the Bishopp vpon the crowne,  
*that* his miter & he ffell downe.  
" Mercy ! " said the Bishopp, " I am a clarke !
- 268 somewhatt I can of chr[i]sts werke."  
he saith, " by the Clergye I sett nothing,  
nor yett by thy Miter nor by thy ringe.  
It ffiteth a clarke to be curteous & ffree,
- 272 by the conning<sup>6</sup> of his clergy."  
with *that* the Bishopp went into the hall,  
& Sir Gawaine to him can call,
- Then  
Gawaine

<sup>1</sup> Madden reads *sikerlye*.—F.<sup>2</sup> tho.—P.<sup>3</sup> moe.—P.<sup>4</sup> als I ween, i.e. I also thinke, intend. *Sed vid. infra* 276.—P. As is

thus, like.—F.

<sup>5</sup> abay, MS. says Madden.—F.<sup>6</sup> MS. coming.—F. cunning or conning.—P.



- saith, "brother Bishopp where haue you beene?"
- 276 "to looke my palfrey, as I weene."
- then sayd Sir Gawaine, "itt ffalleth mee  
*that* my palfreye I must needs see."
- corne & hay he ffound enoughe Lyand,
- 280 & the carles ffole by his did stand.
- the carles ffole had beene fforth in the raine;  
 therof Sir Gawaine was not ffaine;  
 hee tooke his mantle *that* was of greene,
- 284 & couered the ffole, as I weene;  
 sayth, "stand vp, ffole, & eate thy meate;  
 thy *Master* payeth ffor all that wee heere gett."  
 they carle<sup>1</sup> himselfe stood thereby,
- 288 & thanked him of his curtesye;  
 they carle<sup>2</sup> tooke Gawaine by the hand,  
 & both together in they hall they wend.  
 the carles called ffor a bowle of wine,
- 292 & soone they settled them to dine;  
 70 bowles<sup>3</sup> in *that* bowle were,—  
 he was not weake *that* did itt beare,—  
 then they<sup>4</sup> carle sett itt to his Chin,
- 296 & said, "to you I will begin!"  
 15 gallons he dranke *that* tyde,  
 & raught to his men on euery side.  
 then they<sup>5</sup> carle said to them anon,
- 300 "Sirrs, to supper gett you gone!"  
 Gawaine answered the carle then,  
 "Sir, att your bidding we will be ben.<sup>6</sup>"  
 "if you be bayne att my bidding,
- 304 you honor me without Leasinge."  
 they washed all, & went to meate,  
 & dranke the wine *that* was soe sweete.

goes to see  
his palfrey.

He finds  
the Carle's  
foal by it,

wet with  
rain.  
Gawaine  
covers the  
foal with his  
mantle

and tells it  
to eat away.

The Carle

thanks  
Gawaine,  
takes him in,

calls for a  
bowl of  
wine,

and drinks  
15 gallons  
at one  
draught.

Then they  
all have  
supper.

<sup>1</sup> The Carle.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The Carle.—P.

<sup>3</sup> gallons?—Madden. Ordinary bowls.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the.—P.

<sup>5</sup> the.—P.

<sup>6</sup> baine.—P.



After it, the  
Carle tells  
Gawaine to  
take a spear

and to mark  
him in his  
face.

Gawaine  
takes the  
spear,

charges at  
the Carle

(who dodges  
his head,)

runs the  
spear  
into the wall,  
and breaks it  
off.

Then the  
Carle  
takes  
Gawaine to  
his wife's  
bed,

- the carle said to Gawaine anon,  
308 "a long speare see thou take in thy hand,<sup>1</sup>  
att the buttrye dore take thou thy race,  
& marke me well in middest the face.  
"a!" thought<sup>2</sup> Sir Kay, "*that that* were I!  
312 then his buffett he shold deere abuy.<sup>3</sup>"  
"well," quoth the carle, "when thou wilt, thou may,<sup>4</sup>  
when thou wilt thy strength assay."—  
"well Sir," said Kay, "I said nought."  
316 "Noe," said the carle, "but more thou [page 453]  
thought."

- then Gawaine was ffull glad of *that*,  
& a long spere in his hand he gatt;  
att the buttrye dore<sup>5</sup> he tooke his race,  
320 & marked the carle in the middst the fface.  
the carle saw Sir Gawaine come in ire,  
& cast his head vnder his speare,  
Gawaine raught the wall such a rapp,  
324 the ffyer fflew out, & the speare brake;  
he stroke a ffoote into the wall of stone,  
a bolder Barron was there neuer none.  
"soft," said the carle, "thow was tó radd.<sup>6</sup>"  
328 "I did but, Sir, as you me bade."  
"if thou had hitt me as thou had ment,  
thou had raught me a ffell dint.<sup>7</sup>"  
they carle tooke Gawaine by the hand,  
332 & both into a Chamber they wend;  
a ffull ffaire bed there was spred,  
the carles wiffe therin was laid:

<sup>1</sup> hond.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Ah! thought.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. aluy. Madden reads *a buy*.—  
F. abuy or aby.—P.

<sup>4</sup> then thou (yee) may.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Madden reads the MS. *doe*.—F.

<sup>6</sup> furious, O. Fr. *roide*.—Skeat. *Raide*,  
rough, fierce, violent.—Cotgrave. A.S.  
*hræd*, swift, quick, rush.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Pork. MS. puts Gawaine's supper after  
this, and brings the Carle's daughter in  
to harp and sing to them. She is prettily  
described, has the gold-wire hair so much  
admired in early times, and

Owyre alle þe halle ganne sche leme  
As hit were a sonne-beme.

Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 199.—F.



- the carles said, "Gawaine, of curtesye  
 336 gett into this bedd with this ffaire Ladye.  
 kisse thou her 3<sup>se</sup> before mine eye ;  
 looke thou doe no other villanye."  
 the carle opened the sheetes wyde ;  
 340 Gawaine gott in by the Laydes syde ;  
 Gawaine ouer her <sup>1</sup> put his arme ;  
 with *that* his fflesh began to warme :  
 Gawaine had thought to haue made in ffaire,<sup>2</sup>  
 344 "hold," quoth the carle, "man, stopp there <sup>3</sup> !  
 itt were great shame," quoth they carle, "for me  
*that* thou sholdest doe me such villanye ;  
 but arise vp, Gawaine, & goe with me,  
 348 I shall bring thee to a ffairer Lady then euer was  
 shee."  
 they <sup>4</sup> carle tooke Gawaine by the hand ; <sup>5</sup>  
 both into another Chamber they wend ;  
 a ffaire bedd there found they spred,  
 352 and the Carles daughter therin Laid :  
 saith, "Gawaine, now for thy curtesye  
 gett thee to bedd to this ffaire Lady."  
 the carle opened the sheetes wyde,  
 356 Sir Gawaine gott in by the Ladyes side.  
 Gawaine put his arme ouer *that* sweet thing ;  
 "sleepe, daughter," sais the carle, "on my blessing."  
 they carle turned his backe & went his way,  
 360 & lockt the dore with a siluer Kaye.  
 on the other morning <sup>6</sup> when the carles rose,  
 vnto his daughters chamber he goes :  
 "rise vp, Sir Gawaine, & goe with mee,  
 364 a maruelous sight I shall lett thee see."  
 they carle tooke him by the hand,  
 & both into another chamber they wend,

and bids him  
get in and  
kiss her,

but do  
nothing  
more.

Gawaine  
does so,

and thinks  
to do more,

but the  
Carle stops  
him,

and takes  
him to his  
daughter's  
bed, and  
tells him

to get into it.

Gawaine  
does so,

and the  
Carle goes  
away,  
locking the  
door.

Next  
morning

he calls  
Gawaine,

<sup>1</sup> he.—Madden.

<sup>2</sup> free. q.—Pencil note.

<sup>3</sup> MS. thee.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Pork. MS. makes the Carle send his  
daughter to Gawaine, *ib.* p. 201.—F.

<sup>6</sup> In the next m.—P.



- and shows  
him  
bloody shirts      368      & there they found many <sup>1</sup> a bloody serke  
which were wrought with curyous werke:  
1500 dead mens bones <sup>2</sup>  
and 1500  
dead men's  
bones,  
they found vpon a rooke <sup>3</sup> att once.  
"alacke!" quoth Sir Gawaine, "what haue beene  
here?"
- 372      saith, "I & my welpes haue slaine all there."  
then Sir Gawaine curteous and kind,<sup>4</sup>  
he tooke his leaue away to wend,  
& thanked they carle & the Ladyes there,  
376      right as they worthy were.  
"nay," said the carle, "wee will first dine,  
& then thou shalt goe with blessing mine.<sup>5</sup>"  
after dinner, the sooth to say,  
380      the carle tooke Gawaine to a Chamber gay  
where were hanginge swords towe <sup>6</sup>;  
the Carle soone tooke one of tho,  
& sayd to the *Knight* then,  
384      "Gawaine, as thou art a man,  
take this sword & stryke of my head."  
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead;  
ffor I had rather suffer pine & woe  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- and shows  
him  
bloody shirts      368      & there they found many <sup>1</sup> a bloody serke  
which were wrought with curyous werke:  
1500 dead mens bones <sup>2</sup>  
and 1500  
dead men's  
bones,  
they found vpon a rooke <sup>3</sup> att once.  
"alacke!" quoth Sir Gawaine, "what haue beene  
here?"
- Gawaine  
wants to  
take leave,  
372      saith, "I & my welpes haue slaine all there."  
then Sir Gawaine curteous and kind,<sup>4</sup>  
he tooke his leaue away to wend,  
& thanked they carle & the Ladyes there,  
376      right as they worthy were.  
"nay," said the carle, "wee will first dine,  
& then thou shalt goe with blessing mine.<sup>5</sup>"  
after dinner, the sooth to say,  
380      the carle tooke Gawaine to a Chamber gay  
where were hanginge swords towe <sup>6</sup>;  
the Carle soone tooke one of tho,  
& sayd to the *Knight* then,  
384      "Gawaine, as thou art a man,  
take this sword & stryke of my head."  
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead;  
ffor I had rather suffer pine & woe  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- but the Carle  
makes him  
stop to  
dinner.  
After it  
he shows  
Gawaine      380      the carle tooke Gawaine to a Chamber gay  
where were hanginge swords towe <sup>6</sup>;  
the Carle soone tooke one of tho,  
& sayd to the *Knight* then,  
384      "Gawaine, as thou art a man,  
take this sword & stryke of my head."  
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead;  
ffor I had rather suffer pine & woe  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- a sword,  
and begs  
him to cut  
his (the  
Carle's) head  
off.  
384      "Gawaine, as thou art a man,  
take this sword & stryke of my head."  
"Nay," said Gawaine, "I had rather be dead;  
ffor I had rather suffer pine & woe  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- Gawaine  
refuses,  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- whereupon  
388      or euer I wold *that* deede doe."  
the carle sayd to Sir Gawaine,  
"looke thou doe as I thee saine,  
& therof be not adread;  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- the Carle  
says he'll  
cut his head  
off if he  
don't do it.  
392      but shortly smite of my head,  
ffor if thou wilt not doe itt tyte,  
ffor-ssooth thy head I will of smyte."  
To the carle said Sir Gawaine,  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe
- So Gawaine  
cuts the  
Carle's  
head off,  
and he  
396      "Sir, your bidding shall be done:"  
he stroke the head the body ffroe,  
& he stood vp a man thoe

[page 454]

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.<sup>2</sup> a bones, MS.—Madden. I think the  
a is meant to be blotched out.—F.<sup>3</sup> i. e. a ruck, a heap.—P.<sup>4</sup> hend, q.—Pencil note.<sup>5</sup> Only half the *m* in the MS. Madden  
reads *mine* too.—F.<sup>6</sup> rowe.—Madden.



- of the height of Sir Gawaine,  
 400 the certaine soothe withouten Laine.  
 the carle sayd, "Gawaine, god blese thee,  
 ffor thou hast deliuered mee!  
 ffrom all ffalse witchcraft<sup>1</sup>  
 404 I am deliuerd<sup>2</sup> att the Last;  
 by Nigromance thus was I shapen  
 till a *Knight* of the round table<sup>3</sup>  
 had with a sword smitten<sup>4</sup> of my head,  
 408 if he had grace to doe *that* deede.  
 itt is 40 winters agoe  
 since I was transformed soe;  
 since then, none Lodged within this wooun,<sup>5</sup>  
 412 but I & my whelpes driuen them downe;  
 & but if hee did my bidding soone,  
 I killed him & drew him downe,  
 euery one but only thee.  
 416 Christ grant thee of his mercye!  
 he *that* the world made, reward thee this!  
 ffor all my bale thou hast turned to blisse.  
 now will I leaue *that* Lawe;  
 420 there shall no man ffor me<sup>6</sup> be slawe,  
 & I purpose ffor their sake  
 a chantry in this place to make,  
 & 5 preists to sing ffor aye  
 424 vntill itt be doomes day.  
 & Gawaine, for the loue of thee  
 euery one shall bee welcome to me."  
 Sir Gawaine & the young Lady clere,  
 428 the Bishopp weded<sup>7</sup> them in ffere;

stands up a  
proper man,

and thanks  
Gawaine  
for deliver-  
ing him  
from the  
witchcraft

that 40 years  
ago trans-  
formed him,  
so to be till  
a Knight of  
the Round  
Table should  
cut his head  
off.

"Christ  
reward you!

Henceforth  
I'll kill no  
one;

but every-  
body shall  
be welcome  
to me.  
The Bishop  
marries  
Gawaine and

<sup>1</sup> ? witchcrafts cast. *Cast* is the regular word for a magical contrivance, and the line is too short as it stands. Skeat.

<sup>2</sup> Madden omits the *d*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I would read:

by Nigromance thus was I bound,

till a Knight of the table round.—Skeat.

<sup>4</sup> MS. snitten.—F.

<sup>5</sup> Madden reads *woom*, and notes *woone*?—F.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. thro' me.—P.

<sup>7</sup> wedded.—Madden.



|                                                                                                 |     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| the Carle's<br>daughter.                                                                        |     | the carle gaue him <sup>1</sup> for his wedding<br>a staffe, miter, <sup>2</sup> & a ringe.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| The Carle<br>gives Kay a<br>blood-red<br>steed,<br>and<br>Gawaine's<br>lady a white<br>palfrey. | 432 | he gaue Sir Kay, <i>that</i> angry Knight,<br>a blood red steede, & a wight.<br>he gaue his daughter, the sooth to say,<br>an ambling white palfrey,<br>the ffairest hee was on the mold ;<br>436 her palfrey was charged with gold ;<br>shee was soe gorgeous & soe gay,<br>no man cold tell her array. |
| Then he bids<br>Gawaine<br>go to Arthur<br>and ask him                                          | 440 | the carle commanded Sir Gawaine to wend <sup>3</sup><br>& " say vnto Arthur our King,<br>& pray him <i>that</i> hee wold—<br>ffor his loue <i>that</i> Iudas sold,<br>& for his sake <i>that</i> in BETHELEM was borne,—                                                                                 |
| to dine with<br>him next<br>day.                                                                | 444 | <i>that</i> hee wold dine with him to morne."<br>Sir Gawaine sayd the carle vnto,<br>" fforssooth I shall your message doe."                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Gawaine<br>goes singing<br>with his<br>lady,                                                    | 448 | then they rode singing by the way<br>with the Ladye <i>that</i> was gay ;<br>they were as glad of <i>that</i> Lady bright<br>as euer was ffowle of the day-Lyght.                                                                                                                                        |
| and tells<br>Arthur<br>his<br>adventures.                                                       | 452 | they told King Arthur where they had beene,<br>& what aduentures they had seene.<br>" I thanke god," sayd the King, " cozen Kay,<br><i>that</i> thou didst on liue <sup>4</sup> part away."                                                                                                              |
| Kay gives<br>Arthur                                                                             | 456 | " Marry," sayd Sir Kay againe,<br>" of my liffe <sup>5</sup> I may be ffaine.<br>ffor his loue <i>that</i> was in Bethlem borne,<br>you must dine with the carle to-morne."<br>in the dawning of the day thé rode <sup>6</sup> ;<br>460 a merryer meeting was neuer made.                                |
| the Carle's<br>invitation.<br>Arthur and<br>his company<br>ride off,                            | 460 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |

<sup>1</sup> Sc. the bishop.—P.<sup>2</sup> a staff, a miter, &c.—P.<sup>3</sup> *wend* rimes also with *bringe*, l. 498.  
—Skeat.<sup>4</sup> i.e. alive.—P. part=depart.—Skeat.<sup>5</sup> lifte, MS., says Madden.—F.<sup>6</sup> rade. qu.—P.



- when they together were mett,  
 itt was a good thing, I you hett;  
 the trumpetts plaid att the gate,  
 464 with trumpetts <sup>1</sup> of siluer theratt <sup>2</sup>;  
 there [was] all manner of Minstrelsy,  
 harpe, Gytterne,<sup>3</sup> and sowtrye.  
 into the hall the King was ffett,<sup>4</sup>  
 468 & royallye in seat was sett.  
 by then the dinner was readye dight,  
 tables were couered <sup>5</sup> all on height;  
 then to wash they wold not blinn,  
 472 & the ffeast they can beginn.  
 there they were mached arright,  
 euery Lady against a Knight;  
 And Minstrells sate in windowes ffaire, [page 455]  
 476 & playd on their instruments cleere;  
 "Minstrells ffor worshipp att euery messe  
 ffull Lowd they cry Largnesse <sup>6</sup>!"  
 the carle bade the King "doe gladlye,  
 480 ffor heere yee gett great curtesye."  
 the King said "by Saint Michaell  
 this dinner Liketh me ffull well."  
 he dubd the carle a *Knight* anon,  
 484 he gaue him the county of carlile soone,  
 & made him Erle of all *that* Land,<sup>7</sup>  
 & after, *Knight* of the table round.  
 the King said, "*Knight*, I tell thee,  
 488 CARLILE <sup>8</sup> shall thy name bee."  
 when the dinner was all done,  
 euery *Knight* tooke his leaue soone,

are received  
 at the  
 Carle's

with sound  
 of trumpet,  
 harp,  
 gittern, and  
 psaltery;

tables are  
 laid,

and the feast  
 begins,

minstrels  
 playing the  
 while.

Arthur likes  
 his dinner,

knight the  
 Carle, gives  
 him Carlisle,

makes him  
 an Earl, and  
 a Knight of  
 the Round  
 Table, and  
 christens  
 him Carlisle.

After dinner  
 the guests

<sup>1</sup> trunnpetts MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> therott, MS., says Madden.—F.

<sup>3</sup> gyttoime, MS., says Madden.—F.

<sup>4</sup> has fell, MS., says Madden.—F.

<sup>5</sup> covered.—P. Pork. has a better description of the room and dinner, l. 603–24.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Largesse.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Lond.—P.

<sup>8</sup> No knight of this name occurs in the French romances of the Round Table, nor in the *Morte d'Arthure* of Malory. Madden's *Syr G.*, p. 348.—F.



|                                  |     |                                             |
|----------------------------------|-----|---------------------------------------------|
|                                  |     | to wend forward soberlye                    |
| go home.                         | 492 | home into their owne countrye. <sup>1</sup> |
| May God                          |     | he <i>that</i> made vs all with his hand,   |
|                                  |     | both the sea and the Land,                  |
|                                  |     | grant vs all ffor his sake                  |
|                                  | 496 | this ffalse world to fforsake,              |
|                                  |     | & out of this world when wee shall wend,    |
| bring our<br>souls to<br>heaven! |     | to heauens blisse our soules bringe!        |
|                                  |     | god grant vs grace itt may soe bee!         |
| Amen!                            | 500 | AMEN, say all, ffor Charitye!               |

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> The Porkington MS. makes the Carle (according to his promise, l. 422-3 above), found "A ryche Abbey . . in the

towne of mery Carleye . . for the men þat he had slayne."—F.

[*"Off all the Seaes,"* printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 85, follows here in the MS. p. 455.]



## Hero : & : Leander : <sup>1</sup>

Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem  
Durus amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis  
Nocte natat cæca serus freta; quem super ingens  
Porta tonat cœli et scopulis illisa reclamant  
Æquora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes,  
Nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.

Virg. *Georg.* iii. 258-63.

THIS subject has been a favourite one with both ancient and modern writers. The eighteenth and nineteenth of Ovid's *Heroides* deal with it. A famous poem was written on it by Musæus :

εἰπὲ, θεὰ, κρυφίων ἐπιμάρτυρα λύχνον ἐρώτων,  
καὶ νυχίων πλωτῆρα θαλασσοπόρων ὑμεναίων,  
καὶ γάμον ἀχλυόεντα τὸν οὐκ ἶδεν ἄφθιτος Ἥως,  
καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἀβυδὸν ὅπη γάμος ἔννυχος Ἦρους.

When he lived is unknown; perhaps not before the fifth century of our era. His poem, discovered in the thirteenth century, became passing popular. It was translated again and again, into English by Chapman (the dead shepherd's saw occurs in this translation :

“Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?”),

Stapylton, Stirling, and many others; into German by Stolberg, Passow &c.; into French by Marot; into Italian by Bernardo Tasso, Bettoni &c. (see Smith's *Biog. Dict.* &c.) The story it told was retold in other shapes, and amongst them in the shape of a ballad as here.

This version is, as the Bishop remarks, “*tollerably* regular.” It cannot indeed lay claim to any plenary inspiration; it is

<sup>1</sup> A Poem tollerably (so) regular.—P.



evidently the production of a sort of poetical shopkeeper who could serve his customers with whatever amount of verses they wanted, well measured and carefully weighed, on any subject—of one who executed poetical orders.

References to the touching story lie thick in literature, from the mention of “The Amours of Hero and Leander,” in the *Complaint of Scotland*, to Rosalind’s mocking revision of it in *As You Like It*: “Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn’d nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was ‘Hero of Sestos.’”

In recent times Hood and Turner have, each in his own way, illumined and glorified the old tragedy.

Once were  
two lovers,

TOW : ffamous louers once there was,  
whome fame hath quite fforgott,  
who liued long most constantlye  
4 without all enuious blott.  
shee was most ffaire, & hee most true,  
which caused *that that* did ensue : ffa : la : la :  
whose story I’ll tell you.  
8 whose story I doe meane to write,  
and title itt trueloues delight : fa : la : la :

Leander and

Hero.

Leander was this young mans name, [page 456]  
right noble by discent,  
& hero, shee, whose bewtyes rare  
12 might giue Loue great content.  
hee att Abydos kept his court,  
shee att cestos liued in sport, fa : la : la.  
a riuer great did *part* these twaine,—  
16 which caused them oft, poore soules, complaine  
fa : la : la :—

The Helles-  
pont  
separated  
them,



- Euen Hellespont, whose current streame  
 like lightning swift did glyde ;  
 accursed riuer *that* 2 harts  
 20 soe ffaithfull must <sup>1</sup> devyde !  
 And more, *which* did augment their woe,  
 the parents were eche others ffoe, fa : la : la : and their  
 soe *that* no shipp durst him conuay parents were  
 24 vnto the place where his Hero Lay, ffa : la : la : enemies.  
 Long time these louers did complaine  
 the Misse of their desires,  
 not knowing how thé <sup>2</sup> might obtaine  
 28 the thing they did require.  
 though hee were parted with rough seas,  
 no watters cold loues fflame appease, fa : la : la :  
 Leander ventured for to swim  
 32 to Hero, who well welcomed him, fa : la : la : At last,  
 Euen in the midst of darkesome <sup>3</sup> night Leander  
 when all things silent were, swam  
 wold young Leander take his fflight  
 36 throug[h] Hellespont soe cleere ;  
 wher att <sup>4</sup> the shore Hero wold bee  
 to welcome him most Louinglye, fa : la :  
 & soe Leander wold conuay  
 40 vnto the Chamber where shee Lay, fa : la :  
 Thus many dayes thé did enioye  
 the fruite of their delight,  
 for he oft to his Hero came,  
 44 & backe againe same night ;  
 And shee for to encourage him  
 through Hellespont more boldlye swim, <sup>5</sup> fa : la :  
 In her tap <sup>6</sup> tower a lampe did place,  
 48 wherby he might behold her fface, fa : la :  
 she used to  
 put a lamp  
 in her tower,

<sup>1</sup> MS. nnust.—F.<sup>2</sup> they.—P.<sup>3</sup> MS. darkesone.—F.<sup>4</sup> MS. wheratt.—F.<sup>5</sup> ? MS. siarin.—F.<sup>6</sup> high : taper, qu.—P. top.—F.



and sit by it,  
praying for  
her love.

And by this lampe wold Hero sitt,  
still pray[i]ng for her loue,  
*that* the rough watters vnto him  
52 might not offensiue proue:  
“be mild,” quoth shee, “while he doth swim,  
& *that* I haue well welcomed him, fa: [la:]  
& then euer rage & rore amaine,  
56 *that* he may neuer goe hence againe, fa: la:

Winter  
came with  
its storms,

Now boisterous winter hasted on,  
when winds & watters rage;  
yett cold itt not the Lustffull hart  
60 of this younge youth aswage;  
though winds & watters raged soe,  
no shipp durst venter for to goe: fa: [la:]  
Leander wold goe see his loue,  
64 his manly armes in ffloods to proue fa: la:

but these did  
not stop  
Leander.

He leapt into  
the Helles-  
pont,

Then leapt hee into Hellespont,  
desirous for to goe  
vnto the place of his delight,  
68 *which* hee affected soe;  
but winds & waues did him withstand  
soe *that* he cold attaine no Land, fa: la: la:  
ffor his loues lampe [he] looked about;  
72 ffaire Hero slept, & itt was out. fa: la: la:

but could  
not reach  
land, his  
lover's lamp  
was out.

His body  
was cast  
ashore.

Then all in vaine Leander stroue  
till armes cold doe no more;  
for naked, he, depriued of liffe,  
76 was cast vpon the shore.  
O had the Lampe still stayed in,  
Leander liueles had not beene: fa: la: la:  
*which* being gone, he knew no ground,  
80 because thick darknesse did abound. fa: la: la:



- When Hero ffaire awaketh ffrom sleepe, [page 457]  
 & saw her lampe was gone, Hero awoke  
 her sences all benumbed were, and found  
 84 & shee like to a stone. her lamp  
 out.  
 O ! ffrom her eyes, then perles more Cleere, fa : la : She wept,  
 proceeded many a dolefull teare,  
 perswading <sup>1</sup> *that* the angry flood  
 88 had drunke Leanders guiltlesse bloode, fa : la : fearing  
 Leander's  
 fate.  
 Then to the topp of highest tower  
 faire hero did ascend,  
 to see how the winds did with the waues  
 92 for mastershipp contend,  
 & on the sand shee did espye  
 a naked bodye liewlesse lye, fa : la : She saw his  
 corpse on the  
 sand.  
 & lookeing more vpont, shee knew  
 96 itt was Leanders bloudlye hew. fa : la :  
 Then did shee teare her golden haire,  
 & in her greeue thus sayd,  
 "accursed riuer ! *that* art still  
 100 a foe to euery maide  
 since HELLEN ffaire in thee was drowned,  
 named Hellespont, *that* euer ffround, fa : la :  
 & now to see what thou canst doe,  
 104 thou hast made me a mourner too ! fa : la : la :  
 "But though thou didst attach my loue,  
 & tookest him ffor thy owne,  
*that* hee was only es <sup>2</sup> Heroes deere,  
 108 hencforth itt shall be knowne."  
 then ffrom the tower faire Hero fell,  
 whose woefull death I sighe to tell, fa : la : and fell  
 tower,  
 and on his body there did dye  
 112 *that* loued her most tenderlye, fa : la : on Leander's  
 body, and  
 died.

<sup>1</sup> perswaded.—Skeat.<sup>2</sup> ? for *only his*, or *onlye* without the s.—F.



Thus endeth both they <sup>1</sup> liffe & loue  
 in prime <sup>2</sup> of their young yeeres,  
 since whose untimely ffuneralls

116 no such true loue appeares.

vtill more constant loue arise,

their names I will imupetelasze, <sup>3</sup> fa : la :

& heauen [grant] such as haue <sup>4</sup> true ffriends,

May true  
 lovers now  
 have better  
 ends !

120 as ffaithffull harts, but better ends ! ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> their.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. prine.—F.

<sup>3</sup> qu. MS.—F. himpettelaze, corruptly written for *immortalize*.—P.

<sup>4</sup> grant such.—P.



### Cressus: <sup>1</sup>

BOCCACCIO, Chaucer, and Shakespeare have all taken in hand the story of Troilus and Cressida—an episode of the Trojan war not mentioned by Homer or any other extant ancient writer, but first narrated by Guido de Colonna in the thirteenth century. “In the royal [now imperial] library of Paris,” says Warton, “it occurs often as an ancient French romance. ‘Cod. 7546, *Roman de Troilus*;’ ‘Cod. 7564, *Roman de Troilus et de Briseida ou Creseida*.’” Chaucer, as is well known, in his narrative refers to “myn auctor Lollius;” but who this Lollius was is a question of much difficulty. Manifestly, the tale was extremely popular, and found its way into many different languages and forms.

Warton notices in the Register of the Stationers’ Company “A ballet intituled the *History of Troilus whose troth* <sup>2</sup> *had well been tryed*,” licensed to Purfoote in 1565, and again in 1581,<sup>3</sup> and in 1608.

The following piece gives a summary of the old tale, with the moral of it.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p style="text-align: center;">CRESSUS: was the fairest of Troye,<br/>whom Troylus did loue!<br/>the Knight was kind, &amp; shee was coy,<br/>4    no words nor worthes <sup>4</sup> cold moue,<br/>till Pindaurus <sup>5</sup> soe playd his part<br/>that the Knight obtained her hart,</p> | <p>Troilus</p><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><p>could not<br/>win Cressid,<br/>till<br/>Pandarus<br/>helped him.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> It sh<sup>d</sup> be Cresside, see Chaucer & Shakespear.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Warton’s correction of “throtes.”

Collier. *Reg. Sta. Comp.* vol. i. p. 121.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Collier, vol. ii. p. 146.—F.

<sup>4</sup> worth.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Pandarus.—P.



the Ladyes rose destroyes :

- 8 [They] held sweet warr a winters night  
till the enuyous day gaue light ;  
which darkness <sup>1</sup> louers ioyes.

Cresses <sup>2</sup> loue loues mother <sup>3</sup> crost,

- 12 fforetold her in a dreame  
how Grecyans <sup>4</sup> won, how Troians Lost.  
ffalse loue ffleetes with the streame :

When the  
Trojans lost,

Cressid

- 16 Shee sweete ffaces, vallyant ffights,  
who put downe the Troian knights,  
downe might their Ladyes put.

loved  
Diomedes.

dioned <sup>5</sup> thought her noe mayd,  
yett loues debt was richely paid,  
20 the seas the poorest cutt.

So lasses,  
learn

Lasses, learne some witt by this !  
though Ladyes truth proffesse,  
no signe remaines of vnseen kisse

- 24 vnlesse a ffoole confesse.

that one love  
cloyes ;

change it  
then,

what pleased to-day, to-morrow cloyes ;  
Ioy growes dull *that* still enioyes ;  
change loue, for loues sweet sake.

- 28 now hopes pleased <sup>6</sup> with pleasure strange ;  
then chang loue, with garments change,  
& still the better take.

like your  
clothes,  
and take the  
best.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> darkens.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Cresside's.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Love's-mother.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Grecians.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Diomedes.—P.

<sup>6</sup> new hopes please.—Skeat.



## Songs: of Sheparden.<sup>1</sup>

[page 458]

THIS song is in *Westminster Drollery*, Part II. 1672, p. 64, under the title of "The hunting of the Gods." After two long searches through the Museum Catalogues, only Part I. of that work, dated 1671, could be found. Recourse was therefore had to Mr. Lilly, of New Street, Covent Garden, to whose kind help so many editors and writers have been indebted, and he at once produced from his stores a copy of Part II., and allowed Mr. Furnivall to collate the Folio proof with it. We thank him for his courtesy, and wish his example was followed by *all* noble and gentle owners of rare books and MSS. in England. But, alas, among the fair flock of collectors is more than one black sheep.

This piece, as Percy notes, occurs also in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, and is there, too, entitled "The Hunting of the Gods." The copy is much freer from gross blunders than that of the Folio, but is not altogether satisfactory; *e. g.* it loses the rime to Olympical, reads course for courser.

An elaborate collation of the Old Ballads copy with the Folio one, which differs much from it, had been made for us by Mr. Brock before we found out Mr. Lilly; but this has now been put aside in favour of the collation with the earlier *Drollery* copy. In the O.B. copy which Mr. Brock used, the order of the stanzas differs from that of the Folio and *Westminster Drollery*; the first four and the last coincide, but the others vary thus:—

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<sup>1</sup> In the printed Collection of old Ballads 12<sup>mo</sup> vol. 3. pag. 198, N. 36.—P.



Stanza 5 of MS. and W.D. is stanza 9 of O.B.

|     |   |     |   |
|-----|---|-----|---|
| „ 6 | „ | „ 8 | „ |
| „ 7 | „ | „ 6 | „ |
| „ 8 | „ | „ 5 | „ |
| „ 9 | „ | „ 7 | „ |

The gods, ennuyés, tired of lying beside their nectar, sick of their “securum ævum,” envious of the sports of men, resolve on a sort of divine “meet.” They have a day with the harriers. The shepherds wonder what this strange venery means.

The piece illustrates the passionate attachment with which hare-hunting was regarded in the old pre-foxchasing days.<sup>1</sup> It was an attachment of long standing. In the *Squire of Low Degree*, when the king’s daughter of Hungary in her forlornness cries out on this world’s vanity, and bids adieu to all that was held most precious, she concludes :

Farewell hawkes and farewell hounde ;  
Farewell markes and many a pounce ;  
*Farewell huntynge at the hare ;*  
Farewell harte and hynde for evermare.

There are other copies, as Mr. Chappell points out, in *Wit and Drollery* (1682), *Pills to purge Melancholy* (1707), and Dryden’s *Miscellany Poems*.

Songs of  
shepherds

are not  
worthy  
to tell

how the  
Gods hunted  
the hare.

SONGS : of shepards,<sup>2</sup> rusticall roundelayes  
fframed on<sup>3</sup> ffancies,<sup>2</sup> whistled on reeds,  
songs<sup>4</sup> to solace young Nymphes vpon holydayes,  
4 are to<sup>5</sup> unworthy ffor wonderffull deeds.  
Phebus Aeminius<sup>6</sup> or worthy Cylen[i]us,<sup>7</sup>  
his lofty Genius<sup>8</sup> may seem to declare  
In verse better coyned, or verse<sup>9</sup> more refined,  
8 how states<sup>10</sup> diuined<sup>11</sup> once hunted<sup>12</sup> the hare.

<sup>1</sup> See pages 320-1 of Chappell’s *Popular Music*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> *Westminster Drollery* inserts ‘and.’—F.

<sup>3</sup> Form’d of.—W.D.

<sup>4</sup> Sung.—W.D.

<sup>5</sup> too.—W.D. too.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Ingenious.—W.D. ingenious.—P.

<sup>7</sup> winged Cylenius.—W.D. witty Cylenius.—P.

<sup>8</sup> MS. cenius.—F.

<sup>9</sup> And voice.—W.D.

<sup>10</sup> stars.—P.

<sup>11</sup> devin’d.—W.D. divine.—W. Chappell.

<sup>12</sup> the hunting.—P.



- Starres inamoured with pastimes Olimpicall,  
 stares & planetts *that* bewtiffull showne,  
 wold noe longer *that* earthlye men only shall <sup>1</sup>  
 12 swim in pleasures, & they but looke on.  
 Round about horned Lucina thé <sup>2</sup> swarmed,  
 & her informed how minded they were,  
 Eche god & goddesse, to take humane bodyes,  
 16 as Lords & Ladyes, to ffollow the hare.
- chast dyana aplauded the motyon,  
 with <sup>3</sup> pale proserpina sate in her place,  
 Lights <sup>4</sup> the welkin & gouernes the Ocean  
 20 whilest <sup>5</sup> shee conducted her nephews in chase,  
 & by her example <sup>6</sup> her ffavour<sup>7</sup> to trample  
 the cold & ample <sup>8</sup> earth, leaueth the <sup>9</sup> ayre,  
 Neptune the watter, the wind <sup>10</sup> liber pater,  
 24 & Mars the slaughter, to ffollow the hare.
- Light young <sup>11</sup> Cupid, horsset <sup>12</sup> vpon Pegasus,  
 borrowed of Muses with Kisses and prayers;  
 strong Alcydes vpon cloudye caucasus  
 28 mounts a Centaure *that* proudlye him beares;  
 Postylyon of the skye, light heeld <sup>13</sup> Mercurye,  
 makes <sup>14</sup> his courser fly as flight as the <sup>15</sup> ayre;  
 yellow Appollo the Kenell doth ffollow,  
 32 with <sup>16</sup> whoope and hallow after the hare.
- Hymen vshers the Ladyes: Astrea  
 the <sup>17</sup> iust tooke hands with Minerua the bold,

The stars  
and planets

told the  
moon  
that they  
meant to  
take  
human form,  
and hunt the  
hare.

Diana,  
Proserpine,

Neptune,  
and Mars  
join in the  
hunt,

with Cupid,

Alcides,

Mercury,

Apollo,

Astrea,

Minerva,

<sup>1</sup> should.—P.

<sup>2</sup> they.—W.D. they.—P.

<sup>3</sup> And.—W.D. And.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Which lights.—P.

<sup>5</sup> while.—W.D.

<sup>6</sup> and, qu.—P.

<sup>7</sup> Father.—W.D.

<sup>8</sup> The Earth old & ample.—P.

<sup>9</sup> leave.—W.D. leave they the.—P.

<sup>10</sup> Wine.—W.D. wine.—P.

<sup>11</sup> god.—W.D.

<sup>12</sup> was hors'd.—W.D.

<sup>13</sup> footed.—P.

<sup>14</sup> maketh: Conj.—P.

<sup>15</sup> fly Fleet as the.—W.D. fleet as  
the.—P.

<sup>16</sup> and.—W.D.

<sup>17</sup> that, qu.—P.



Ceres, Ceres the browne with the <sup>1</sup> bright Cyther[e]a,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thetis, 36 Thetis <sup>3</sup> the wanton, Bellona the old,<sup>4</sup>  
 Aurora, shame-ffast <sup>5</sup> Aurora, with suttle Pandora,  
 Maya, & May <sup>6</sup> with fflora did company <sup>7</sup> beare ;  
 Juno, Iuno <sup>8</sup> was stated too hye to be mated,  
 40 but,<sup>9</sup> O <sup>10</sup> shee hated not hunting the hare.

Narcissus, drowned Narssissus ffrom his Metamorphosis  
 raised with <sup>11</sup> Eccho, new manhooe did take ;  
 Somnus, snoring Somnus vpstarted in cinaris,<sup>12</sup>  
 44 that this <sup>13</sup> 1000<sup>d</sup> yeeres <sup>14</sup> was not awake,  
 Mulciber, to see clubffooted old Mulciber booted,  
 Pan. & Pan promoted on Aeolus <sup>15</sup> mare ;  
 Æolus, proud Æolous <sup>16</sup> pouted, proud <sup>17</sup> Aeolus <sup>18</sup> shouted ;  
 Momus. 48 & Momus fflowted, but ffollowed the hare.

The hounds  
 give tongue,  
 the hunters  
 sound their  
 horns.  
 52 deepe Melampus & cuning Ignobytes,<sup>19</sup>  
 Nappy,<sup>20</sup> & tigre, & harpye, the s[k]yes <sup>21</sup>  
 rends with <sup>22</sup> roring, whilest hunter like <sup>23</sup> Hercules  
 sounds they <sup>24</sup> plentiffull horne to their cryes.  
 25 [Till with varieties To solace their Pieties  
 The wary Deities Repos'd them where]  
 wee shepards weare seated, the whilest <sup>26</sup> wee repeated  
 56 what wee conceited of their hunting the hare.  
 We  
 shepherds  
 told our  
 fancies about  
 the hunt :

<sup>1</sup> W.D. omits *the*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Cytherea.—P.

<sup>3</sup> With Thetis.—W.D.

<sup>4</sup> doth hold. *Sic legerim*.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Shamefac't.—W.D.

<sup>6</sup> Maya.—P. May.—W.D.

<sup>7</sup> MS. campany.—F.

<sup>8</sup> But Juno.—P. <sup>9</sup> Altho'.—P.

<sup>10</sup> yet.—W.D.

<sup>11</sup> Rowzed by.—P. Rais'd by.—W.D.

<sup>12</sup> Cimmeris.—P. Cineris.—W.D.

<sup>13</sup> The which.—P.

<sup>14</sup> thousand year.—W.D.

<sup>15</sup> Chirons.—W.D.

<sup>16</sup> Pallas.—P. Faunus.—W.D.

<sup>17</sup> and.—W.D.

<sup>18</sup> and Æolus.—P.

<sup>19</sup> fortunate Lælaps.—P. Ichnobates  
 —W.D.

<sup>20</sup> Jowler.—P. Nape.—W.D.

<sup>21</sup> Harper, the skies.—P.

<sup>22</sup> Rent with.—W.D.

<sup>23</sup> huntsman-like.—W.D.

<sup>24</sup> Winds the.—W.D.

<sup>25</sup> Percy inserts here from *Old Ballads* :

Till with varieties  
 To solace their deities,  
 Their weary Pieties  
 refreshed were.

W.D. has the variations of the text  
 above, and the two lines are printed as  
 four.—F.

<sup>26</sup> And there.—W.D. Line 55 is  
 written as two lines in the MS.—F.



- yooung Amyntas supposed the gods came to breathe, Amyntas  
 after some battell,<sup>1</sup> themselues on the ground ; told his,  
 Thirsis thought they starres<sup>2</sup> came to dwell herebeneath, Thyrsis his,  
 60 & *that* herafter they<sup>3</sup> world wold goe round ;  
 Corydon aged, with Phillis engaged,  
 was much inraged with iealous dispayre,  
 but ffeare<sup>4</sup> rewarded,<sup>5</sup> & he was perswaded,  
 64 when I thus aplauded their hunting the hare : and I told  
 mine.  
 “starres<sup>6</sup> but shadowes where,<sup>7</sup> states<sup>8</sup> were but sorrow, “Stars are  
*that*<sup>9</sup> noe<sup>10</sup> motyon, nor *that* no delight<sup>11</sup> ; shadows,  
 gods no  
 delight ;  
 Ioyes are Iouyall, delight is the Marrow  
 68 of liffe, & action the apple<sup>12</sup> of light<sup>13</sup> ;  
 pleasure d[e]pends vpon no other ends,<sup>14</sup>  
 but<sup>15</sup> ffreely lends to eche vertue a share ;  
 only is mesure<sup>16</sup> the Iewell of treasure<sup>17</sup> ;  
 72 of pleasure the treasure is<sup>18</sup> hunting the hare.” the treasure  
 of pleasure  
 is hunting  
 the hare.”  
 fflowre<sup>19</sup> broad bowles to the Olimpical rector  
*that*<sup>20</sup> Troy borne<sup>21</sup> Egle does bring<sup>22</sup> on his knee !  
 Ioue to Pheobus Carrouses in nector,  
 76 And he to HERMES, & HERMES to mee, [page 459]  
 where-with infused, I pipet<sup>23</sup> & I mused  
 in verse<sup>24</sup> vnused, this sport<sup>25</sup> to declare.  
 O<sup>26</sup> *that* the rouse of Ioue, round as his spheere may  
 moue,  
 80 helth to all *that* loue hunting the hare !  
 ffinis.

It has  
 inspired me  
 to write  
 thus.  
 Here's  
 health to all  
 who love  
 hunting  
 the hare !

<sup>1</sup> battels.—W.D. <sup>2</sup> the stars.—W.D.

<sup>3</sup> the.—W.D. <sup>4</sup> fury was faded.—P.

<sup>5</sup> fury vaded.—W.D.

<sup>6</sup> Starr's.—W.D.

<sup>7</sup> were.—W.D. were: Joys.—P.

<sup>8</sup> state.—W.D. <sup>9</sup> Had they.—W.D.

<sup>10</sup> they without.—P.

<sup>11</sup> these wanting Delight.—P.

<sup>12</sup> axle.—W.D. <sup>13</sup> axle of might.—P.

<sup>14</sup> friends.—W.D. <sup>15</sup> And yet.—W.D.

<sup>16</sup> As measures.—W.D.

<sup>17</sup> pleasures.—W.D.

Alone is pleasure

The measure of treasure.—P.

<sup>18</sup> treasures of.—W.D.

<sup>19</sup> Three.—W.D.

<sup>20</sup> His.—W.D.

<sup>21</sup> Boy presents.—P.

<sup>22</sup> he brings.—W.D.

<sup>23</sup> I pip'd.—W.D.

<sup>24</sup> songs.—W.D.

<sup>25</sup> their sports.—P.

<sup>26</sup> And.—W.D.

[The following pieces, printed in Lo. and Hum. Songs, pp. 87–101,  
 follow here in the MS. (pp. 459–63): “Louers hea[r]ke alarum,” “A  
 freinde of mine,” “O nay, O nay, not yett,” “I cannot bee contented,”  
 “Lillumwham,” “The Sea-crabb,” “Last night I thought.”]



### The Lauinian Shore.<sup>1</sup>

“MR. THORPE, the enterprising bookseller of Bedford Street,” says Mr. Collier in a note in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, “is in possession of a MS. full of songs and poems, in the handwriting of a person of the name of Richard Jackson, all copied prior to the year 1631, and including many unpublished pieces by a variety of celebrated poets. One of the most curious is a song in five seven-line stanzas thus headed: ‘Shakespeare’s Rime which he made at the Mytre in Fleete Streete.’ It begins, ‘From the rich Lavinian Shore,’ and some few of the lines were published by Playford and set as a catch.”

Mr. Thoms (see *Anecdotes and Traditions*, printed for the Camden Society) and Dr. Rimbault (in an article in *Notes and Queries*, May 13, 1854) apparently accept this heading as a sufficient proof that the piece is verily written by Shakespeare. We certainly cannot so accept it.

Dr. Rimbault gives an interesting version from a MS. collection of songs formerly in possession of J. S. Smith, editor of *Musica Antiqua*.

From the fair Lauinian shore  
 I your markets come to store,  
 Marvel not I thus far dwell  
 And hither bring my wares to sell,  
 Such is the sacred hunger of gold.  
 Then come to my pack  
 While I cry  
 What d’ ye lack?  
 What d’ ye buy?  
 For here it is to be sold.

---

<sup>1</sup> One stanza of this is in Wilson’s *Cheerefull Ayres* (1660) p. 3.—F.



I have beauty, honour, grace,  
 Virtue, favour, time, and space,  
 And what else thou wouldst request,  
 E'en the thing thou likest best.  
 First, let me have but a touch of thy gold.  
 Then come too, lad,  
 Thou shalt have  
 What thy lust never gave,  
 For here it is to be sold.

Though thy gentry be but young,  
 As the flower that this day sprung,  
 And thy father thee before  
 Never arms nor scutcheon bore.  
 First let me have but a catch of thy gold,  
 Then though thou be an ass,  
 By this light  
 Thou shalt pass  
 For a knight.  
 For here it is to be sold.

Thou whose obscure birth so base  
 Ranks among the ignoble race,  
 And desireth that thy name  
 Unto honour should obtain.  
 First, etc.

Madam, come, see what you lack,  
 Here's complexion in my pack,  
 White and red you may have in this place,  
 To hide an old ill-wrinkled face.  
 First, let me have but a catch of thy gold,  
 Then thou shalt seem  
 Like a wench of fifteen,  
 Although you be three-score and ten years old.

Other less perfect copies are, he points out, to be found in Playford's *Select Ayres and Dialogues* (1659), Dr. Wilson's *Cheerefull Ayres and Ballads* (1660), in Playford's *Catch that Catch Can* (1667). The first stanza is given as "set" by Dr. Wilson in Playford's *Musical Companion* (1673).

A remarkable writer in the *Athenæum*, quoted by Dr. Rimbault, says the "rime is a merely clumsy adaptation from Ben's interesting epigram 'Inviting a Friend to Supper.'" This gentleman had certainly not read both poems.



The speaker in the piece is a sort of superior hawker. His stock consists not of such material blessings as Autolycus vended at the sheep-shearing in the *Winter's Tale*—lawn, and gloves, and bracelets, and pins—or as were proffered to the London Lackpenny strolling through the Chepe and Canwyke Street, but of far subtler wares. He sells Success in Love, Rank, Reputation, Health-restoratives. There is nothing in the world that he does not sell, except Wit and Honesty. These cannot be bought and sold. Otherwise he is an universal outfitter. The satire in the third and fourth stanzas is directed, no doubt, at the venality of the court of James I. and especially at the selling of knighthood countenanced and practised by that disreputable monarch. But as was the court so was the country. Dives was successful everywhere. He could never bear a bad character; he could never be “refused” as a lover; he was always a gentleman born. Riches made the man. An ever-old, an ever-new subject for the satirist. The worship of Plutus never ceases. His temple is never uncrowded.

Vincant divitiæ, sacro ne cedat honori,  
Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerat albis;  
Quandoquidem inter nos sanctissima divitiarum  
Majestas, etsi funesta pecunia templo  
Nondum habitas, nullas nummorum ereximus aras.

This famous chapman, himself urged on, as he confesses, by ‘auri sacra fames’ (v. 5), comes from far-away Italy—from Lavinia littora (v. 1. Compare, in D’Urfey’s *Pills to purge Melancholy*,

A gentle breeze from the Lavinian shore  
Was gliding o’er the coast of Sicily.)

Did Italy already in the earlier years of the seventeenth century bear that ill name that was affixed to it in the eighteenth and is but now perhaps being removed from it? Was it even then regarded as the cradle and nursery of impostors and charlatans? And were these, its miserable offspring, already overrunning other countries and England? The “Græculus



esuriens " whom Juvenal described with such sarcasm, as ready to turn his hand to anything and everything, to turn

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus,

was but a type of what his own countryman became in later times.

ffROM the rich <sup>1</sup> Lauinian shore  
I your markett <sup>2</sup> come to store.  
muse not you I soe farr <sup>3</sup> dwell,  
4 [&] hither <sup>4</sup> come my warres to sell; <sup>5</sup>  
Such is they <sup>6</sup> Sacred hunger of gold.  
come <sup>7</sup> to my packe! will you buy <sup>8</sup> what you <sup>9</sup>  
lacke: <sup>10</sup>  
what you lacke, <sup>11</sup>  
heare shall you haue <sup>12</sup> to be sold.  
8 you whose ffortune young denyes <sup>13</sup>  
grace in your beloued <sup>14</sup> eyes;  
thou thy loues, vowes, or deserts <sup>15</sup>  
nought preuaile in womans harts;  
12 soe be your palmes anointed with gold <sup>16</sup>  
come to me then! when, gentlemen, will you buy? <sup>17</sup>  
loue, loue, is heere to be sold.  
you, whose birth obscure & base  
16 rankes you with ignoble <sup>18</sup> race;

I come from  
far

to sell my  
wares.

Buy what  
you lack!

You unsuc-  
cessful  
lovers,

bring me  
gold,

and I'll sell  
you love.

You base-  
born men

<sup>1</sup> faire.—Wilson's Ayres.  
<sup>2</sup> Markets.—W.A.  
<sup>3</sup> though so farr I.—W.A.  
<sup>4</sup> and hither.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> and my wares come here to sell.  
—W.A.  
<sup>6</sup> the.—P.  
<sup>7</sup> then come.—W.A.  
<sup>8</sup> while I cry.—W.A.  
<sup>9</sup> d'ye.—W.A.  
<sup>10</sup> What you lacke is here to be sold.  
—P.

<sup>11</sup> what d'ye buy.—W.A.  
<sup>12</sup> for here it is.—W.A.  
<sup>13</sup> you, whom Fortune's Wrong denies.  
—P.  
<sup>14</sup> beloved's.—P.  
<sup>15</sup> For all your loves, vows, &c.—P.  
<sup>16</sup> Unless their palms be (I w<sup>d</sup>. read).  
—P.  
<sup>17</sup> "Come to me then,  
will you buy Gent<sup>n</sup>.  
"Gen<sup>t</sup> love &c.—P.  
<sup>18</sup> of ignoble.—P.



who are  
ambitious,

bring me  
gold,

and I'll sell  
you a place.

You  
parvenus

whose  
fathers had  
no arms,

bring me  
gold,

and I'll sell  
you  
heraldry.

You  
defamed,  
deficient in  
body or  
mind,

bring me  
gold, and  
I'll sell you  
fame and  
perfection.

But you  
dullards,

and scorners,

whatever  
gold you  
bring,

I can sell  
you neither  
wit nor  
honesty.

hope, ambityon, hyer strines

ffor your selues & ffor your wines ;

20 well then, supply thy deffects with thy gold ;  
come for thy race, care not thou for a place, for a  
place,  
for a place is heare to be sold.

24 Though thy gentry be as younge  
as the fflower *that* this day spronge,  
though thy ffather thee before  
neuer sheild nor scuchyon bore :

canst ffind in thy [heart] <sup>1</sup> for to part with thy  
gold ?

come to me, lad, thou shalt haue what thy dad  
neuer had :

28 heeres Heraldrye to be sold.

Hath blind ffortune hurt thy ffame,  
or vnkind nature hurt thy fframe ?  
hart,<sup>2</sup> nor mind, nor body, partes,  
32 strong<sup>3</sup> proportion, or deserts ?

well then supply thy defects with thy gold ;  
come to me then ! buy thy fame ; come <sup>4</sup> againe !  
buy thy frame ;  
ffor both are heare to be sold.

36 But dull chapemen, they dispise  
my rich ffairings to be wise ;  
they whose humors <sup>5</sup> still doth <sup>6</sup> scorne  
truth,<sup>7</sup> and trickes & toyes adorne ;

40 If you doe come with Millyons of gold,  
Seeke ffurther yet in my stall ;  
there is witt none att all,  
nor honesty, to be sold.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> in thy heart.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Hast.—P.

<sup>3</sup> strength.—P.

<sup>4</sup> MS. cone.—F. come.—P.

<sup>5</sup> MS. hunors.—F.

<sup>6</sup> do.—P.

<sup>7</sup> those whom.—P.



Come my dainty doxeys.<sup>1</sup>

[page 464]

THIS piece praises the joys of a gypsy's life. It prefers tents to homesteads, picking and stealing to honest labour, complete looseness to any sort of restraint.

The word "doxy" Nares defines to mean "a mistress." "Coles has it a 'doxy meritrix' . . . For the use of it among the beggars, see Beaumont and Fletcher in the Beggar's Bush, Act ii. 1." "Dill" is much the same as dilling, which is probably, as Nares suggests, much the same as darling. "Minshew explains it a *wanton*, but there is nothing in its origin to convey that meaning, even if with him we derived it from *diligo* . . .

To make up a match with my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling, whom she longs to call madam.' Eastw. Hoe. O. Pl. iv. 206."

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>COME: my dainty doxeys, my dills, my deares !<br/>         we haue neither house nor land,<br/>         yet neuer want good cheere ;<br/>         4 wee take no care far candle, rents ;<br/>         wee sleepe, we snort, we snore, in tents.<br/>         Then rouse betime, &amp; steale our dinners ;<br/>         our store is neuer taken without pigg or bacon,<br/>         8 &amp; thats good meate ffor sinners.<br/>         Att wakes &amp; ffaires we cozen<br/>         poore cuntry folkes by the dozen ;<br/>         if one haue money, he disbursses,<br/>         12 while some tell fortune, some <sup>2</sup> picke purses.</p> | <p>Come my<br/>dears !<br/>Tho' we've<br/>no houses<br/><br/>         we live in<br/>tents.<br/><br/>         Go and steal<br/>our dinners !<br/><br/>         Cheat the<br/>countryfolk<br/>at fairs.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> A Gypsy's Song.—P.<sup>2</sup> MS. sone.—F.



For practice,  
steal boots,

smocks, or  
anything!

rather then liue out of vse,  
steale hose or garters, bootes or shooes,  
boots, guilded spurres with ingling <sup>1</sup> rowells,  
16 shirts or smockes, napkins or towells.

Come and  
live with us,  
all who love  
their ease!  
Gipsies get  
drunk when  
they please,

come liue with vs, come liue with vs,  
all you *that* loue *your* eases!  
he *thats* a Gipsey, may be drunke & tipsey  
20 att what houre he pleases!

laugh,  
and steal.

wee laugh, wee quaffe, wee rore, we shuffle,  
wee filch, wee steale, wee drab, wee sckuffle!

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> perhaps jingling.—P.



### To : Oxfforde :

THIS song is said to have been composed by some contemporary Cambridge wit on the occasion of James I.'s visit to Oxford in 1605. No doubt the whole affair—the speechifying, the play-acting, the “quæstiones”—was absurd enough; and the keen eyes of certain members of the sister university who were present observed and recognised abroad absurdities which might have passed unnoticed if perpetrated at home. Indeed, the spectacle of the universities scraping and bowing before a royal visitation—a spectacle they presented at every possible opportunity—is highly ludicrous. They poured forth Latin verses to a prodigious extent :

The hall was hung with verses thick,  
A goodly sight to see,  
For every one was willed to make  
Verses in his degree.  
To their trade some had made  
Verses called Asclepiad.  
Here might you find, of every kind,  
Verses fitting to your mind;  
Here a Hexameter, there a Pentameter,  
Sapphics and Scazons too.

They overflowed with Latin orations. In a word, their book-wormships exhausted all the powers of hyperbole and adulation.

A full and very amusing account of the visit to Oxford here referred to, is quoted by Nichols in his *Progresses of James I.* (i. 530–59) from Harl. MS. 7044, fol. 201. This, as is stated by a note in the MS. in the handwriting of Baker, to whom the MS. once belonged, was written by one Stringer, a bedell at Cambridge in 1589, and subsequently a holder of other important university posts. It fully illustrates the following squib: *e. g.*



as to v. 9: "they presented to his Majesty," he says, "a Greek Testament in Folio washed and ruled, and two pair of Oxford gloves with a deep fringe of gold, the turneoovers being wrought with pearle. They cost, as I was informed, 6*l.* a pair," &c.

Anthony à Wood in his *Annals*, under 1614, speaking of the King's visit to Cambridge in that year, says (*apud* Nichols l. c. *note*): "It must be now noted that when King James was entertained at Oxford in 1605, divers Cambridge scholars went thither out of novelty to see and hear; yet, if anything had been done amiss, they were resolved to represent it to the worst advantage. Some therefore that pretended to be wits made copies of verses on that solemnity, among which I have met with one that runs thus:

To Oxenford the King is gone  
 With all his mighty Peers,  
 That hath in grace maintained us  
 These four or five long years.  
 Such a king as he hath been  
 As the like was never seen.  
 Knights did ride by his side  
 Evermore to be his guide:  
 A thousand knights, and forty thousand knights,  
 Knights of forty pound a year.

Some have said that it was made by one — Lake, but how true I know not."

The piece, then, was composed for the benefit of the Combination Rooms of Cambridge, or what equivalent institutions there were in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, we may be sure, was received with much laughter there by the Dons of the Stuart times.

The King's  
 gone to  
 Oxford  
 to see the  
 sights.

---

TO : Oxford the King is gone  
 with all his pompous grace,  
 to vew the sights & see the learning  
 of *that* famous place,



- where clownes of the towne—  
 clothed in their scarlett gownes—  
 gaue the *King* such a thing  
 8 as passes all imageninge ;  
     a paire of gloues, to testifye their loues  
     *which* to the *King* they bore.
- They gaue him a payre of gloues  
 12 of stiffe & strong staggs lether ;  
 I say, a payre of hunting gloues  
     to keepe out wind and wheather.  
 Some relate they gaue him plate,  
 16 & a purse stufft full with gold :  
 “sure,” said I, “thats a lye !”  
     as soone as ere I heard itt told.  
 ffor why shold they giue their gold away  
 20 to him *that* hath enough of his owne ?
- Next to christs-church was he brought,  
     a place of Mickle ffame,  
 where the warden him receiued,—  
 24 I haue forgott his name.—  
 heere they all went to the hall,  
 tag & rag, great and small ;  
 the bells did ring, the boyes did singe,  
 28 & all did crye, “god saue the Kinge !  
     & grant him grace to run a race  
     with pleasure in Royston downes !”
- The hall was honge with verses thicke,  
 32 a goodlye sight to see,  
 ffor euery one was willed to make  
     verses in his degree.  
 to their trade some had made  
 36 verses called ascelpiade.

And the  
clowns have  
given him

a pair of  
gloves:

yes,

hunting  
gloves;

not plate  
and money,  
as some say.

At Christ-  
church

they took  
him to the  
hall,

which was  
hung all  
over with  
verses



of all kinds,

here might you find, of euerye Kind,  
verses ffitting to your minde :

hexameters,  
sapphics,  
&c.

40

here an examiter,<sup>1</sup> there a pentamiter,  
saphickes,<sup>2</sup> & seasens<sup>3</sup> too.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> hexamet<sup>r</sup>.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Sapphickes.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Beyond all doubt an error for *scasons*

(the well-known verses, called also *chol-iambics*).—Dyce.



## Ladpe : Bessipe.<sup>1</sup>

Inerat ibi ab unguiculis Dei timor et servitium admirabile; in parentes vero mira observantia; erga fratres et sorores amor ferme incredibilis; in pauperes Christique ministros reverenda ac singularis affectio.—*Bernard Andreas.*

Two copies of this song are preserved elsewhere, one in a MS. of the time of Charles II. in the possession of Mr. Bateman, the other in MS. Harl. 367, transcribed apparently, says Mr. Halliwell, about the year 1600. These two copies differ considerably. They have both been printed: the former three times, viz., by Mr. Thomas Heywood in 1829, by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society, and by Mr. Jewitt in his *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire*; the latter by Mr. Halliwell along with the other. The following copy differs but slightly from this latter one from the Harl. MS. It is perhaps a little later than it, as it speaks of 'our comely King,' probably James the First, in v. 3, where the Harleian version reads 'Queen,' probably Queen Elizabeth. Certainly neither copy in its present shape is as old as the events it describes. Both are less modernised than the copy in Mr. Bateman's MS.

But we see no reason to doubt that the main ground-work of the poem was laid early in the sixteenth century, or still earlier,

<sup>1</sup> In 6 Parts. Containing a long Account of the bringing in of Henry 7<sup>th</sup> and all the steps previous to it, down to the battle of Bosworth.—P.

This is a later copy of the *Ladye Bessie* in MS. Harl. 367, fol. 89, printed by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society in 1847, at p. 43–79 of *The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy*. The Harleian copy is doubtless of Elizabeth's reign,—ab. 1600 Mr. Halliwell says—as in its 3<sup>rd</sup> line, and its last line but one, it has  
save and kepe our comlye *queene*,

whereas our copy in the Folio dates from a King's reign—no doubt James I.'s,—  
saue & keepe our comelye *Kinge*.

(To prevent the repetition of an objection already made, I add that the epithet 'comelye' was probably applied to James because it was in the text, having been used for Elizabeth.)

Cp. for st. 118, p. 184. The Harleian copy is not divided into parts. The collation of it here is from Mr. Halliwell's text.—F.



by one who himself took part, as he professes, in the exciting transactions that are narrated—by Humphrey Brereton, the active and zealous agent, the ‘true esquire,’ of the Lady Bessy. As to the date of the composition of the poem, there is a great look of authenticity about the work; there is an annalistic air. The account given of the conferences between the Princess and Lord Stanley (styled, proleptically, the Earl of Derby), of the messenger’s journeys into the northern counties and across the sea, is singularly minute and graphic; and these merits can scarcely be ascribed to the brilliant imagination of the writer. There are no signs apparent of any great talent of that kind. The style is that of a man who can relate soberly and steadily what he has seen, not of one fertile in conjuring up ideal pictures. It is matter of fact, autoptic throughout.

We have, unhappily, no means of applying the touchstone of history to the circumstances narrated by the ballad. There is extant no other information as to the movements of Elizabeth of York, between Christmas 1484 and the 21st of the following August, when the battle of Bosworth was fought. We find that at the time of that battle she was living at Sheriff Hutton Castle in Yorkshire, “with no companion,” says Miss Strickland (see that lady’s *Lives of the Queens of England*), “but its young and imbecile owner, her cousin Warwick.” The ballad speaks of her as present at Leicester, when the dishonoured body of her uncle was carried from the field of his fall into that town. But this collision between the ballad and facts cannot be allowed to impugn the validity of the whole account furnished by the ballad. The bringing the lately oppressed lady to the sight of her fallen oppressor, formed a “position” too tempting to be rejected. Facts might pardonably be strained a little to compass such an effective meeting; and the furious spirit of a partisan might put into the mouth of a most gentle lady cruel words derisive of her fallen enemy.



They carried him naked unto Leicester,  
 And buckled his hair under his chin.  
 Bessie met him with a merry cheer ;  
 These were the words she said to him :

“How likest thou the slaying of my brethren twain?”  
 She spake these words to him alone.  
 “Now are we wroken upon thee here !  
 Welcome, gentle uncle, home !”

As to the authorship, we may easily believe that the writer was Humphrey Brereton. Probably no one but Brereton would have described so carefully Brereton's movements, the main interests of the piece centring around the Earl of Richmond, and the lady Elizabeth. This author knows well and describes every passage of them.

This ballad then may be set down as of some considerable historical value for the picture of old times that it gives.

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[Part I.]

[How the Princess Elizabeth persuades Lord Derby to help her and her lover Richmond.]

|    |                                                      |                       |
|----|------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
|    | GOD: <i>that</i> is most of might,                   | God save              |
|    | & borne was of a maiden ffree,                       |                       |
|    | saue & keepe our comelye Kinge <sup>1</sup>          | the King              |
| 4  | & all <sup>2</sup> the pore cominaltye !             | and the<br>Commons!   |
|    | for wheras <i>King</i> Richard, I vnd[e]rstand,      | In Richard            |
|    | had not raigned yeeres three,                        | III.'s time           |
|    | But the best duke in all the Land                    | [page 465]            |
| 8  | he caused to be headed <sup>3</sup> att Salsburye.   |                       |
|    | that time the Stanleys without doubt                 | the Stanleys          |
|    | were dread ouer England ffarr & neere, <sup>4</sup>  | were the              |
|    | next <i>King</i> Richard, <i>that</i> was soe stout, | greatest              |
| 12 | of any Lord in England Ire. <sup>5</sup>             | lords in<br>England ; |

<sup>1</sup> queene.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> also.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> A.-S. *heáfdian*, to head, behead.—F.

<sup>4</sup> nee.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> free.—Harl.



and when  
Lady Bessye

there was a Lady faire on mold,  
the name of her was litle Bessye ;  
shee was young, shee was not old,  
16 but of the age <sup>1</sup> of one and twentye ;

was staying  
in London  
with Lord  
Derby,

shee cold write, & shee cold reede,  
well shee cold worke by *prophe*sy ;  
shee soiorrned in the Cittye of London  
20 *that* time with the Erle of Darbye.

she com-  
plained to  
him against  
her uncle,  
King  
Richard :

vpon a time, as I you tell,  
there was noe more but the Erle & shee ;  
shee made complaint of <sup>2</sup> Richard the *King*,  
24 *that* was her vnckle of blood soe nye :

"Hedrowned  
my brothers

"helpe, ffather stanley, I doe you pray !  
for of *King* Richard wroken I wold <sup>3</sup> bee.  
he did my brethren to the death on a day  
28 in their bedd where they did lye ;

in a pipe of  
wine,

"he drowned them both in a pipe of wine ;  
itt was dole to heare and see !

and wanted  
to put away  
his Queen  
and lie with  
me.

& he wold haue put away his Queene  
32 for to haue lyen by my bodye !

You too may  
meet with  
Bucking-  
ham's fate.

"helpe *that* he were put away,  
for the royall blood destroyed wilbee <sup>4</sup> !  
BUKINGAM, *that* duke of England,  
36 was as great with *King* Richard as now are yee.

"the crowne of England there tooke hee,—  
forsooth, Lord, this is no lye,—  
& crowned *King* Richard of England free,  
40 *that* after beheaded him att Salsburye.

<sup>1</sup> yeaes.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> one.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> will I.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> destroy will hee.—Harl.



- "helpe, father Stanley, I you pray !  
 for on *that* traitor wroken wold I bee ;  
 & helpe Erle Richmond, *that* Prince soe <sup>1</sup> gay,  
 44      *that* is exiled ouer the sea !
- "for & he were *King*, I shold be Queene ;  
 I doe him loue, & neuer him see.  
 thinke on Edward, my father, *that* late was *King*,  
 48      vpon his deathe-bed where he did lye :
- "of a litle child he put me to thee,  
 for to gouerne and to guide <sup>2</sup> ;  
 into *your* keeping hee put mee,  
 52      & left me a booke of *prophecy* <sup>3</sup> ;—
- "I haue itt in keeping in this citye ;—  
 he knew *that* yee might make me a *Queene*,  
 father, if thy will itt be ;  
 56      for *Richard* is no righteous *Kinge*,
- "nor vpon no woman borne was hee ;  
 the royall blood of all this land,  
*Richard* my vnkle will destroye  
 60      as he did the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,
- "Who<sup>4</sup> was as great with *King Richard* as now are yee.  
 for when he was duke of Gloster,  
 he slew good King Henerye  
 64      in the Tower of London as he lay there.

Help, too,

Richmond,  
who is  
exiled.I love him.  
Think how  
my father,  
King  
Edward, on  
his death-  
bed, left me

to your care,

as he knew  
that you  
could make  
me Queen.Richard will  
destroy all  
the royal  
blood.He slew  
King Henry  
in the  
Tower.<sup>1</sup> Harl. omits *soe*.—F.<sup>2</sup> For gye = guide.—Dyce.<sup>3</sup> See "The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy," edited from Mr. Bateman's MS. by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society, p. 4. King Edward speaks to his little Bessy set in a window :

"Here is a book of Reason ; keep it well,  
 As you will have the love of me ;  
 Neither to any creature do it tell,  
 Nor let no liveing lord it see,  
 Except it be to the Lord Stanley,

The which I love full heartiley :  
 All the matter to him show you may,  
 For he and his thy help must be ;  
 As soon as the truth to him is shown,  
 Unto your words he will agree ;  
 For their shall never son of my body  
 be gotten  
 That shall be crowned after me,  
 But you shall be queen and wear the  
 crown,  
 So doth expresse the *prophecy*."—F.

<sup>4</sup> which.—Harl.



Stanley,  
your brother  
Sir William

can bring  
500 men,

68

“Sir william Stanley, thy brother deere  
in the hol[t]e <sup>1</sup> where he doth lye,  
he may make 500 fightinge men <sup>2</sup>  
by the marryage of his faire Ladye.<sup>3</sup>”

your son  
George

1000 men,

72

“your sonne George, the Lord Strange,  
in Latham where he doth lye,  
he may make a 1000 <sup>4</sup> fighting men in ffere,  
& giue them wages for monthes three.”

your son  
Edward  
300 men,

76

“Edward stanley *that* is thy sonne,<sup>5</sup>  
300 men may bring to thee.  
thy sonne Iames, *that* young preist,  
warden of Manchester was made latelye.”

your nephew  
Sir J.  
Savage  
1500 men,

80

“Sir Iohn Sauage, thy sisters sonne,—  
he is thy sisters sonne of blood soe nye—  
hee may make 1500 fighting men,  
& all his men white hoods to <sup>6</sup> giue ;

“he giueth the pikes <sup>7</sup> on his banner bright ;  
vpon a feild backed was neuer <sup>8</sup> hee. [page 466]

Sir G.  
Talbott

84

Sir Gilbert Talbott, a man of might,  
in Sheffeld castle where he doth lye,

1000 men (?)

“Hele make a 1000<sup>d</sup> men <sup>9</sup> of might,  
& giue them wages ffor monthes three.

yourself  
1000 men :

88

& thy selfe a 1000 Eagle ffitt <sup>10</sup> to ffight,  
*that* is a goodlye sight to see ;

You and  
yours can  
bring  
Richmond  
back,  
and then  
he'll be  
King, and I  
Queen.”

92

“for thou & thine withouten pine  
may Bring Richemond ouer the sea ;  
for & he were *King*, I should be *Queene* ;  
ffather Stanley, remember bee !”

<sup>1</sup> holte.—Harl. holte, vid. St. 50, &c.,  
passim.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ten thowsand fighting men in fere.  
—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> Harl. transposes lines 68 and 72.—F.

<sup>4</sup> make fyve thowsand.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> came, qu.—P. sonne.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> doe.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> pickes.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> neuer backed was.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> He may make ten thowsand.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> ten thowsand eigne feete.—Harl.  
The Stanley badge was an eagle's foot.  
See vol. i. p. 223, note <sup>14</sup>.—F.



then answered the Earle againe ;  
 these were the words he sayd to BESSYE :  
 “ & King Richard doe know this thing,<sup>1</sup>  
 96 wee were vndone, both thou and I ;

Lord Derby  
 answers,  
 that if  
 Richard  
 knew of this

“ In a ffire you <sup>2</sup> must brenn,  
 my liffe & my lands are <sup>3</sup> lost from mee ;  
 therefore these words be in vaine :  
 100 leaue & doe away, good BESSYE ! ”

he'd burn  
 her, and  
 kill him.

“ ffather stanley ! is there no grace ?  
 noe Queene of England *that* I must bee ?  
 then BESSYE stoode studying <sup>4</sup> in *that* place  
 104 with teares trickling ffrom her eyen :

She must  
 begone.

“ Is there no  
 grace ?  
 Am I never  
 to be  
 Queen ?

“ Now I know I must neuer be Queene !  
 all this, man, is longe of <sup>5</sup> thee !  
 but thinke on the dreadffull day  
 108 when the great doame itt shalbe,

Stanley !  
 Think on  
 the day of  
 doom,

“ when righteousnesse on the rainbowe shall sitt,  
 & deeme <sup>6</sup> he shall both thee and mee,  
 & all ffalshood away shall flitt  
 112 when all truth shall by him bee !

when Christ  
 shall judge  
 you.

“ I care not whether I hange or drowne,  
 soe *that* my soule saued may bee ;  
 make good answer as thou may,  
 116 ffor all this, man, is longe of <sup>7</sup> thee.”

Care not for  
 death,  
 so that you  
 can answer  
 God ! ”

with *that* shee tooke her head grace <sup>8</sup> downe,  
 & threw itt downe <sup>9</sup> vpon the ground,  
 both <sup>10</sup> pearles & many a *precyous* stone  
 120 *that* were better then a 1000 <sup>11</sup> pound.

Bessye  
 dashes her  
 head-jewels  
 on the  
 ground,

<sup>1</sup> then.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> thou.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> land is.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> styding.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> on.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> And all denie.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> on.—Harl. Cp. Cotgrave's "*À toy n'a pas tenu*. Thou wert no hinderance . . it was not *long of* thee.—F.

<sup>8</sup> perhaps geare.—P. gere.—Harl. Yet "grace" may have been intended, as in the description of a peasant :

"Her bon grace was of wended straw."  
 —W.C.

<sup>9</sup> did it throwe.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> with.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> then fowertye.—Harl.



- her ffaxe<sup>1</sup> *that* was as white as silke,  
 shortly downe shee did itt rent;  
 with her hands as white as any milke,  
 tears her hair, 124 her ffaire ffaxe thus hath shee<sup>2</sup> spilt<sup>3</sup>;
- her hands together can shee wringe,  
 & with teares shee wipes her eye;  
 “welladay, BESSYE!” can shee sing,  
 laments, and bids Lord Derby farewell. 128 & parted with the Erle of darbye.
- “ffare-well, man! now am I gone!  
 itt shall be long ere thou me see!”  
 He turns pale, 132 the Erle stood still as any stone,  
 & all blarked<sup>4</sup> was his blee.
- when he heard BESSYE make such mone,  
 the teares fell downe from his eye,  
 “abyde, BESSYE! wee *part* not soe soone!  
 weeps, says “Stay, Bessie! Here 136 heere is none now<sup>5</sup> but thee and I;
- “ffeild hath eyen, & wood hath eares,  
 you cannott tell who standeth vs by;  
 but wend forth, BESSYE, to thy Bower,  
 I fear overhearers, 140 & looke you doe as I bidd yee<sup>6</sup>:
- “put away thy maydens bright,  
*that* noe person doth vs see<sup>7</sup>;  
 for att nine of the clocke within this night,  
 but at 9 to-night, I’ll be in your bower 144 in thy bower will I be with thee;

<sup>1</sup> faxe, hair, A.-S. *feax*, idem.—P.  
<sup>2</sup> he.—Harl.  
<sup>3</sup> ? splent (cf. splinter).—Dyce.  
<sup>4</sup> blencked.—Harl. blanked—his blee,  
 vide infra, Page 470 [of MS. l. 412 here]:

i.e. his Complexion turned pale.—P.  
<sup>5</sup> I wene here is noe moe.—Harl.  
<sup>6</sup> the.—Harl.  
<sup>7</sup> there with us bee.—Harl.



- “ then of this matter wee will talke <sup>1</sup> more,  
 when there is no moe but you <sup>2</sup> and I ;  
 A charcole [fire] <sup>3</sup> att my desire,  
 148     *that* no smoke come in our eye ; <sup>4</sup>
- “ Peeces <sup>5</sup> of wine many a one,  
 & diuers spices be therbye,  
 pen, Inke, paper, looke thou want none,  
 152     but haue all things ffull readye.”
- BESSYE made her busines, & forth is gone,  
 & tooke her leaue att the Erle of DARBYE,  
 & put away her maydens anon,  
 156     no man nor mayd <sup>6</sup> was therby ;
- A charcole fire was ready bowne,—  
 there cane no smoke within his eye,—  
 peeces of wine many a one,  
 160     & diuers spices lay <sup>7</sup> therby,
- Pen, Inke, & paper, shee <sup>8</sup> wanted none,     [page 467] pen and  
 & <sup>9</sup> hadd all things there ffull readye,  
 & sett her selfe vpon a stone  
 164     without <sup>10</sup> any companye.
- shee tooke a booke in her hande,  
 & <sup>11</sup> did read of prophecye,  
 how shee shold bee Queene of <sup>12</sup> England,  
 168     but many a guiltesse man first must dye ;

and talk  
more with  
you.

Have a  
charcoal fire  
that won't  
smoke,

and pen, ink  
and paper  
all ready.”

She goes  
home,

sends away  
her maids,

gets ready  
a charcoal  
fire,

wine

and spices,

and reads  
her book of  
prophecy,

<sup>1</sup> carpe.—Harl.  
<sup>2</sup> thou.—Harl.  
<sup>3</sup> fire, vide infra.—P.  
<sup>4</sup> With no chimney in the room, the  
wood smoke would make their eyes  
smart. See Pref. to *Babees Book*, p. lxiv.  
—F.  
<sup>5</sup> cups. See ‘a peece of wine,’ p. 333,

l. 306 below, and l. 159 ; also *Babees  
Book*, p. 325, l. 792.—F.

<sup>6</sup> mayden was there nye.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> dyvers spices did lye.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> there.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> shee.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> withouten.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> and there.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> in.—Harl.



- till Lord  
Derby comes  
at 9 at  
night.
- 172 & as shee read ffurther,<sup>1</sup> shee wept.  
with <sup>2</sup> *that* came the Erle of Darbye;  
att nine of the clocke att <sup>3</sup> night  
to bessyes bower Cometh hee.
- She bars her  
door,
- 176 shee barred the dore aboue and vnder,  
*that* no man shold come them nye <sup>4</sup>;  
shee sett him on [a] seate [soe] <sup>5</sup> rich,  
& on another shee sett her by;
- and gives  
him wine  
and spice.
- It works,
- 180 shee gaue him wine, shee gaue him spice,  
sais,<sup>6</sup> “blend in, ffather, & drinke to me.”  
the fire was hott, the spice itt bote,  
the wine itt wrought <sup>7</sup> wonderffullye.
- and he  
promises  
her what-  
ever she  
asks.
- 184 then kind <sup>8</sup> in heat, god wott,  
then weeped the noble <sup>9</sup> Erle of Darbye:  
“aske now, BESSYE then,<sup>10</sup> what thou wilt,  
& thy boone granted itt <sup>11</sup> shalbee.”
- She wants  
only her  
Richmond.
- 188 “Nothing,” said BESSYE, “I wold haue,  
neither of gold nor yett of ffee,  
but ffaire Erle Richmond, soe god me saue,  
*that* hath lyen soe long beyond the sea.”
- Lord Derby  
says he’d  
grant her  
request if he  
had a clerk  
he could  
trust to  
write for  
him.
- 192 “Alas, Bessye! *that* <sup>12</sup> noble Lord  
& thy boone, fforsooth, grant wold I thee;  
but there is no clarke *that* I dare <sup>13</sup> trust  
this night to write ffor thee and mee,

<sup>1</sup> faster.—Harl.<sup>2</sup> And with.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> within the.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> nee.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> a seate soe.—Harl.<sup>6</sup> Said.—Harl.<sup>7</sup> wroughte.—Harl.<sup>8</sup> full kynde.—Harl.<sup>9</sup> waxed the oulde.—Harl.<sup>10</sup> Harl. omits *then*.—F.<sup>11</sup> And nowe thy boune graunted.—  
Harl.<sup>12</sup> said that.—P. said that.—Harl.<sup>13</sup> doe.—Harl.



“because our matter is soe hye,  
lest any man wold vs bewray.”

BESSYE said, “ffather, itt shall not neede;  
96 I am a clarke ffull good, I say.”

Bessye says  
she'll be  
clerk,

shee drew a paper vpon her knee,  
pen and Inke shee had full readye,  
hands white & ffingars long;  
200 shee dressed her to write<sup>1</sup> speedylie.

and gets her  
paper, &c.  
ready.

“ffather Stanley, now let me see,  
ffor euery word write shall I.”  
“BESSYE, make a letter to the Holt  
204 there<sup>2</sup> my brother Sir William doth Lye;

Lord Derby  
dictates a  
letter to Sir  
William  
Stanley,

“bidd him bring 7 sad yeomen,  
all in greene clothes lett them bee,  
& change his Inn in euery towne  
208 where before hee was wont to Lye;

telling him  
to come to  
him

“& lett his fface be towards the benche,<sup>3</sup>  
lest any man shold him espye;  
& by the 3<sup>d</sup>. day of May  
212 that he come and speake with mee.

by May 3.

“Commend me to my sonne George,  
the Lord strange, where he doth lye,  
& bidd him bring 7 sadd yeomen;  
216 all in greene clothes lett them bee,

He dictates  
another  
letter to his  
son George,  
bidding him  
also come

“& lett himselfe be in the same suite,  
& change<sup>4</sup> his Inn in euery towne,  
& lett his backe be ffroe the benche,  
220 Lest any man shold him knowne;

<sup>1</sup> wryte full.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> whereas.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> ? meaning.—F.

<sup>4</sup> chaunging.—Harl.



- by May 3. " & by the 3<sup>d</sup> day of May  
bidd him come & speake with mee.
- Another to  
his son  
Edward, 224 Commend me to Edward my sonne,  
the warden <sup>1</sup> & hee togetherr bee,
- bidding him  
to come by 228 " & bidd them bring 7 sadd yeomen,  
& all in greene lett them bee,  
changing their Inn in euery towne  
where before <sup>2</sup> they were wont to Lye ;
- May 3. 232 " lett their backes be ffrom the bench,  
lest any man shold them see ;  
& by the 3<sup>d</sup> day of May  
bidd them come & speake with mee.
- Another to  
Sir J.  
Savage and  
Sir G.  
Talbot, 236 Comend me to Sir Iohn Sauage  
& Sir Gilbert Talbott in the north cuntrye,  
& [let] either of them [bring] <sup>3</sup> 7 sad yeomen,  
and all in greene lett them bee,
- bidding  
them to  
come by  
May 3. 240 " Changing their Inn in euery towne [page 486]  
before where they were wont to bee ;  
& by the 3<sup>d</sup> day of May  
lett <sup>4</sup> them come & speake with me."
- Lord Derby  
seals the  
letters, 244 BESSYE writeth, the Lord he sealeth ;  
" ffather Stanley, what will yee more ? "  
" alas ! " sayd *that* royall Lord,  
" all our worke is <sup>5</sup> fforlore !
- but then he  
has no  
messenger  
that he can  
trust. 248 " ffor there is noe messenger *that* <sup>6</sup> wee may trust  
to bring the tydings to the north cuntrye,  
<sup>7</sup> lest any man shold vs betraye,  
" because our matter is soe hye."

<sup>1</sup> See line 76 above.—F.<sup>2</sup> Before where.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> byd them brynge eyther of them.  
—Harl.<sup>4</sup> byd.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> yt is.—Harl.<sup>6</sup> whom.—Harl.<sup>7</sup> The Folio transposes these two lines.  
Harl. has them as here printed.—F.



“Humphrey Bretton,<sup>1</sup>” said litle Bessye,  
 “he hath beene true to my father & mee,  
 hee shall haue the writting<sup>2</sup> in hand,  
 252 & bring them into the North cuntrye.

Bessye says  
 Humphrey  
 Bretton  
 will take  
 the letters.

“goe to thy bedd, ffather, & sleepe,  
 & I shall worke<sup>3</sup> ffor thee & mee,  
 to-Morrow by rising of the sunn  
 256 Humphrey Bretton shall be with thee.”

shee brought the Lord to<sup>4</sup> his bedd,  
 all *that* night where he shold Lye;  
 & BESSYE worketh<sup>5</sup> all the night;  
 260 there came no sleepe in her eye.

She takes  
 Lord Derby  
 to bed,

[Part II.]<sup>6</sup>

[How Humphrey Bretton, for the Princess Elizabeth's sake, carries the Letters  
 of Lord Derby to his Adherents.]

In the morninge when the day can spring,  
 vp riseth BESSYE in *that* stower,  
 to Humphrey Bretton gone is shee<sup>7</sup>;  
 264 but when shee came to Humphreys bower,

and at day-  
 spring

goes to  
 Humphrey

with a small voice called shee.  
 Humphrey answered *that* Lady bright,  
 & saith, “lady, who are yee  
 268 *that* calleth on me ere<sup>8</sup> itt be light?”

and calls  
 him.

He asks who  
 it is.

“I am *King* Edwards daughter,  
 the countesse cleere, young BESSYE:  
 in all the hast thou<sup>9</sup> can,  
 272 thou must come speake with the Erle of Darbye.”

“King  
 Edward's  
 daughter,  
 Lady Cleere,  
 come to  
 Lord Derby.”

<sup>1</sup> Breerton.—Harl. & so throughout.

<sup>2</sup> writynges.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> wake.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> unto.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> waketh.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> The 2<sup>d</sup> P<sup>te</sup> Query.—P.

<sup>7</sup> she ys.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> yer.—Harl. <sup>9</sup> that thou.—Harl.



Humphrey  
goes with  
her

Humphrey cast vpon [him]<sup>1</sup> a gowne,  
a paire of slippers on<sup>2</sup> his ffeete.  
for[th] of [his] Chamber<sup>3</sup> then he came,  
276 & went<sup>4</sup> with *that* Lady sweet.

to Lord  
Derby,

shee brought him to the bed side  
where they Lord lay in bed to sleepe.  
when they<sup>5</sup> Erle did Humphrey see,  
280 full tenderlye can hee<sup>6</sup> weepe,

& said, "my loue, my trust, my liffe, my Land,  
all this, Humphrey, doth Lye in thee!  
thou may make, & thou may marr,  
284 thou may vndoe BESSIYE & mee!

who gives  
him the 6  
letters.

"take sixe letters in thy hand,<sup>7</sup>  
& bring them into the north cuntrye;  
they be written on they<sup>8</sup> backside,  
288 where they letterrs deliuered shold<sup>9</sup> bee."

Bessye

he receiued the letterrs sixe;  
into the west wend<sup>10</sup> wold hee.  
then meeteth him *that* Ladye bright,  
292 she said, "abide, Humphray, & speake with mee.

promises to  
reward him  
when she's  
Queen,

"a poore reward I shall thee giue,  
itt shall be but pounds three;  
if I be Queene, & may liue,  
296 better rewarded shalt thou bee.

and tells  
him to avoid  
bad  
company,

"A litle witt god hath sent mee:  
when thou rydest into the west,  
I pray thee take no companye  
300 but such as shall be of the best,

<sup>1</sup> him.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> upon.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> forth of his Chamb<sup>r</sup>.—P. forthe of  
his chamber.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> went forthe.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> then can.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> MS. hamd.—F. thyne hande.—  
Harl.

<sup>8</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> levered shall.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> wynde.—Harl.



“sitt not too long drinking thy<sup>1</sup> wine,  
 lest in heat<sup>2</sup> thou be too merrrye;  
 such words you<sup>3</sup> may cast out then,  
 304 to-morrow<sup>4</sup> fforthought<sup>5</sup> itt<sup>6</sup> may bee.”

and not sit  
 too long  
 over his  
 wine.

Humphray of<sup>7</sup> BESSYE receiued noble[s] nine<sup>8</sup>;  
 with a peece of wine shee cold him assay;  
 hee tooke leaue of *that* Ladye sheene,  
 308 & straight to the holt he took h[i]s<sup>9</sup> way.

She gives  
 him nine  
 nobles,  
 and a cup of  
 wine,

and he rides  
 off to

when Sir william stanley did him see,  
 he said to him with words free,  
 “Humphrey Brettom, what maketh thee<sup>10</sup> heere,  
 312 *that* hither dost ryde soe hastilye?

Sir W.  
 Stanley,

“How [fareth]<sup>11</sup> *that* Lord, my brother deare,  
 That lately was made the Erle of darby, [page 469]  
 is he dead without letting,  
 316 or with King Richard his counsell<sup>12</sup> is hee?

who asks  
 after  
 Lord Derby.

“Or he be suspected without<sup>13</sup> lett,  
 or taken into the tower so hye,  
 London gates shall tremble & quake  
 320 but my brother borrowed shall bee!

If he is put  
 in the Tower,  
 London  
 gates  
 shall tremble  
 for it.

“tell me, Humphrey, withouten lett,  
*that* rydest hither<sup>14</sup> soe hastilye.”  
 “breake *that* letter,”<sup>15</sup> said Humphrey then;  
 324 “behold then, and you shall see.”<sup>16</sup>

Humphrey  
 hands him  
 the Earls  
 letter.

<sup>1</sup> the.—Harl.  
<sup>2</sup> harte.—Harl.  
<sup>3</sup> thou.—Harl.  
<sup>4</sup> the other morrowe.—Harl.  
<sup>5</sup> for thought.—P. repented of.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> Harl. omits *itt*.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> at.—Harl.  
<sup>8</sup> rec<sup>d</sup> nobles nine.—P. nowbles.—  
 Harl.

<sup>9</sup> the.—Harl.  
<sup>10</sup> thou.—Harl.  
<sup>11</sup> fareth.—Harl. How doth that.—P.  
<sup>12</sup> what consayte.—Harl.  
<sup>13</sup> withouten.—Harl.  
<sup>14</sup> hither rydeth.—Harl.  
<sup>15</sup> breake letter.—Harl.  
<sup>16</sup> Behoulde, sir, and yee may see.—  
 Harl.



Sir William  
bites his  
stick,

when the *Knight* Looked the Letter <sup>1</sup> on,  
he stood still in a studdinge :

answer to Humphrey gaue he none,

328 but still hee gnaw <sup>2</sup> on his staffe end.

he plucket the letter in peeces three,  
into the water he cold itt fflinge <sup>3</sup> :

gives  
Humphrey  
100s.,

“haue heere, Humphrey,” said the *Knight*,

332 “I will giue thee a 100 shillinge ;

“thou shalt not tarry heere all night,  
straight to Latham ryd shall yee.”

“alas,” sais Humphrey, “I may not ryde,

336 my horsse is tyred, as ye may see ;

“I came ffrom London in this tyde,  
there came no sleepe within mine eye.”

tells him to  
go to sleep,

“Lay thee downe, Humphrey,” he said, “& sleepe  
well the space of houres three ;

340

and he'll lend  
him a fresh  
horse.

“a ffresh horsse I thee behett,  
shall bring [thee] through the north countrye.”

Humphrey  
rests two  
hours,

<sup>4</sup> Humphray slept but howers 2,

344 but on his Iourney well thought hee ;

a ffresh horsse was brought to him  
to bring him through the west countrye.

he tooke his leaue at the *Knight*,

rides to  
Latham,

348 & straight to Latham rydeth hee,

and reaches  
it at nine.

& att 9 of Clocke in <sup>5</sup> the night,  
att Latham gates <sup>6</sup> knocketh hee.

The porter

the Porter ariseth <sup>7</sup> anon-right,

352 & answerd <sup>8</sup> Humphray with words ffree,

<sup>1</sup> the latter looked.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> gneve.—Harl. gnawed.—F.

<sup>3</sup> slynge.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> The Folio wrongly transposes lines  
343 & 347, 344 & 348. Harl. has them

right, as printed here.—F.

<sup>5</sup> At nyne of the clocke within.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> yates.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> ryseth.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> answereth.—Harl.



“ In good ffaith, itt is tó Late  
 to call on me this time of the night.”  
 “ I pray the, porter, open the gate,  
 356 & lett me in anon-right ;

“ with the Lord strange I must speake,  
 from his ffather, the Erle of Darbye.”  
 the porter opened vp the gates,  
 360 & in came his horsse and hee.

lets him in,

the best wine *that* was therin,  
 to Humphrey Bretton fforth brought hee,  
 with torches burning in *that* tyde,  
 364 & other lights *that* he might see,

& brought him to <sup>1</sup> the bed syde  
 wheras the Lord strange Lay.  
 the Lord he mused in *that* tyde,  
 368 & sayd, “ Humphrey, what hast thou to say ?

and takes  
 him to Lord  
 Strange in  
 bed.

“ how ffareth my ffather, *that* noble Lord ?  
 in all England he hath no peere.<sup>2</sup> ”  
 Humphrey tooke a letter in his hand,  
 372 & said, “ behold & yee may see.<sup>3</sup> ”

Humphrey  
 gives him  
 his letter,

when they Lord strange looked the letter vpon,  
 the teares trickled downe his eye ;  
 he sayd, “ wee must vnder a cloude,<sup>4</sup>  
 376 for wee may <sup>5</sup> neuer trusted bee ;  
 wee may sigh <sup>6</sup> & make great moane ;  
 this world is not as itt shold bee.

<sup>1</sup> downe unto.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> no peere hath he (to rhyme with  
 what follows).—Dyce.

<sup>3</sup> here.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> clodde.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> muste.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> sike.—Harl.



and he  
promises

380

“comend me to my father deere,  
his daylye blessing he wold <sup>1</sup> giue me ;  
for & I liue another yeere,  
this appontment keepe will I.”

to keep his  
appoint-  
ment.

Humphrey  
rides on  
to Man-  
chester,

384

he receiued gold of my Lord Strange,  
& straight to Manchester rydeth hee;  
And when hee came to Manchester,  
Itt was prime of the day ;

[page 470]

sees Sir  
Edward  
Stanley and  
his brother,

388

he was ware of the warden & Edward Stanley,  
together their Mattins ffor to say.

then <sup>2</sup> one brother said to the other,  
“behold, brother, & you may see,  
heere cometh Humphrey Bretton,  
392 some hastye tydings <sup>3</sup> bringheth hee.”

and gives  
them their  
letters.

They reioice.

396

he betooke them either a letter,<sup>4</sup>  
& bidd them looke & behold ;  
& read they did these letterrs readylye,<sup>5</sup>  
& vp they lope, & laught aloude,

Buckingham  
shall be  
revenged,

400

And saith,<sup>6</sup> “ffaire ffall our ffather *that* noble Lord !  
to stirre and rise beginneth hee ;  
Buckingham's blood shall be roken,<sup>7</sup>  
*that* was beheaded <sup>8</sup> att Salsburye.

and Bessy's

love brought  
ouer the sea.

404

“ffaire ffall the Countesse, the *Kings* daughter,  
*that* good <sup>9</sup> Councell giue cold shee ;  
wee trust in god ffull <sup>10</sup> of might  
to bring her Lord ouer the sea !

<sup>1</sup> wolde.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> The.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> said.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> thythandes.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> wroken.—Harl. revenged.—F.

<sup>4</sup> He tooke eyther a letter in their  
handes.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> headed.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> radlye.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> such.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> soe full.—Harl.



- “haue heere, Humphray, of either 40<sup>s</sup>;  
 better rewarded shall thou bee.”  
 he tooke the gold att their hand;  
 408 to <sup>1</sup> Sir Iohn Sauage rydeth hee,  
 & hee tooke him a letter in <sup>2</sup> hand,  
 bade <sup>3</sup> him “behold, read, and see.”  
 & <sup>4</sup> when the *Knight* the Letter hadd,  
 412 all blanked <sup>5</sup> was his blee:  
 “womens witt is wonder to heare!  
 my vnckle is turned by your <sup>6</sup> Bessye!  
 & wether itt turne to weale or woe,<sup>7</sup>  
 416 att my vnckles biddinge will I bee.<sup>8</sup>  
 “haue heere, Humphrey, 40<sup>s</sup>.:  
 better rewarded may thou bee!  
 to Sheffield Castle Looke thou ryde  
 420 in all the hast *that* may bee.”  
 fforth then rydeth *that* gentle *Knight*;  
 Sir Gilbert Talbott ffindeth <sup>9</sup> hee;  
 hee tooke him a letter in his hand,  
 424 & bidd him, “reade & yee may <sup>10</sup> see.”  
 when Sir Gilbert Talbott the *lett*re looked on,  
 a loude laughter laughed hee:  
 “ffaire ffall *that* Lord of hye <sup>11</sup> renowne!  
 428 to rise and stirr <sup>12</sup> beginneth hee!  
 “ffaire ffall Bessye, *that* Countesse cleere,  
*that* such counsell giueth trulye!  
 Comend me to my nephew deare,  
 432 the young Erle of Shrewsbyrye,

Humphrey  
goes then to  
Sir John  
Savage,

and he  
swears to  
back  
his uncle.

Sir Gilbert  
Talbott's  
letter is not  
delivered,

and he vows

<sup>1</sup> and to.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> in his.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> and bad.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> Harl. has no &.—F.

<sup>5</sup> then all blencked.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> you.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> wayle.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> I will.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> then fyndeth.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> he mighte.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> riche.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> stirre and ryse nowe.—Harl.



that he'll  
set Lord  
Strange free,

“ bidd him neuer dread for no death,  
In London Towre if hee bee ;  
I shall make London tremble & quake  
436 but my nephew borrowed shalbee !

bring  
Richmond  
to England,

“ Comend me to *that* Countesse cleere,  
King Edwards daughter, young Bessye ;  
tell her, I trust in god *that* hath no peere  
441 to bring her loue ouer the sea.

“ Comend me to *that* Lord without<sup>1</sup> dread  
*that* latelye was made Erle<sup>2</sup> of darbye ;  
&<sup>3</sup> euery haire of my head  
444 for a man counted might bee,

and live and  
die with  
Lord Derby.

“ with *that* Lord withouten dread,  
with him will I liue and dye !  
haue heere, Humphray, pounds three ;  
448 better rewarded may thou bee !

“ Straight to London looke thou ryde  
in all the hast *that* may bee ;  
Comend mee to the Kings daughter,<sup>4</sup> young Bessye,  
452 King Edwards daughter forssooth is shee,

Humphrey  
rides back to  
London,

“ In all this Land shee hath no peere.”  
he<sup>5</sup> taketh his leaue att the *Knight*,  
& straight to London rydeth hee.  
456 & when he came to London right

and finds  
Lord Derby  
with King  
Richard.

<sup>6</sup> Itt was but a litle before eueni[n]ge,  
there was he ware, walking in a garden greene,  
[of] both the Erle & Richard our Kinge.  
460 when the Erle had Humphrey see[ne,<sup>7</sup>] [page 471]

<sup>1</sup> withouten.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> the Earle.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> and.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> to the Cowntas.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> thus he.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> The 3<sup>d</sup> Parte. Query.—P.

<sup>7</sup> seen.—P.



- he gaue him a priuye twinke<sup>1</sup> with his eye.  
 then Humphrey came before the *King* soe ffree,  
 & downe he ffalleth vpon his knee.
- 464 "welcome, Humphray!" said the Erle of Darbye:
- "where hast thou beene, Humphray?" said the Erle,  
 "ffor I haue mist thee weekes three."  
 "I haue beene in the west, my Lord,  
 468 where I was borne and bredd trulye,
- "ffor to sport me & to play  
 amonge my ffreinds ffarr & nye."  
 "tell me, Humphrey," said the Erle,  
 472 "how ffareth all<sup>2</sup> *that* Countrie?  
<sup>3</sup> tell me, Humphray, I thee pray,  
 how ffareth *King* Richards Comunaltye?"
- "of all Countrys, I dare well say,  
 476 they beene the fflower<sup>4</sup> of archerye,  
 ffor they will be trusty with their bowes,  
 for<sup>5</sup> they will ffight & neuer flee."
- when *King* Richard heard Humphray soe say,  
 480 in his hart hee was ffull merrye;  
 hee<sup>6</sup> with his Cappe *that* was soe deere  
 thanked him<sup>7</sup> ffull curteouslye,  
 & said, "ffather Stanley, thou art to mee neere,<sup>8</sup>  
 484 you are cheeffe of your Comynaltye,
- "halfe of England shalbe thine,  
 & equally devided betweene thee & mee;  
 I am thine, & thou art mine,  
 488 & for<sup>9</sup> 2 ffellowes will wee bee.

Derby  
winks  
at him,

and asks  
where he has  
been.

"Amusing  
myself  
among my  
friends."

"How are  
King  
Richard's  
commons  
there?"

"They are  
the flower  
of archery,  
will fight,  
and never  
flee."

Richard  
is glad,

and promises

Lord Derby  
half  
England,

<sup>1</sup> twyncke.—Harl. the base of *twinkle*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> all in.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> The Folio wrongly puts lines 473-4 after line 478. Their position is altered here on the authority of the Harleian MS.—F.

<sup>4</sup> cheefe.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> And.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> Harl. transfers *he* to the next line.—F.

<sup>7</sup> that lorde.—H.

<sup>8</sup> ieere: for *neere*, with half the *n* left out.—F.

<sup>9</sup> soe.—Harl.



for no one is  
like him.

“ I sweare by Marry, maid <sup>1</sup> mild,  
I know none such vnder the skye !  
whilst I am <sup>2</sup> King & weare the Crowne,  
492 I will be cheeffe of the poore <sup>3</sup> Comynaltye.

And he,  
Richard, will  
never tax  
the com-  
mons,

“ tax nay mise <sup>4</sup> I will make none,  
in noe Cuntry ffarr nor neare <sup>5</sup> ;  
ffor if by their goods I shold plucke them downe,  
496 for me they will ffaight <sup>6</sup> ffull ffainteouslye.

who are his  
dearest  
treasures.

“ There is no riches to me soe rich  
as is the pore Comynaltye.” <sup>7</sup>  
when they had ended all their speeche,  
500 they tooke their leaue ffull gladlye,

The King  
leaves them,

and they go  
to Bessye's  
bower.

& to his Bower the King is gone.  
then the Erle and <sup>8</sup> Humphrey Bretton,  
to Bessyes bower they <sup>9</sup> went anon,  
504 & ffound Bessye there alone.

She kisses  
Humphrey,

when Bessye did see Humphrey anon,  
anon <sup>10</sup> shee kissed him times three,  
saith, “ Humphray Bretton, welcome home !  
508 how hast thou spedd in the west Cuntrye ? ”

and prays  
him to  
tell her his  
tidings,

Into a parler they went anon,  
there was no more but hee & shee :  
“ Humphray, tell mee or hence I <sup>11</sup> gone,  
512 some tydings <sup>12</sup> out of the west Countrie !

<sup>1</sup> mayden.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> be.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> Harl. has no *poore*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Taske ne myse.—Harl. Tax ne levies qu.—P. For *mise*, expence, disbursement, money layed out, or the laying out of money. Cotgrave.—F.

<sup>5</sup> nye.—Dyce.

<sup>6</sup> fight. qu.—P. woulde fyghte.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> These sentiments may show who the Ballad-writer's audience were, and that he

looked to please them rather than engage their sympathy on Richmond's side. Had his words represented the King's real feelings, no doubt Richard would have kept his crown.—F.

<sup>8</sup> MS. of.—F. and.—P. and.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> *there* has been altered into *they* in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> Harl. omits *Anon*.—F.

<sup>11</sup> I hence.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> tythandes.—Harl.



“ If I shold send ffor yonder Prince  
to come ouer ffor the Loue of mee,  
and murthered amongst <sup>1</sup> his ffoes to bee,  
516 alas, *that* were ffull great pittye !

so that she  
may not  
mislead her  
lover.

“ fforsooth, *that* sight I wold not see  
for all the gold in Christentye !  
tell me, Humphray, I thee pray,  
520 how hast thou done in the west countrye.”

vnto Bessye anon he told  
how hee had sped in the west countrye,  
what was the answers of them hee <sup>2</sup> had,  
524 & what rewards hee had trulye :

Humphrey  
tells her

“ By the third day of May, Bessye,” he sayd,  
“ In London there will they bee ;  
thou shalt in England be a Queene,  
528 or else doubtlesse they will dye.”

that on  
May 3  
her friends  
will be in  
London,  
and she shall  
be Queen.

### [Part III.]

[How Lord Derby's friends come to London ; and how the Princess Elizabeth  
sends Humphrey Bretton to her lover, Richmond.]

thus they *provid*ed in <sup>3</sup> the winter time  
their counsell to <sup>4</sup> keepe all three.  
the Erle wrought by *prophe*cy,  
532 he wold not abyde in London trulye,<sup>5</sup> [page 472]

Lord Derby

but in the suburbs without the Cittye  
an old Inn Chosen hath hee,  
& drew an Eagle<sup>6</sup> vpon the entrie  
536 *that* the westerne men might know where to Lye.<sup>7</sup>

withdraws  
to an old Inn  
in the  
suburbs,

<sup>1</sup> by.—Harl.    <sup>2</sup> he of them.—Harl.  
<sup>3</sup> for.—Harl.    <sup>4</sup> for to.—Harl.  
<sup>5</sup> The Earle woulde not in London  
abyde,  
for whye—he wroughte by prophesye.  
—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> The Eagle's foot was the Badge of  
the Stanleys. Percy in vol. i. p. 223,  
note <sup>14</sup>.—F.

<sup>7</sup> myghte yt see.—Harl. A curious  
Instance of ancient Hospitality.—P.



and thither  
on May 3  
come

Sir William  
Stanley,

540

Humphrey stood in a hye tower,  
& looked into the west Countrie;  
Sir William Stanley & 7 in greene  
came straight ryding<sup>1</sup> to the Citye.

544

when he was ware of the Eagle drawne,  
he drew himselfe wonderous nye,  
& bade his men goe into the towne,  
& dranke<sup>2</sup> the wine and make merrie.

Lord  
Strange,

548

Into the Inn where the Eagle did bee,  
fforsooth shortlye is hee gone.  
Humphray Looked into the west,  
& saw the Lord strange & 7 come

552

ryding in greene into the Citty.  
when hee was ware of the Eagle<sup>3</sup> drawen,  
he drew himselfe wonderous nye,  
& bade his men goe into the towne,

556

<sup>4</sup> & spare no cost, & where they come  
& <sup>5</sup> drinke the wine & make good cheere;  
& hee himselfe drew ffull nye  
into the Inn where his ffather Lay.

Sir Edward  
Stanley, and  
his brother,

560

Humphrey looked more into the west;  
Six-teene<sup>6</sup> in greene did hee see,  
the warden & Sir Edward Stanley  
came ryding both in companye.

<sup>1</sup> ryding streight into.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> drynke.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> oulde eigne.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> This stanza is in the Harl. MS.

And drynke the wyne and make  
good cheare,  
and whereever they come, noe  
coste to spare.

then to the inne where his father  
laye,

he drewe hymselfe wunderous  
neare.—F.

<sup>5</sup> to.—F.

<sup>6</sup> The form of the *x* changes here,  
and in l. 582, &c. to the modern one.  
—F.



there as the Eagle was drawen,  
 the gentlemen drew itt nye,  
 & bade their men goe into the towne,  
 564 & drinke the wine & make merrie;

& went into the same Inn  
 there where their ffather Lay.<sup>1</sup>  
 yett Humphray beholdeth into the west,  
 568 & looked towards the North countrie;

he was ware of Sir Iohn sauage & Sir Gylbert  
 Talbott  
 came ryding both in companye.  
 when they where ware of the Eagle drawen,  
 572 then they drew themselues ffull<sup>2</sup> nye,

Sir John  
 Savage, and  
 Sir Gilbert  
 Talbot.

& bade their men goe into the towne,  
 & drinke the wine & make merry;  
 & yode<sup>3</sup> themselues into the inne<sup>4</sup>  
 576 where the Erle and Bessye Lay.<sup>5</sup>

when all the Lords together mett,  
 among them all was litle Bessye;  
 with goodlye words shee them grett,<sup>6</sup>  
 580 & said, "Lords, will yee doe ffor mee?"

Bessye  
 welcomes  
 them all.

"what, will yee releue yonder Prince  
 that is exiled beyond the sea?"  
 the Erle of Darbye came fforth then;  
 584 these be<sup>7</sup> they words he said to Bessye:

Lord Derby  
 says he'll

<sup>1</sup> where the earle their father lee.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> wunderous.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> yode, i. e. went.—P. yende.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> MS. inme.—F.

<sup>5</sup> lee.—Harl. *Fortè rythmi gratiâ*,  
 Where lay the Earl & L<sup>dy</sup> Bessye.—P.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. greeted.—P. can them greete.  
 —Harl.

<sup>7</sup> were.—Harl.



give her 40l.

“ffourty Pound will I send,  
Bessye, ffor the loue of thee;

and 20,000  
men.& 20000 Eagle ffeette,<sup>1</sup>

588

a queene of England to make thee.”

Sir William  
Stanley

Sir William stanley came fforth then;  
these were the words hee sayd to BESSYE:

“remember, Bessye, another time,<sup>2</sup>

592

who doth the best now ffor thee.

10,000 men.

“10000 Cotes *that* beene red,  
in an howers warning ready shalbee.

She shall be  
Queen, or  
he will die.

In England thou shall be a queene,

596

or else doubtelesse I will dye.”

Sir John  
Savage  
will give  
1000  
marks.

Sir Iohn Sauage came fforth then;  
these were the words he said to Bessye:

“1000 marke<sup>3</sup> ffor thy sake

600

I will send thy loue beyond the sea.”

Lord  
Strange

the Lord strange Came fforth then;  
these were the words he said to Bessye:

[page 473]

“a litle mony &amp; ffew men

604

will bring thy loue ouer the sea;

advises that  
they keep  
their money  
at home.

“Lett vs keepe our gold att home  
for to wage our companye.

if wee itt send ouer the sea,<sup>4</sup>

608

wee put our gold in Ieopardye.”

Edward  
Stanley  
says

Edward Stanley came forth then;  
these were the words he sayd to Bessye:

“remember, BESSYE, another time,

612

he *that* doth now<sup>5</sup> best ffor thee;

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. ffeelte.—F. feete.—Harl.  
perhaps *feete*.—P. Lord Derby's own  
Badge.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. tume.—F.<sup>3</sup> ten thousand markes.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> foame.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> nowe dothe.—Harl.



“ffor there is no <sup>1</sup> power *that* I haue,  
 nor no gold to giue thee;  
 vnder <sup>2</sup> my ffathers banner will I bee <sup>3</sup>  
 616 either ffor to liue or dye.”

he has  
 neither  
 men nor  
 money,  
 but he'll  
 fight for  
 Bessye.

BESSYE came fforth before the Lords all,  
 & vpon her knees then ffalleth shee;  
 “10000 pound I will send  
 620 to my loue ouer <sup>4</sup> the sea.

She thanks  
 them all.

She'll send  
 Richmond  
 10,000*l*.

“who shall be our messenger <sup>5</sup>  
 to bring the <sup>6</sup> gold ouer the sea?  
 Humphrey Bretton,” said BESSYE <sup>7</sup>;  
 624 “I know none soe good as hee.”

by  
 Humphrey  
 Bretton.

“alas!” sayd Humphrey, “I dare not take in hand  
 to carry the gold ouer the sea;  
 they Galley shipps beene <sup>8</sup> soe stronge,  
 628 they will me neigh wonderous nighe,

He tries to  
 excuse  
 himself  
 from taking  
 it,

“they will me robb, they will me drowne,  
 they will take they <sup>9</sup> gold ffrom mee.”  
 “hold thy peace, Humphrey,” sayd litle BESSYE,  
 632 “thou shalt itt carry without <sup>10</sup> Leopardye;

but she tells  
 him to be  
 quiet; he  
 shall take it

“thou shalt haue no baskett nor no male;  
 no buchett <sup>11</sup> nor sacke-cloth <sup>12</sup> shall goe with thee;  
 three Mules *that* be stiffe & stronge,  
 636 loded with gold shall they bee;  
 with saddles side <sup>13</sup> skirted, I doe thee tell,  
 wherin the gold sowed <sup>14</sup> shalbe.

in the saddle-  
 flaps of  
 three mules.

<sup>1</sup> nowe noe.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> but under.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> fyghte.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> even to my love beyonde.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> messenger then.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> our.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> litill Bessie.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> the be.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> out of.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> Budget.—P. bothed.—Halliwell.  
*for* boched (t. i. budget).—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> clothe sacke.—Harl.

<sup>13</sup> wide, or long.—F.

<sup>14</sup> sewed.—Harl.



“if any man sayes, ‘who <sup>1</sup> is the shipp  
 640 *that* sayleth fforth vpon the sea?’  
 Say itt is the Lord Liles;  
 in England & ffraunce welbeloued is hee.”

Lord Derby

says he

then came fforth the Erle of Darbye;  
 644 these were the words he sayd to BESSYE;  
 he said: “BESSYE, thou art to blame  
 to poynt any shipp vpon the sea!

has a ship  
 in which  
 Humphrey  
 shall go:  
 no alien will

“I haue a good shipp of my owne  
 648 shall carry *Humphrey* & my mules three;  
 an Eagle shalbe drawen vpon the top mast,<sup>2</sup>  
*that* the out allyants <sup>3</sup> may itt see.

touch the  
 Eagle.

“there is no ffreake in all ffrance  
 652 *that* shipp *that* dare come nye.<sup>4</sup>  
 if any man aske whose is the shipp,  
 say ‘itt is the Erle <sup>5</sup> of Darbyes.’”

Humphrey

sails from  
 Hippon with  
 the money,

*HUMphrey* tooke the Mules three;  
 656 into the west wind taketh hee;  
 att Hippon <sup>6</sup> withouten doubt  
 there shipping taketh hee;  
 with a ffaire <sup>7</sup> wind & a Coole  
 660 thus he sayleth vpon the sea

<sup>1</sup> whoes.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> maste toppe.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> out-alliens.—P. the Italyants.—  
 Harl.

<sup>4</sup> that the eigne darre once come nee.  
 —Harl.

<sup>5</sup> Earles.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> Hyrpon.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> softe.—Harl.



## [Part IV.]

[How Humphrey Bretton takes money from the Princess Elizabeth to Richmond;  
and who are on Richmond's side.]

4<sup>d</sup> parte { To BIGERAM <sup>1</sup> abbey, where the English *Prince* and reaches  
was. Bigeram  
the porter was an Englishman, Abbey,  
well he knew HUMphrey Breitton, where  
& ffast to him can he <sup>2</sup> gone. Richmond is,

Humphrey knocked att the gate priuilye, He knocks  
& these words he spake surelye, at the gate;  
“ I pray thee, Porter, open the gate  
668 & receiue me & my <sup>3</sup> mules three,  
I shall thee giue withouten lett [page 474]  
ready <sup>4</sup> gold to thy meede. <sup>5</sup> ”

“ I will none of thy gold,” the Porter said, the porter  
672 “ nor yett, HUMphrey, none of thy ffee;  
but I will open the gates wyde,  
& receiue thy mules and thee, <sup>6</sup>

“ ffor a Cheshire man borne am I, is a Cheshire  
676 ffrom the Malpas <sup>7</sup> but miles three.” man,  
the porter opened the gates soone,  
& receiued him & the Mules three; and lets him  
in,

the best wine readilye <sup>8</sup> then  
680 to HUMphrey Bretton giueth hee.  
“ alas ! ” sayd Humphrey, “ how shall I doe ?  
for I am stead <sup>9</sup> in a strange countrye;

<sup>1</sup> Begeram.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> gan he.—P. Read ‘ gone he can.’—  
Dyce.

<sup>3</sup> and.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> red.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> Read ‘ fee.’—Dyce.

<sup>6</sup> the and thy mules three.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> A town in Cheshire.—F.

<sup>8</sup> radlye.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> stad.—Harl.



and shows  
him  
684      “the Prince of England <sup>1</sup> I do not know ;  
before I did him neuer see.”  
“I shall thee teach,” said the Porter then,  
“the Prince of England to know trulye.

Richmond  
shooting.

688      “loe, where he shooteth att the butts,  
& with him are *Lords* three ;  
he weareth a gowne of veluett blacke,  
& itt is coted aboue his knee ;

He may  
know the  
Earl by his  
long pale  
face,

692      with long visage & pale ;  
therby the Prince know may yee ;

and a wart  
above his  
chin.

“a priuye wart, withouten lett,  
<sup>2</sup> a litle aboue the chin ;  
his face h[i]s white, the wart is red,  
696      therby you <sup>3</sup> may him ken.”

Humphrey

now ffrom the Porter is he gone ;  
with him hee tooke the Mules <sup>3</sup> :  
to Erle Richmand he went anon  
700      where the other *Lords* bee.<sup>4</sup>

goes to  
Richmond,

and gives  
him Bessye's  
letter,  
her money,

when <sup>5</sup> he came before the Prince,  
lowlye hee kneeled vpon his knee ;  
he deliuered <sup>6</sup> the *lettre that* Bessye sent,  
704      & soe he did the mules three,

and her  
ring.

[&] a rich ring with a stone.  
there the prince glad was hee ;

Richmond  
kisses the  
ring,

he tooke the ring att *Humphrey* then,  
708      & kissed itt times 3.

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag at the end of this word  
in the MS. like an s.—F.

<sup>2</sup> he hathe.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> full well yee.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> dyd bee.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> And when.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> And delivered hym.—Harl.



HUMphrey kneeled still as any stone,  
assuredlye as I tell to thee<sup>1</sup>;

712 HUMphrey of the Prince word gatt none,  
therefore<sup>2</sup> in his hart hee was not merrie.

but does not  
speak to  
Humphrev,

HUMphrey standeth vpp then anon;  
to the prince these words said hee,  
“why standeth<sup>3</sup> thou soe still in this stead,  
716 & no answer does<sup>4</sup> giue mee?”

who there-  
upon  
gets up,

“I am come ffrom the stauleys bold,  
King of England to make thee,  
& a ffaire Lady to thy ffere,<sup>5</sup>  
720 there is none such in Christentye;

tells him he  
comes from  
the Stanleys  
to make him  
King and  
give him a  
Queen.

“shee is Countesse,<sup>6</sup> a Kings daughter,  
the name of her is<sup>7</sup> BESSYE,  
a louelye Lady to looke vpon,  
724 & well shee can worke by profecye.

“I may be called a lewd<sup>8</sup> messenger,  
for answer of thee I can gett none;  
I may sayle hence with a heauy heart;  
728 what shall I say when I come home<sup>9</sup>?”

What  
answer is he  
to give  
them?

the prince tooke the Lord Lisle,  
& the Erle of Oxford was him by<sup>10</sup>;  
they Lord fferres wold him not beguile;  
732 to<sup>11</sup> counsell thé goeth all 3.

Richmond  
consults his  
friends,

when they had their counsell tane,  
to HUMphrey Bretton turneth hee,  
“answer, HUMphrey, I can giue none  
736 for<sup>12</sup> the space of weekes 3.

and says  
he can give  
no answer  
for three  
weeks.

<sup>1</sup> tell thee.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. on that account.—P.

<sup>3</sup> standest.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> thou doest.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> fere.—P.

<sup>6</sup> a cowntas.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> it is.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> lowte.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> howme.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> nee.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> to a.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> not for.—Harl.



- " when 3 weekes are come & gone,  
 Then an answer I will <sup>1</sup> giue thee." [page 475]  
 the mules into a stable are tane;  
 He rips up  
 the mules'  
 saddles, 740 the saddle skirtts then rippeth hee;  
  
 therin he ffindeth gold great plentye  
 for to wage a companye.<sup>2</sup>  
 he caused the houshold to make him cheare;  
 takes out the  
 money, 744 " in <sup>3</sup> my stead lett him bee."  
  
 Erly in the morning, as soone as itt was day,<sup>4</sup>  
 with him he tooke the Lords three,  
 & straight to paris he tooke the way,  
 and goes to  
 Paris  
 to buy arms. 748 there armes to make readye.<sup>5</sup>  
  
 to the *King* of ffrance wendeth hee,<sup>6</sup>  
 of men and mony he doth him pray,  
<sup>7</sup> that he wold please to Lend him shippes,  
 He asks the  
 King of  
 France for  
 help  
 and ships. 752 & ffor to bring him ouer the sea : <sup>7</sup>  
  
 " the Stanleys stout ffor me haue sent,  
*King* of England ffor to make mee,  
 & if euer I weare the crowne,  
 756 well quitt the *King* of ffrance shalbe."  
  
 then answereth the *King* of ffrance,  
 & shortlye answereth,<sup>8</sup> " by St. Iohn,  
<sup>9</sup> no shippes to bring him ouer the seas,  
 The King  
 refuses  
 them. 760 men nor money bringeth he none ! " <sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> shall.—Harl.<sup>2</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.<sup>3</sup> And saith in.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> Yerlye on the other mornynge As-  
sonne as yt was breake of daye.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> A herotte of armes they readye  
made.—Harl.<sup>6</sup> then wyndeth.—Harl.<sup>7-7</sup> And shippes to brynge hym over  
the seae.—Harl.<sup>8</sup> sweareth shortlye.—Harl.<sup>9-9</sup> men nor money getteth he none,  
nor shippes to brynge hym over the  
foame.—Harl.



- thus the Prince his answer hath tane.  
 both the Prince & Lords gay <sup>1</sup>  
 to BIGGERAM abbey rydeth hee,  
 764 wheras <sup>2</sup> HUMphrey Bretton Lay. Richmond  
 rides back  
 to
- “haue heere HUMphrey a 100 <sup>3</sup> markes;  
 better rewarded shalt thou bee;  
 comend me to Bessye, *that* Countesse cleere,—  
 768 & yett I did neuer her see,— and bids him  
 tell Bessye
- “I trust in god shee shall be my Queene,  
 for her I will trauell the sea.  
 comend me to my ffather stanley,—  
 772 my owne mother marryed hath hee,— he will come  
 to her;
- “bring him here a loue *lett*re,  
 & another to litle Bessye;  
 tell her I trust in the Lord of might  
 776 *that* my Queene shee shalbee.
- “Comend me to Sir william stanley,  
*that* noble Knight in the west cuntrye;  
 tell him, about Micchallmasse  
 780 I trust in god in England to bee. tell Sir  
 William  
 Stanley
- “att Mylford hauen I will come in,  
 with all the power *that* I can bringe; <sup>4</sup>  
 the ffirst towne *that* I may win <sup>5</sup>  
 784 shalbe the towne of shrewsburye. at Milford  
 Haven,
- “pray Sir william, *that* noble Knight,  
*that* night *that* hee <sup>6</sup> wold looke on mee.  
 comend me to Sir Gilbert Talbott *that* is soe wight;  
 788 he lyeth still in the north cuntrye.” and take  
 Shrewsbury.

<sup>1</sup> and the English Lordes gaye.—Harl.<sup>2</sup> there as.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> thousand.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> powers I brynge with me.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> myn.—Harl.<sup>6</sup> nyghte he.—Harl.



Humphrey  
will none of  
Richmond's  
gold :  
he is his.

“ I will none of thy gold, Sir Prince,  
nor yett none <sup>1</sup> of thy ffee ;  
if euery haire of my head were a man,  
792 with you, Sir Prince, *that* they shold <sup>2</sup> bee.”

Humphrey

returns to  
Lord Derby,

thus HUMphrey his leaue hath tane,  
& fforth hee sayleth vpon the seas ;  
straight to London can he ryde,  
796 there as the Erle and Bessye Lyes.

who then  
goes  
westward,

he tooke them either a *lett*re in hand,  
& bade them reade <sup>3</sup> and see.  
the Erle tooke leaue of Richard the King,  
800 & into the west rydeth hee.

leaving  
Bessye at  
Leicester.

& leaueth Bessye att Leicecster,  
& bade her lye there in <sup>4</sup> priuitye :  
“ ffor if King Richard knew thee there,  
804 in a ffyer brent must thou bee.”

He sends  
Lord  
Strange to  
King  
Richard.

straight to Latham is he gone,  
Where the Lord strange he did <sup>5</sup> Lye, [page 476]  
& sent the Lord strange to London  
808 to keepe King Richard <sup>6</sup> companye.

On  
Richmond's  
side are  
Sir William  
Stanley,  
with 10,000  
men ;

then to <sup>7</sup> Sir william stanley, with <sup>7</sup> 10000 cotes  
in an howers warning readye to bee :  
they were all as red as <sup>8</sup> blood,  
812 there they harts head <sup>9</sup> is sett full hye.

<sup>1</sup> I wyll non.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> the, sir prynce, shoulde they.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> looke, reade.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> lye in.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> Strange dyd.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> keepe Richard.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> No then to, or with, in Harl.—F.

<sup>8</sup> were read as any.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> The Stanley arms (Lancashire and Earl of Derby) are, argent, on a bend azure, *three bucks' heads* cabossed or. Berry's *Encyc. Herald.* The red cotes must have been worn by the Stanley followers.—F.



- Sir Gilbert Talbott, 10000 doggs<sup>1</sup>  
 in an howers warning readye to be.  
 Sir Iohn Sauage, 1500 white hoods,<sup>2</sup>  
 816 ffor they will ffight & neuer flee.
- Sir Edward Stanley, 300 men;  
 there were no better in Christentye.  
 Rice<sup>3</sup> apthomas, a *Knight* of wales,  
 820 800<sup>4</sup> spere-men brought hee.
- Sir Gilbert Talbot, with 10,000;  
 Sir John Savage, with 1500;  
 Sir Edward Stanley, with 500;  
 Rice ap Thomas, with 800.

## [Part V.]

[How Richmond lands in England, and marches to Bosworth.]

- Sir William stanley, att the holt hee lyes,  
 & looked ouer his head soe hye;  
 “which way standeth the wind?”<sup>5</sup> he sayes;  
 824 “if there be<sup>6</sup> any man can tell mee.”
- 5<sup>d</sup> parte { “The wind itt standeth south west,”  
 soe<sup>7</sup> sayd a *Knight* that stood him<sup>8</sup> by.  
 “this night, yonder royall prince,  
 into England entreth hee.”
- he called *that*<sup>9</sup> gentleman *that* stood him by,  
 his name was Rowland Warburton,  
 he bade him goe to Shrewsburye *that* night,  
 832 & bade them lett *that* prince in come.
- Sir William Stanley says  
 Richmond lands in England to-night.  
 He sends Warburton to Shrewsbury, to order Richmond to be admitted.

<sup>1</sup> dogges.—Harl. A talbot is a kind of mastiff. Different branches of the Talbot family have a talbot for their crest, or 3 hounds for their arms.—F.

<sup>2</sup> The Savage arms are lions. The white hoods must have been worn by the retainers.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Ryse ap.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> eighte thousand.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> where standeth the wynde then.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> is there.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> see.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> *hinn* in the MS.—F.

<sup>9</sup> a.—Harl.



- by *that*<sup>1</sup> Rowland came to Shrewsburye  
the portcullis was letten downe;  
thé called the Prince in ffull great scorne,  
836 & said "in England he shold weare no crowne."
- Warburton  
throws the  
orders into  
the town,  
Rowland bethought him of a wile,  
& tyed the writtings to a stone;  
he threw the writtings ouer the wall,  
840 & bade the baliffes looke them vpon.
- and the  
gates are  
thrown  
open.  
then they opened the gates wyde,<sup>2</sup>  
& mett the Prince with processyon<sup>3</sup>;  
he wold not abyde in shrewsburye *that* night,  
Richard 844 for King Richard heard of his cominge,
- summons his  
Lords,  
Percy, with  
& called his Lords of great renowne.<sup>4</sup>  
Lord<sup>5</sup> Pearcy came to him<sup>6</sup> then,  
& on his knees he kneeled him downe  
30,000 men; 848 <sup>7</sup> & sayd, "my leege, I haue 30000 ffigthing men."
- Norfolk,  
the Duke of Norffolke came to the King,  
& downe he kneeleth on<sup>8</sup> his knee;  
Surrey,  
the Erle of Surrey came with him,  
852 they were both in companye.
- Bishop of  
Durham,  
Sir William  
Bawmer,  
Scroope and  
Kent,  
the Bishopp of Durham was not away,  
Sir william Bawmer stood him by,  
the Lord scroope<sup>9</sup> & the Erle of Kent  
856 they were both<sup>10</sup> in companye:
- with 20,000  
men each;  
<sup>11</sup> " & wee haue either 20000 men  
and Sir  
William  
Harrington.  
<sup>11</sup> ffor to keepe the crowne with thee."  
the good Sir william Harrington  
860 said they<sup>12</sup> wold ffight & neuer ffilee.

<sup>1</sup> then that.—Harl.<sup>2</sup> on everie syde.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> processioning. *Sic legerim rythmi gratia.*—P. procession.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> of renowne.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> the Lorde.—Harl.<sup>6</sup> *scil.* to King Richard.—P.<sup>7</sup> saithe.—Harl.<sup>8</sup> upon.—Harl.<sup>9</sup> Scroope.—Harl.<sup>10</sup> all.—Harl.<sup>11</sup> Harl. puts these lines before line 853, and lines 855, 856 after them, also before line 853.—F.<sup>12</sup> he.—Harl.



- King Richard made a messenger,  
 & send into the west countrie,  
 “ bidd the Erle of Derby make him readye  
 864 & bring 20000 men vnto mee,  
 “ or the Lord stranges <sup>1</sup> head I shall him send ;  
 for doubtlesse hee <sup>2</sup> shall dye.  
 without hee come to me soone,<sup>3</sup>  
 868 his owne sonne hee shall neuer see.”
- then another Herald can appeare :  
 “ to Sir william stanley *that noble Knight*,  
 bidd him bring 10000 men,  
 872 or to <sup>4</sup> death he shalbe dight.”
- then answered *that doughtye Knight*,  
 & answered the herald <sup>5</sup> without lettinge :  
 [“ Say, on Bosworthe feilde I wyll hym meete <sup>6</sup>]  
 876 On munday earlye in the morninge. [page 477]
- “ such a breakeffast I him hett <sup>7</sup>  
 as neuer subiect did to <sup>8</sup> Kinge ! ”  
 the messenger is home gone  
 880 to tell King Richard this tydand.<sup>9</sup>
- the King <sup>10</sup> together his hands can ding,  
 & say[d], “ the Lord Strange <sup>11</sup> shall dye ! ”  
 hee bade, “ put him into <sup>12</sup> the tower,  
 884 ffor <sup>13</sup> I will him neuer see.”

The King  
sends toLord Derby,  
he must  
bring 20,000  
men,or Lord  
Strange  
shall die.Sir William  
Stanley  
must bring  
10,000, or  
die.

Sir William

defies the  
King.

Richard

orders Lord  
Strange  
to the Tower.

<sup>1</sup> Strange.—Harl.  
<sup>2</sup> nowe that he.—Harl.  
<sup>3</sup> full sonne.—Harl.  
<sup>4</sup> to the.—Harl.  
<sup>5</sup> spake to the heryotte.—Harl.  
<sup>6</sup> MS. pared away; line supplied from  
Harl.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> hett, i. e. promise.—P.

<sup>8</sup> did knyghte to noe.—Harl.  
<sup>9</sup> tydinge, *sic legerim Rythmi gratia*.  
 —P. tythinge.—Harl.  
<sup>10</sup> Then Richard.—Harl.  
<sup>11</sup> MS. Stanley; but Strange, l. 961, &c.  
 —F. Strange.—Harl.  
<sup>12</sup> had putt hym in.—Harl.  
<sup>13</sup> for sure.—Harl.



- now leaue wee *Richard* & his *Lords*  
*that* were prest all <sup>1</sup> with pryde,  
 & talke wee of the stanleys bold <sup>2</sup>  
 888 *that* brought in the Prince of <sup>3</sup> the other side.
- Richmond      Now is Richmond to stafford come,  
                   & Sir william Stanley to litle stone.  
 the Prince had leuer then any gold  
 892      Sir william Stanley to looke vppon.
- sends to Sir  
William  
Stanley at  
Stone.      a messenger was readye made,  
                   *that* night to stone rydeth hee;  
 Sir william rydeth to stafford towne,  
 896      with him a small companye.
- They meet  
at Stafford,      when the *Knight* to stafford came,  
                   *that* Richmond might him see,  
 he tooke him in his armes then,  
 Richmond      900      & kissed him times three:  
 kisses him,
- “ the welfare of thy body <sup>4</sup> comforteth me more  
                   then all the gold in christentye ! ”  
 and Stanley      then answered *that* royall *Knight*;  
 assures      904      to the Prince thus speaketh hee:  
 Richmond
- he'll make  
him King or  
die,      <sup>5</sup> “ in England thou shalt weare the crowne,  
                   or else doubtlesse I will dye.  
 and Lady      a faire Lady thou shalt ffind to thy ffere,  
 Bessye shall      908      as any <sup>6</sup> is in christentye,  
 be his wife.      a *Kings* daughter, a countesse clere;  
                   yea, shee is both wise & wittye.

<sup>1</sup> all full.—Harl.<sup>2</sup> blood.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> broughte the prynce on.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> MS. my.—F. thy.—Harl. thy  
body, *sic legerim*.—P.<sup>5</sup> Harl. inserts here:Remember, man, bothe daye and nyghte,  
whoe nowe doeth the moste for thee.

—F.

<sup>6</sup> is any.—Harl.



912     “I must goe to stone, my soueraigne,  
       ffor to comfort my men this night.”  
 the Prince tooke him by the hand,  
       & sayd, “ffarwell, gentle *Knight*!”<sup>1</sup>

now is word comen to Sir *william stanley*  
 916     Early on the sunday<sup>2</sup> morninge,  
 that the Erle of Darby, his brother deere,  
       had giuen battell to *Richard* the Kinge.

Sir William  
Stanley  
hears that

Lord Derby  
has fought  
Richard.

“that wold I not,” said Sir *william*,  
 920     “for all the gold in christentye,  
 except I were with him there,  
       att the Battell ffor to bee.”<sup>3</sup>

then straight to Lichefeild can he ryde  
 924     in all the hast *that* might bee.  
 & when they came to the towne,  
       they all cryed “*King* HENERY!”

He hastens  
to Lichfield,

then straight to Bosworth wold he ryde  
 928     in all the hast *that* might bee.  
 when they<sup>4</sup> came to Bosworth ffeild,  
       there they<sup>5</sup> mett with a royall companye.<sup>6</sup>

and then  
Bosworth;

where are,

<sup>1</sup> A line is drawn here by Percy, as if to mark the beginning of Part VI.—F.

<sup>2</sup> vpon Sundaye in the.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> at that battell myselfe.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> and when he.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> he.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> armye.—Harl.



## [Part VI.]

[How Richmond fights and wins the Battle of Bosworth Field, and marries the Princess Elizabeth, Lady Bessy.

Lord Derby,  
932  
Sir J. Savage,  
6<sup>d</sup> Parte { The Erle of Darbye he was there,  
& 20000 stode him by;  
Sir John Savage, his sisters sone,  
he was his nephew of blood soe nye,  
he had 1500 fighting men;  
936 there was no better in christentye.

Sir W. Stanley,  
and Rice ap Thomas.  
940 Sir william stanley, *that* noble *Knight*,  
10000 red Cotes had <sup>1</sup> hee.  
Sir Rice ap Thomas, he was there  
with a 1000 <sup>2</sup> speres mightye of tree.

Richmond asks Lord Derby to let him  
lead the van. 944 Erle Richmond came to the Erle of Darbye,  
& downe he kneeleth vpon his knee;  
he sayd,<sup>3</sup> “ffather stanley, I you <sup>4</sup> pray,  
the vawward you will <sup>5</sup> giue to me;

“for I come for my right;  
ffull ffaine waged wold I bee.”  
Lord Derby 948 “stand vp,” hee sayd, “my sonne deere,  
thou hast thy mothers blessing by mee;

consents, and puts Sir W. Stanley with him. 952 “the vanward, sonne, I will thee giue;  
ffor why, by me thou wilt [ordered be <sup>6</sup>],  
Sir William Stanley, my brother deere,  
in *that* battell he shalbee;

[page 478]

<sup>1</sup> that day had.—Harl. On the ‘red cotes,’ see l. 809.—F.

<sup>2</sup> with ten thowsand.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS. like an s.—F.

<sup>4</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> voward thou woulde.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> MS. pared away.—F. ordered be.—Harl.



Sir Iohn Sauage, *that* hath no peere,  
 hee shall be a winge to thee ;  
 Sir Rice ap Thomas shall breake the wray,  
 956 ffor he will ffight & neuer flee ;  
 & I my selfe will houer <sup>1</sup> on this hill,  
*that* ffaire battell ffor to see."

Savage is to  
 lead one  
 wing,  
 and Rice ap  
 Thomas  
 is to break  
 King  
 Richard's  
 line.

King Richard [houed <sup>2</sup>] on the mountaines,  
 960 & was ware of the banner of the Lord <sup>3</sup> stanley.  
 he said, " ffeitch hither the Lord strange to me  
 ffor doubtlesse hee shall dye this day."

Richard sees  
 the Stanley  
 banner,

" to the death, Lord, make thee bowne !  
 964 ffor by Mary, *that* mild mayde,<sup>4</sup>  
 thou shalt dye ffor thy vnckles sake !  
 his name is william stanleye."

and bids  
 Lord  
 Strange  
 prepare to  
 die.

" if I shold dye," sayd the Lord Strange,  
 968 " as god fforbidd itt soe shold bee !  
 alas ffor my Lady att home,  
 itt shold be long ere shee mee see !

Lord  
 Strange

laments for  
 his wife.

" but wee shall meete att domesday,  
 972 when the great dome itt shalbee."  
 he called a gentleman of Lancashire,  
 his name was Latham trulye,

& [a] ring <sup>5</sup> beside his ffigar he tooke,  
 976 & cast itt to the <sup>6</sup> gentleman,  
 & bade him " bring itt to Lancashire,  
 to my Ladye *that* is att home;

He sends her  
 his ring,

<sup>1</sup> hove.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> hoved.—Harl. looked mount<sup>ns</sup> high.

\* See Pag. 441 [of MS.], St. 63. N.B.  
 Many of the follow<sup>g</sup> Stanzas are nearly  
 the same with those in Pag. 441 [of MS.]

l. 497–548 of *Bosworth Feilde*, p. 253–5.  
 above] q. vide.—P.

<sup>3</sup> boulde.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> maye.—Dyce.

<sup>5</sup> a rynge.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> that.—Harl.



- “ att her table shee may sitt ;  
 980 ere shee see her Lord, itt may be Longe.  
 I haue no ffoot to scutt or <sup>1</sup> fflytt,  
 I must be Martyred <sup>2</sup> with tyrant stronge.
- and tells her,  
 if his uncle  
 loses,  
 984 “ if itt ffortune my vnckle to lose the ffeild—  
 as god defend itt shold soe bee !—  
 pray her to take my eldest sonne  
 & exile him ouer the sea ;
- to take his  
 son over the  
 sea,  
 that after-  
 wards  
 988 “ he may come in another time ;  
 by ffeild, ffrith, <sup>3</sup> tower or towne,  
 wreake hee may his ffathers death  
 vpon King Richard <sup>4</sup> that weares the crowne.”
- he may  
 revenge  
 his father's  
 death.  
 a Knight to the King did appeare,  
 992 good <sup>5</sup> Sir william Harrington ;  
 saies, “ lett him haue his liffe a while  
 till wee <sup>6</sup> haue the ffather, the vnckle, & the sonne.
- Sir William  
 Harrington  
 asks Richard  
 to wait till  
 the other  
 Stanleys  
 are taken,  
 996 “ wee shall haue them soone on the ffeild,  
 the ffather, the vnckle, the sonne, <sup>7</sup> all 3 ;  
 then may you deeme them with your mouth,  
 what Kind of death *that* they shall dye.”
- so that all  
 may be  
 killed  
 together.  
 but a blocke on the ground was cast,  
 1000 thervpon the Lords head was Layde ;  
 an axe <sup>8</sup> ouer his head can stand,  
 & out of passyon <sup>9</sup> itt was brayd. <sup>10</sup>
- Richard  
 refuses,  
 1004 he saith, “ there is no other boote  
 but *that* the <sup>11</sup> Lord needs must dye.”  
 Harrington heard itt, & <sup>12</sup> was ffull woe  
 when itt wold no better bee :

<sup>1</sup> feete to schunte nor.—Harl. *scutt*  
 is the base of *scuttle*, move bustlingly.  
 —F.

<sup>2</sup> murdered.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> frygh.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> on Richard of England.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> the gude.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> ye.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> the sonn and the uncle.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> a sawe.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> fashion.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> ? flourished about.—F.

<sup>11</sup> thou.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> harte yt.—Harl.



he saith, "our ray breaketh on euery syde ;  
 1008 wee put our ffolke <sup>1</sup> in ieopardye."  
 then they tooke vp the Lord on lue ;  
 King Richard did him neuer see.

but his  
 line is  
 broken,

and Richard  
 goes to fight.

then he <sup>2</sup> blew vp bewgles of brasse,  
 1012 the shott <sup>3</sup> of guns were soe ffree  
 that [made] many wiues cry <sup>4</sup> alas,  
 & many children <sup>5</sup> ffatherlesse.

Rice <sup>6</sup> ap Thomas with the blacke gowne,<sup>7</sup>  
 1016 shortlye he brake <sup>8</sup> the ray :  
 with 30000 ffighting men  
 the Lord Percy went his way.

Percy and  
 30,000 men  
 leave him.

the Duke of Norfolke would haue ffiled ;  
 1020 with 20000 in <sup>9</sup> his companye  
 he went vp to <sup>10</sup> a wind-mill,  
 & stood vpon a hill soe hye,

Norfolk

there he mett Sir Iohn Savage, a valyant <sup>11</sup> Knight ;  
 1024 with him a worthy companye :  
 to the death the duke was dight,  
 & his sonne, prisoner taken was hee.

is slain by  
 Sir John  
 Savage,

and his son  
 taken.

then they <sup>12</sup> Lord dakers began to ffilee,  
 1028 soe did many <sup>13</sup> others more.<sup>14</sup>  
 when king Richard that sight did see,  
 [Then his heart <sup>15</sup> was ffull w]oe : <sup>16</sup>

Lord Dacres  
 and others  
 flee.

<sup>1</sup> feilde.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> they.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> schottes.—Harl.

<sup>4</sup> made many wyves to.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> mony a childe.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> Sir Ryse.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> crowe.—Harl. ? his badge.—F.

<sup>8</sup> made haste to breake.—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> of.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> unto.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> royall.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>13</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>14</sup> moe.—P. other moe.—Harl.

<sup>15</sup> in his harte he.—Harl.

<sup>16</sup> Copied in by Percy. The line is  
 nearly pared away in the MS.—F.



Richard  
prays them  
to stay  
and die with  
him.

1032

"I pray you, my men, be not away,  
ffor like a man ffree<sup>1</sup> will I dye!  
ffor I had leuer dye this day,  
the[n]<sup>2</sup> with the stanleys taken bee!"

[page 479]

Harrington  
says they

1036

a *Knight* to *King* Richard can say,<sup>3</sup>  
good<sup>4</sup> Sir william of harrington,  
he saith, "wee are like all heere  
to the death soone to be done;—

can't resist  
the Stanleys,

1040

"there may no man their strokes abyde,  
the stanleys dints they beene soe stronge;—  
yee may come in another time;  
therfore methinke yee tarry too longe;

Richard had  
better flee.

1044

"your horsse is ready att your hand,  
another day you may your<sup>5</sup> worshipp win,  
<sup>22</sup> & to raigne with royaltie,  
& weare your<sup>6</sup> crowne & be our *King*."

But Richard  
swears he'll  
die King  
of England.

1048

"giue<sup>7</sup> me my battell axe in my hand,  
& sett my crowne on<sup>8</sup> my head so hye!  
ffor by him *that* made both sunn & moone,  
*King* of England this day I will<sup>9</sup> dye!"

His crown  
is hewed off  
him,

1052

besides<sup>10</sup> his head thé hewed the crowne,  
& dange on him as they were wood;  
thé stroke his Basnett to his head  
vntill his braines came out with blood.

and his  
helmet  
dashed into  
his head,

and he is  
carried to  
Leicester.

1056

thé carryed him naked vnto<sup>11</sup> Leicester,  
& buckeled his haire vnder his chin.

Bessye

Bessye mett him with<sup>12</sup> merry cheere;  
these were they words shee sayd to him:

<sup>1</sup> here.—Harl.

<sup>2</sup> then.—Harl.

<sup>3</sup> Vid. Pag. 442, St. 74 & sequentes  
[of MS.; p. 256, l. 585 here].—P.

<sup>4</sup> yt was gude.—Harl.

<sup>5</sup> yee maye.—Harl.

<sup>6</sup> the.—Harl.

<sup>7</sup> He said, give.—Harl.

<sup>8</sup> Sett the crowne of England upon.  
—Harl.

<sup>9</sup> will I.—Harl.

<sup>10</sup> Besyde.—Harl.

<sup>11</sup> into.—Harl.

<sup>12</sup> with a.—Harl.



- “ how likest thou they slaying of my brethren  
twaine ? ” <sup>1</sup>
- 1060 shee spake these words to him alowde <sup>2</sup> :  
“ now are wee wroken vppon thee heere !  
welcome, gentle vnckle, home ! ”
- great solace itt was to see,  
1064 I tell you, *masters*, without lett,  
when they red rose of Mickle price  
& our BESSIYE <sup>3</sup> were mett.
- a Bishopp them marryed with a ringe,  
1068 they <sup>4</sup> 2 bloods of hye renowne.  
BESSIYE sayd, “ now may wee sing,  
wee tow bloods are made all one.”
- the Erle of Darbye he was there,  
1072 & Sir william Stanley a man of might ;  
vpon their heads they sett the crowne  
in presence of many a worthy wight.
- then came hee <sup>5</sup> vnder a cloud,  
1076 *that* sometime in England was ffull high <sup>6</sup> ;  
the hart began to cast his head ;  
after, noe man might itt see.
- but god *that* is both bright & sheene,  
1080 & borne was of [a <sup>7</sup>] mayden ffree,  
saue & keepe our comelye King <sup>8</sup>  
& <sup>9</sup> the poore cominaltye !

taunts his  
corpse,welcomes  
Lord Derby.The Red  
Rose and  
White meet,and are  
married.Lord Derby  
and Sir  
William  
Stanley  
crown them.

God save

our King  
and the  
Commons!

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> the sleaying of my brethren dere.—  
Harl.<sup>2</sup> alon.—Harl.<sup>3</sup> yonge Bessie togeder.—Harl.<sup>4</sup> the.—Harl.<sup>5</sup> Sir William Stanley. See l. 812.—F.<sup>6</sup> MS. hight. Read *high*, pronounced  
*hee*.—Dyce.<sup>7</sup> a.—Harl.<sup>8</sup> queene.—Harl.<sup>9</sup> and also.—Harl.



## Are women faire.<sup>1</sup>

“A VERY imperfect copy of this song,” notes Percy, “is in Pepys’ *Merriments*, vol. ii. p. 330.”

It is a handful of woman-abusing commonplaces, true enough perhaps of such specimens of the sex as the writer of them was likely to see or appreciate.

Women are  
fair, and  
sweet to  
those that  
love them;

“ARE women faire?” I! wonderous faire to see too.  
“are women sweete?” yea, passing [sweete<sup>2</sup>] they  
be too;

most faire & sweete to them *that* only loue them;

4 chast & discreet to all saue those *that* proue them.

not wise,

“Are women wise?” not wise; but they be wittye.

“are women wittye?” yea, the more the pittye;

but so witty,  
they beguile  
you;

they are soe wittye, & in witt soe whylye,<sup>3</sup>

8 *that* be you neare soe wise, they will beguile ye.

not fools,  
but fond,

“are women ffooles?” not ffooles, but ffondlings  
many.

“can women ffound<sup>4</sup> be ffathfull vnto any?”

when snow-white swans doe turne to colour sable,

and never  
stable;

12 then women ffond<sup>5</sup> will both be firme & stable.

not devils,

“Are women *Saints*?” no saints, nor yett no diuells.

“are women good?” not good, but needfull euills;

but very  
like them;  
needful  
evils.

soe Angell-like, *that* diuells I doe not doubt them;

16 soe needfull euills, *that* few can liue with-out them.

<sup>1</sup> a satire on Women. A very imperfect Copy of this Song is in Pepys *Merriments*, vol. 2, p. 330.—P.

<sup>2</sup> sweet.—P.

<sup>3</sup> wilye.—P.

<sup>4</sup> Three strokes only for *un* in the MS.—F.

<sup>5</sup> found.—F.



“Are women proud?” I! passing proud, & praise<sup>1</sup> them. Proud they are,

“are women kind?” I! wonderous kind, &<sup>2</sup> please them, and kind when they like to be;

or soe imperious,<sup>3</sup> no man can endure them,

20 or soe kind-harted, any may procure them. ffinis. often too kind.

<sup>1</sup> *praisinge* was first written in the MS., but the *inge* has been crossed out, and an *e* written above it by a later

hand.—F.

<sup>2</sup> an't, if it.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. imperious.—F.

[“*I Dreamed my Loue*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 102, follows here in the MS. page 480.]



A : Cauilere.<sup>1</sup>

THE author of *The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in his edition of the Book of St. Alban's in 1496, sets himself to "dyscryue foure good disportes and honest games, that is to wyte, huntynge, hawkyng, fyshynge and foulynge," in order to find out the best; which is the most fit mean and cause to "enduce man into a mery spyryte," that brings a man "fayr aege and longe life;" for "Salamon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is, a fayre aege and a longe." Our Fisher with an Angle proceeds with the description of the four sports as follows:

. . huntynge, as to myn entent, is to laboryous, for the hunter must alwaye renne and folowe his houndes: traueyllynge and swetyng full sore. He blowyth till his lyppes blyster. And whan he wenyth it be an hare, full oft it is an hegge hogge. Thus he chasyth, and wote not what. He comyth home at eyn, rayn-beten, pryckyd, and his clothes torne, wete-shode, all myry, Some hounde lost, some surbat.<sup>2</sup> Suche greues and many other hapyth vnto the hunter, whyche, for dyspleysaunce of them y<sup>t</sup> loue it, I dare not reporte. Thus truly me semyth that this is not the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte and game of hawkyng is laboryous and noyouse also, as me semyth. For often the fawkener leseth his hawkes as the hunter his houndes. Thenne is his game and his dysporte goon. Full often cryeth he and whystelyth tyll that he be ryght euyll a-thurste. His hawke taketh a bowe, and lyste not ones on hym rewarde.<sup>3</sup> whan he wold haue her for to flee: thenne woll she bathe. with mysfedyng she shall haue the Fronse<sup>4</sup>: the Rye: the Cray: and many

<sup>1</sup> A Curious Old Song in praise of Falconry.—P.

<sup>2</sup> . . *surboted* or riven of their skin. Topsell, p. 689, in Halliwell.—F.

<sup>3</sup> look.

<sup>4</sup> The Fronse is a sore in a hawk's

mouth. See "Medicyne for the Frounce" in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 294, 297. The *Rye* is a sore in the nostrils, *ib.* i. 294; the *Cray* a disease of the 'fondement,' *ib.* i. 295. (*The Booke of Hawkyng, after Prince Edward, Kyng of Englande.*)—F.



other syknesses that brynge them to the Sowse.<sup>1</sup> Thus by prouff this is not the beste dysporte and game of the sayd foure. The dysporte and game of fowlynge me semyth moost symple. For in the wynter season the fowler spedyth not but in the moost hardest and coldest weder: whyche is greuous. For whan he wolde goo to his gynnes he maye not for colde. Many a gynne and many a snare he makyth. Yet soryly dooth he fare. At morn tyde in the dewe he is weete shode unto his taylle. Many other suche I cowde tell: but drede of magre<sup>2</sup> makith me for to leue. Thus me semyth that huntynge and hawkyng and also fowlynge ben so laborous and greuous that none of theym maye perfourme nor bi very meane that enduce a man to a mery spyryte: whyche is cause of his long lyfe acordynge unto y<sup>e</sup> sayd parable of Salamon: ¶ Dowteles thenne folowyth it that it must nedes be the dysporte of fysshynge with an angle. For all other manere of fysshynge is also laborous and greuous: often makynge folkes full wete and colde, whyche many tymes hath be seen cause of grete Infirmytees. But the angler maye haue no colde, nor no dysease nor angre, but yf he be causer hymself. For he maye not lese at the moost but a lyne or an hoke: of whyche he may haue store plentee of his owne makynge, as this symple treatyse shall teche hym. So thenne his losse is not greuous. and other greyffes may he not haue, sauynge but yf ony fisshe breke away after that he is take on the hoke, or elles that he catche nought: whyche ben not greuous. For yf he faylle of one he maye not faylle of a nother, yf he dooth as this treatyse techyth, but yf there be nought in the water. And yet atte the leest he hath his holsom walke, and mery at his ease. a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures: that makyth hym hungry. He hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heerons: duckes: cotes, and many other foules wyth theyr brodes; whyche me semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys: the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters, fawkeners, and foulers can make. And yf the angler take fysshe: surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte. ¶ Also who soo woll vse the game of anglynge: he must ryse erly, whiche thyng is prouffyt-able to man in this wyse, That is to wyte: moost to the heele of his soule. For it shall cause hym to be holy. and to the heele of his body, For it shall cause him to be hole. Also to the encrease of his

<sup>1</sup> ? death. 'Dead as a fowl at *souse*,' i.e. at the stroke of another bird descending violently on it. So explained by Mr. Dyce (*Beaumont & Fletcher*, vii.

278). 'To leape or seaze greedily upon, to *souze* doune as a hauke.' Florio, p. 48, ed. 1611. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Fr. *malgré*, illwill.—F.



goodys. For it shall make hym ryche. As the olde englysshe pro-  
uerbe sayth in this wyse. ¶ who soo woll ryse erly shall be holy  
helthy and zely.<sup>1</sup> ¶ Thus have I prouyd in myn entent that the  
dysporte and game of anglynge is the very meane and cause that  
enducith a man in to a mery spyryte: Whyche, after the sayde parable  
of Salomon and the sayd doctryne of phisyk, makyth a flouryng auge  
and a longe. And therefore to al you that ben vertuous: gentyll:  
and free borne, I wryte and make this symple treatyse folowyng:  
by whyche ye may haue the full crafte of anglynge to dysport you at  
your luste: to the entent that your auge maye the more floure and  
the more lenger to endure.

Now this is all very well for a quiet man with no devil in him;  
but Crecy and Agincourt were not fought and won by men of  
this type; Nelson and Napier could hardly have been content to  
be fools at one end of a rod, with worms at the other. Nor  
could our Cauileere have accepted the reason of "Perkyn þe  
plou mon" why knights should hawk:

fecche þe hom Faucuns · þe Foules to quelle,  
For þei comen in-to my croft · And Croppen my Whete.  
(William's *Vision of Piers Plowman*, Pass. vii. p. 76, l. 34-5, ed. Skeat.)

There are many men whom, more or less, Tennyson's "Sailor-  
boy" represents, even in their sports:

My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters clamour "stay for shame!"  
My father raves of death and wreck:  
They are all to blame; they are all to blame.  
God help me! Save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me.

The electric force within them must out; the excitement that  
the chance of danger in the chase gives is necessary for them, is  
the condition of health for body and mind, which if cooped up in  
city and court would both become diseased; the devil would rise.  
But the sportsman cares not to look at this negative side of the

<sup>1</sup> A.-Sax. *sélig*, happy, lucky, blessed, prosperous. Bosworth.—F.



question: he knows that he loves his sport; its toils are his pleasures, its danger his business to beat; his horse, his dog—in old time, his hawk—is his friend. What matters the chance of a fall, when you feel your horse going under you, and hear the hoofs of the field about you? Sit close, and *take your chance*, whatever it be.

Our ballad is by a man of the right breed. It has the true lilt in it; carries us back to bright old days, and makes us wish that all our workers could have something more of healthy outdoor life. Of the poem itself we know no other copy.—F.

SOME: in their traine, & some in their gaine,  
 doe sett their whole delight;  
 they[r] time<sup>1</sup> some doe passe with a comb & a glasse,  
 4 to be loued in their mistresse sight;  
 Some loue the chace, & some loue the race  
 of the hare & of the ffearffull deere;  
 but the brauest delight is the ffawcon in her ffligh[t],  
 8 when shee stoopes with a cauleere.

Some delight  
 in gain,  
 others  
 in adorning  
 themselves,

others in  
 hunting the  
 hare;

but the  
 falcon's  
 flight beats  
 all.

ffor shee will moue iust like a doue;  
 when once her game shee doth ffind,  
 shee clipps itt amaine, shee strikes itt a plane,  
 12 but seemes<sup>2</sup> to outstripp the wind.  
 shee fflyeth att once her marke Iumpe<sup>3</sup> vpon,  
 & mounteth the we[l]kin<sup>4</sup> cleere;  
 then right shee stoopes, when the ffalkner hee whoopes,  
 16 triumphing in her cauleere.

She flies at  
 her game  
 like the  
 wind;  
 she soars  
 aloft,

<sup>1</sup> their time.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. seenes.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to  
 draw the Moor apart,

And bring him *iumpe*, when he may  
 Cassio find  
 Soliciting his wife.—*Othello*, Actus Se-  
 cundus, Scena Secunda.—F.

<sup>4</sup> welkin.—P.



In a moments space shee will better place <sup>1</sup>  
 as though shee did disdaine to carrye <sup>2</sup> ;  
 the earth is soe <sup>3</sup> neere, shee mounteth the sphere,  
 and makes the clouds her quarry. 20 & maketh the clouds her quarrey, <sup>4</sup>  
 till the ffawkner quite now hath Lost her sight,  
 & her bells no longer can heare ;  
 then listening <sup>5</sup> to a starr, he espyes her affarr,  
 She stoops, 24 come stooping with a cauleere.

Then comes he in, through thicke, through thin,  
 as nothing can his passage stay ;  
 his paines doth him please, his pleasure doth him ease,  
 and her master rushes through  
 thorn and wood to meet her 28 through studds, <sup>6</sup> through woods, is his way.  
 he fforceth not <sup>7</sup> to sweat, though breathles with heat,  
 but with a resounding Cheare  
 with a ringing cheer.  
 he reacheth fforth his throte, & whoopeth fforth his  
 note,  
 32 triumphing in her cauleere.

He is ffree ffrom court & Cittyes resort,  
 & thus his houres doth imploye ;  
 the brooke & the ffeild him pleasure doth yeeld ;  
 He's free from care, 36 theres nothing interrupts his ioye.  
 his paines doth him please when he sleepeth att ease ;  
 but this ffawcon, when day doth appeare,  
 and sleeps at his ease. His falcon's bells are his chimes.  
 her bells are his Chimes when he riseth betimes  
 40 triumphing in her Cauileere.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> pace, or her place.—P.<sup>2</sup> tarry.—P.<sup>3</sup> too.—P.<sup>4</sup> ? MS. qurwey.—F.<sup>5</sup> lessen<sup>g</sup>. or less<sup>d</sup> query.—P.<sup>6</sup> Lin. 4. perhaps *stubby*, i.e. shortstumps of cut underwood, tho' *studds* signify Posts. See Pag. 407, St. 7 [of MS.]—P.<sup>7</sup> doesn't mind: cp. 'no force,' it's no matter, of no consequence.—F.



### A Prophecy.

THE hero of this strange piece is obviously James I. The earlier verses are, no doubt, prophecies founded on fact—prophecies after the event—as indeed is not unfrequently the case with prophecies, they being but chapters of history with the tenses altered and the language darkened. After verse sixteen our author either turns satirical, or perchance indulges in a wild dream born of his ardent Protestantism and his study of the book of Joel. We prefer the latter supposition, and conjecture that the poem was written about the time of the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. The writer sympathised with the cause of the Elector Palatine. The general excitement in this country in the Winter King's behalf was unbounded. "The Protestants of England," says Mr. Knight, "were roused to an enthusiasm which had been repressed for years. Volunteers were ready to go forth full of zeal for the support of the Elector. James was professing an ardent desire to Protestant deputies to assist his son-in-law, and at the same time vowing to the Spanish ambassador that the alliance with his Catholic master, which was to be cemented by the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta, was the great desire of his heart. At length the Catholic powers entered the Palatinate; and the cry to arm was so loud amongst the English and Scotch that James reluctantly marshalled a force of four thousand volunteers, not to support his son-in-law upon the throne of Bohemia, but to assist in defending his hereditary dominions." At this crisis, we should suggest, the following piece was composed. The Prophet, rejoicing that the darling wish and hope of his Protestant heart is about to be realised, recognises in the King who has sent forth the expedition him who, after grand



successes achieved in the Occident, is to fight that great final battle in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The news that reached England towards the end of the year 1620 must have sadly disappointed the poor visionary. This once hopeful monarch proved but a traitor to the Good Cause. Perhaps he was the one who was to be vanquished—not to vanquish—at Armageddon.

A prince  
from the  
North shall  
come,

called J. S.,

find good  
fortune,

and couch as  
a lion.

He calls a  
parliament,  
and at once  
breaks it up.  
Then,  
roused by  
foreign foes,  
he draws his  
sword

and punishes  
them,

[page 481]

A : Prince out of the north shall come,  
King borne, named babe ; his brest vpon,  
a Lyon rampant strong to see,  
4 and l I S <sup>1</sup> Icclippedd hee :  
borne in a country rude & stonye,<sup>2</sup>  
yett hee couragious, wise, & holy ;  
att best of strenght, his ffortunes best  
8 he shall receiue, & therin rest,  
coach as a Lyon in the den,  
& lye in peace soe long till men  
shall wonder, & all christendome  
12 thinke the time long, both all and some.  
Att Last he calls a Parlaiment,  
& breakes itt straight in discontent ;<sup>3</sup>  
& shortly then shall roused bee  
16 by enemyes beyond the sea.  
but when in wrath he drawes his sword,<sup>4</sup>  
woe *that* the sleeping Lyon stured !  
ffor ere he sheath the same againe,  
20 he puts his foes to mickle paine.

<sup>1</sup> James Stuart. The *l* before J. S. may be a *c* : the two letters are often exactly alike.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Scotland.—F.

<sup>3</sup> James's second Parliament, which met April 5, 1614, and was dismissed angrily, without passing a single act,

because it declined to grant supplies till the illegal impositions and other grievances were redressed.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? referring to the 4000 volunteers whom he sent to defend the Palatinate in 1620.—F.



- & vallyant actes he shall then doe,  
 great Alexanders ffame outgoe :  
 he passeth seas, & ffame doth winn,  
 24 & many princes ioyne with him,  
 & chuse him ffor their gouernor,  
 & crowne him westerne Emperour ; <sup>1</sup>  
 after a while he shal be-girt  
 28 *that* cittye ancyent and great  
 which vpon 7 hills scituate,  
 till hee her all haue ruinate.  
 then shall a ffoe ffrom east appeare,  
 32 the brinkes of one great riuer neere ;  
 this Lyon rampant him shall meete ;  
 & iff on this side hee shall ffight,  
 the day is Lost : but hee shall crosse  
 36 this riuer great, & being past,  
 shall in the strenght of his great god,  
 into his ffoes discouraging rode,  
 causing him thence take his fflight,  
 40 of Easterne *Kings* succour to seekee ;  
 during *which* time he is in owne <sup>2</sup>  
 of East & west crowned Emperowne.  
 then shall the ffoe in ffury burne,  
 44 & ffrom the East in hast returne—  
 with aid of *Kings* & princes great—  
 to the valley of Iehosaphatt :  
 then shall hee meete the Lyon stronge,  
 48 who in a battell ffeirce & longe  
 shall ffoyle his ffoe. then cruell death  
 shall take away his aged breath.      ffinis.

outdoing  
Alexander's  
fame,

and being  
crowned  
Western  
Emperor.  
Then he  
shall besiege  
Rome,

meet his  
eastern foe,

and rout  
him.

But the  
foe shall  
return,  
reinforced,

and be  
routed  
again, in the  
valley of  
Jehosha-  
phat.  
Then the  
Emperor  
shall die.

<sup>1</sup> James I. was proclaimed by the new title of "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland," on Oct. 24, 1604; but on

his medals he assumed the title of *Imperator*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> ? one.—F.



## Maudline.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad occurs in the *Roxburghe Collection* (reprinted in Collier's *Book of Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 104, and from it in Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*), and in the *Collection of Old Ballads*.

"This narrative-ballad," says Mr. Collier, "which is full of graceful but unadorned simplicity, is mentioned in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (Act III. sc. 3), [see Introduction to the *Rose of Englande*] by the name of Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter. Two early editions of it are known; one, without printer's name (clearly much older than the other), is that which we have used; we may conclude that it was written considerably before James I. came to the throne. It was last reprinted in 1738, but in that impression it was much modernised and corrupted."

### [The first Fitt.]

Maudlin, a  
Bristol  
merchant's  
daughter,

is loved by a  
neighbour-  
youth,

but her  
friends

BEHOLD: the touchstone of true loue,  
Maudlin, the Merchants daughter of Bristow<sup>2</sup> towne,  
whose firme affection nought<sup>3</sup> cold moue!  
4 this<sup>4</sup> ffauor beares the louely browne.  
a gallant youth was dwelling by,  
which long time<sup>5</sup> had borne this Lady great good  
will;  
shee loued him most ffaithffully,  
8 but all her ffreinds withstoode itt still.

<sup>1</sup> In *the* printed *Collection* of Old Ballads, 12<sup>mo</sup>, vol. 3, p. 201. N. 37.—P. In two Fitts.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Bristol.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> nothing.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Her.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> O.B. omits *time*.—F.



- the young man now perceiuing well  
 he cold not gett nor winn<sup>1</sup> the fauor of her ffreinds,  
 the fforce of sorrow to expell,  
 12 to<sup>2</sup> vew strange countryes hee intends;  
 & now to take his last ffarwell  
 of his true loue &<sup>3</sup> constant Maudlin,  
 with sweet musicke,<sup>4</sup> *that* did excell,  
 16 he playes vnder her windowe then:  
 “farwell,” quoth he, “my owne true Loue!  
 “ffarwell,” quoth he, “the cheeffest tres[ure of my  
 Heart]<sup>5</sup>  
 Throughe ffortunes<sup>6</sup> spite, *that* ffalse did proue, [page 482]  
 20 I am inforcet ffrom thee to parte  
 into the Land of Italye<sup>7</sup>;  
 there will I waite & weary out my dayes<sup>8</sup> in woe.  
 seing my true loue is kept ffrom mee,  
 24 I hold my liffe a mortall ffoe.  
 therefore, ffaire Bristow towne, now adew!<sup>9</sup>  
 for Padua shalbe my habitation now  
 although my loue doth Lodge<sup>10</sup> in thee,  
 28 to welcome [whom]<sup>11</sup> alone my heart I vow.”  
 with trickling<sup>12</sup> teares this did hee singe;  
 with<sup>13</sup> sighes & sobbs discendinge from his hart full  
 sor[e],  
 he said, when hee his hands did wringe,  
 32 “ffarwell, sweet loue, ffor euer-more!”  
 ffaire Maudline from a window hye  
 beholding<sup>14</sup> her true loue with Musicke where he  
 sto[ode],
- oppose the match.  
 So he resolves to go and see strange countries,  
 and serenades his love before going.  
 In Italy he'll spend his days in woe,  
 and forsake Bristol for Padua.  
 He sighs and sobs  
 and wrings his hands, and bids his love fare-well.

<sup>1</sup> *wim* in the MS. O.B. omits *nor winn*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> And.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> his fair and.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Musick sweet.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> MS. pared away: *the . . heart* read by the help of, or supplied from Old Ballads, which omits *quoth he*.—F.

<sup>6</sup> ? MS. pared away.—F.

<sup>7</sup> fair Italy.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Life.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Fair *Bristol* Town therefore adieu.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> rest.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> whom.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> tickling.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> O.B. omits *with*.—F.

<sup>14</sup> See.—O.B.



She dares not  
 answer him,  
 36     but not a word shee durst<sup>1</sup> replye,  
        ffearing her parents angry moode.  
 but weeps  
 all night,  
        in teares shee spends this<sup>2</sup> woefull night,  
        wishing her<sup>3</sup> (though naked) with her ffaithfull  
        ffrein[d].  
        shee blames her ffriends & ffortunes spight  
 40     *that* wrought their<sup>4</sup> Loue such Luckless end;  
        & in her hart shee made a vowe,  
        cleane to fforsake her country & her kinsfolkes<sup>5</sup> all,  
        & ffor to ffollow her true loue  
 44     to bide what<sup>6</sup> chance *that* might befall.  
        the night is gone & the day is come,  
 She gets up         & in the morning verry early shee did rise;  
        shee getts her downe to the<sup>7</sup> Lower roome,  
 48     where sundry seamen shee espyes,  
        A gallant *Master* amongst them all,—  
        the *master* of a gallant<sup>8</sup> shipp was hee,—  
        *which* there stood<sup>9</sup> waiting in the hall  
 and finds a  
 master  
 seaman  
 waiting to  
 see her  
 father.  
 52     to speake with her ffather, if itt might bee.  
 She takes         shee kindly takes him by the hand;  
        “good Sir,” she said,<sup>10</sup> “wold yee speake with any  
        heere?”  
        quoth hee, “ffaire mayd, therfore I<sup>11</sup> stand.”  
 him into         56     “then, gentle Sir, I pray you come<sup>12</sup> neere  
 a parlour,  
        Into a pleasant parlour by.”  
        with<sup>13</sup> hand in hand shee brings the seaman all alone;  
        sighing to him most pyteouslye,  
 60     shee thus to him did make her moane;

<sup>1</sup> did.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> spent that.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> herself.—O.B. The ‘naked’ alludes to the early custom of sleeping naked, occasionally mentioned in romances. The authority of early illuminated MSS. is also cited for it; but as kings and queens in bed are almost always drawn with their crowns on, and lying flat on their backs, one does not feel compelled to accept the illuminators’ authority for the

nakedness any more than the crowns,  
 —F.

<sup>4</sup> her.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> ? MS. kinffolkes.—F. To forsake her Country and Kindred.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> abide all.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> into a.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> a great and goodly.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> Who there was.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> said she.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> and therefore I do.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> I pray draw.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> O.B. omits *with*.—F.



- shee falls vpon her tender <sup>1</sup> knee,  
 “good Sir,” shee said, “now pittie yee a womans  
 case,<sup>2</sup>  
 & proue a ffaithfull freind to mee,  
 64 *that* I to you my greeffe may show ! ”  
 “sith you repose your trust,” hee sayd,  
 “to me *that* am vnknowne,<sup>3</sup> & eke a stranger heere,  
 be you assured, proper <sup>4</sup> maid,  
 68 most ffaithfull still I will appeare.”  
 “I haue a brother,” then quoth shee,  
 “whom as my liffe I <sup>5</sup> ffauor tenderlye.  
 In Padua, alas ! is hee ;  
 72 ffull sicke, god wott, & like to dye ;  
 & <sup>6</sup> ffaine I wold my brother see,  
 but *that* my father will not yeeld to let me goe.  
 therfore, good Sir, bee good <sup>7</sup> to mee,  
 76 & vnto me this ffauor show.  
 some shippboyes garments bring to me,  
*that* I disguised may goe away ffrom hence <sup>8</sup> vn-  
 knowne,  
 & vnto sea Ile goe with thee  
 80 if thus much ffreindshipp may <sup>9</sup> be showne.”  
 “ffaire mayd,” quoth hee, “take heere my hand ;  
 I will ffulfill eche thing *that* you now doe <sup>10</sup> desire,  
 & sett <sup>11</sup> you saffe in *that* same Land,  
 84 & in *that* place where <sup>12</sup> you require ! ”  
 shee gaue him <sup>13</sup> then a tender kisse,  
 & saith, “your servant, gallant *Master*, will I bee,<sup>14</sup>  
 & proue your ffaith-full ffreind ffor this.  
 88 sweet *Master*, fforgett <sup>15</sup> not mee ! ”

falls on her  
knees to  
him,  
prays him

to hear her  
troubles,

and then  
tells him  
that her  
brother is  
dying in  
Padua,

and her  
father won't  
let her go to  
him.

“Bring  
me some  
shipboy's  
clot hes,

and let me  
go with  
you.”

The seaman  
promises to  
do all she  
wants.

She kisses  
him and says

she'll be his  
friend.

<sup>1</sup> bended.—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> (said she) pity a Woman's Woe.—  
 O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> In me unknown.—O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> most beauteous.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> I love and.—O.B.  
<sup>6</sup> Full.—O.B. <sup>7</sup> kind.—O.B.  
<sup>8</sup> O.B. omits *away from hence*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> Favour might.—O.B.  
<sup>10</sup> O.B. omits *now doe*.—F.  
<sup>11</sup> see.—O.B.  
<sup>12</sup> the Place that.—O.B.  
<sup>13</sup> to him.—O.B.  
<sup>14</sup> said, Your Servant, Master, I will  
 be.—O.B.  
<sup>15</sup> then forget.—O.B.



- this done, as they had both decreede,<sup>1</sup>  
 soone after, earlye before the <sup>2</sup> breake of day,  
 he brings her garments then with speed,  
 92 wherin shee doth her-selfe <sup>3</sup> array.  
 & ere her ffather did arise,  
 shee meetes her *Master* walkeing <sup>4</sup> in the hall;  
 shee did attend on him likewise  
 96 euen vntill <sup>5</sup> her ffather did him call.  
 but ere <sup>6</sup> the Marchant made an end  
 Of all the matter to the *Master* he cold saye,<sup>7</sup>  
 his wiffe came weeping in with speed,  
 100 saying, "our daughter is gone away!"  
 the marchant, much <sup>8</sup> amazed in minde,  
 "yonder vile wretch inticed away my child <sup>9</sup>!"  
 but well I <sup>10</sup> wott I shall him ffind  
 104 att Padua or in Italye."<sup>11</sup>  
 with *that* bespake the *Master* braue:  
 "worshippfull *Master*,<sup>12</sup> thither goes this pretty  
 youth,<sup>13</sup>  
 & any thing *that* you wold haue,<sup>14</sup>  
 108 he will perfforme itt,<sup>15</sup> & write the truth."  
 "sweete youth," quoth shee,<sup>16</sup> "if itt be soe,  
 beare me a *lett*re to the English Marchants <sup>17</sup> there,  
 & gold on thee I will bestowe;  
 112 my daughters welfare I doe ffeare."  
 her mother takes <sup>18</sup> her by the hand:  
 "faire youth," quoth shee, "if <sup>19</sup> thou dost my  
 daughter see,  
 leitt me therof soone <sup>20</sup> vnderstand,  
 116 & there is 20 crownes ffor thee."
- He brings  
 her the boy's  
 clothes.  
 She puts  
 them on,  
 and goes  
 with him  
 before her  
 father.  
 [page 483]  
 Her mother  
 comes in,  
 saying their  
 daughter is  
 gone.  
 "That vile  
 wretch has  
 enticed her:  
 we shall find  
 him in  
 Padua."  
 "This youth  
 is going  
 there."
- The mother,  
 not knowing  
 her  
 daughter,  
 gives her 20  
 crowns to  
 send home  
 news of  
 herself,

<sup>1</sup> agreed.—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> after that by.—O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> Therein herself she did.—O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> as he walked.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> Until.—O.B.  
<sup>6</sup> But here.—O.B.  
<sup>7</sup> Of those his weighty Matters all  
 that Day.—O.B.  
<sup>8</sup> then.—O.B.  
<sup>9</sup> intic'd my Child away.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> I well.—O.B.  
<sup>11</sup> In *Italy* at *Padua*.—O.B.  
<sup>12</sup> Merchant.—O.B.  
<sup>13</sup> this Youth.—O.B.  
<sup>14</sup> crave.—O.B.  
<sup>15</sup> perform.—O.B.  
<sup>16</sup> he.—O.B.  
<sup>17</sup> the *English*.—O.B. <sup>18</sup> took.—O.B.  
<sup>19</sup> Youth, if e'er.—O.B.  
<sup>20</sup> soon thereof.—O.B.



thus, through the daughters strange disguise,  
the mother knew not when shee spake vnto her  
child;  
& <sup>1</sup> after her *master* straight shee hyes,  
120 taking her leaue with countenance myld.  
thus to the sea ffaire <sup>2</sup> Maudlin is gone  
with her gentle *master*. god send them a merry  
wind!  
where <sup>3</sup> wee a while must leaue them alone,<sup>4</sup>  
124 till you the second fitt <sup>5</sup> doe ffind.

and Maudlin

goes to sea  
with her  
master.

[The Second Fitt.]

2<sup>d</sup> parte { “welcome, sweet Maudlin, ffrom the sea  
where bitter stormes & tempests doe rise <sup>6</sup>!  
the pleasant bankes of Italye  
128 wee <sup>7</sup> may behold with morttall eyes.”  
thankes, gentle *master*,” then quoth <sup>8</sup> shee,  
“<sup>9</sup> a ffaithffull ffreind in all sorrowes hast thou <sup>10</sup>  
beene!  
if ffortune once doe smile on mee,  
132 my thankfull hart shall then <sup>11</sup> be seene.  
blest be the hand *that* ffeeds my loue,  
blest be the place wheras his person <sup>12</sup> doth abyde!  
nor <sup>13</sup> tryall will I sticke to proue  
136 wherby my good will <sup>14</sup> may be tryde.  
now will I walke with ioyffull hart  
to vew the towne wheras my darling <sup>15</sup> doth remaine,  
& seeke him out in euery part  
140 vntill I doe his sight attaine.” <sup>16</sup>

Maudlin and  
her master  
land in  
Italy.

She thanks  
him for his  
kindness,

and says  
she'll

walk about  
till she finds

her love.

<sup>1</sup> Then.—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> sweet.—O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> ? MS. when. The *n* (or *re*) is  
blotted out in the MS.—F. Where.—  
O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> all alone.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> Part.—O.B.  
<sup>6</sup> arise.—O.B.  
<sup>7</sup> You.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> said.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> There is a tag like an *s* at the end of  
this word.—F.  
<sup>10</sup> in Sorrow thou hast.—O.B.  
<sup>11</sup> My gratitude shall soon.—O.B.  
<sup>12</sup> wherein he.—O.B.  
<sup>13</sup> No.—O.B.  
<sup>14</sup> true Love.—O.B.  
<sup>15</sup> wherein he.—O.B.  
<sup>16</sup> Until his Sight I do obtain.—O.B.



The Master  
says he'll  
see her safe  
to Padua.  
At last she  
arrives  
there,  
and finds  
her lover  
condemned  
to death  
unless he'll  
turn Papist.  
Maudlin  
wails,  
walks under  
the prison  
walls,  
and hears  
her lover  
bid farewell  
to England,  
friends,  
and love.

“ & I,” quoth hee, “ will not fforsake  
Sweete Maudlin in her sorrowes vp & downe ;  
in wealth & woe, thy part Ile take,  
144 & bring thee saffe to Padua towne.”  
& after many weary stepps  
In Padua thé arriued saffely <sup>1</sup> att the Last :  
for verry ioy her harte itt leapes,  
148 shee thinkes not on her perills <sup>2</sup> past.  
condemned hee was to dye, alas,  
except he wold ffrom his religion turne ;  
but rather then hee wold goe to <sup>3</sup> masse,  
152 in ffiery fflames he vowed to burne.  
now doth Maudlin weepe and waile,  
her ioy changed to weeping, <sup>4</sup> sorrow, greeffe &  
care ;  
but nothing can <sup>5</sup> her complaints preuaile,  
156 ffor death alone must be his share.  
shee walked vnder the prison walls  
where her true louedoth lye & languish <sup>6</sup> in distresse ;  
most <sup>7</sup> woefullye for ffood hee calls  
160 when hungar did his hart oppresse ;  
he sighes, & sobbs, & makes great moane ;  
“ farwell,” he said, “ sweete England, now <sup>8</sup> for eu-  
ermore !  
& all my ffreinds *that* haue me knowne  
164 In Bristow towne with health <sup>9</sup> and store !  
but most of all, ffarwell,” quoth hee,  
“ my owne true loue, <sup>10</sup> sweet Maudlin, whom I left  
behind !  
for neuer more I shall see thee. <sup>11</sup>  
168 woe to thy ffather Most vnkind !

<sup>1</sup> O.B. omits *saffely*.—F.<sup>2</sup> Sorrows.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> would to.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> O.B. omits *weeping*.—F.<sup>5</sup> For nothing could.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> Love did languish.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> Then.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> Farewel, Sweet-heart, he cry'd.—  
O.B.<sup>9</sup> Wealth.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> O.B. omits *true loue*.—F.<sup>11</sup> thou wilt me see.—O.B.



- how well were I if thou were <sup>1</sup> here,  
 with thy ffaire hands to close vp both these<sup>2</sup> wretched  
 eyes !  
 my torments easye wold appeare ;  
 172 My soule with ioy shall <sup>3</sup> scale the skyes." [page 484]  
 when Maudlin hard her louers moane,  
 her eyes with teares, her hart with sorrow, feild.<sup>4</sup>  
 to speake with him noe meanes was knowne,<sup>5</sup>  
 176 such greeuous doome on him did passe.<sup>6</sup>  
 then cast shee of <sup>7</sup> her Ladds attyre ;  
 a maydens weede vpon her backe shee<sup>8</sup> seemlye sett ;  
 to <sup>9</sup> the iudges house shee did enquire,  
 180 & there shee did a service gett.  
 shee did her duty there soe well,  
 & eke soe prudently shee did her-selfe <sup>10</sup> behaue,  
 with her in Loue her Master fell,  
 184 his servants flavor he doth craue :  
 "Maudlin," quoth hee, "my harts delight,  
 to whome my hart in affectyon is tyed,<sup>11</sup>  
 breed not my death through thy despite !  
 188 a ffaithfull freind I wilbe <sup>12</sup> tryed ;  
 grant me thy loue, ffaire mayd," quoth hee,  
 "& att my hands <sup>13</sup> desire what tho[u] canst d[e]-  
 uise,<sup>14</sup>  
 & I will grant itt vnto thee,  
 192 wherby thy credit may arrise."  
 "I haue [a] <sup>15</sup> brother, Sir," shee sayd,  
 "ffor his religion is now <sup>16</sup> condempned to dye ;  
 in Lothesome prison is he <sup>17</sup> Laid,  
 196 opprest with care <sup>18</sup> and misery.

Maudlin  
sorrows,

but cannot  
speak to her  
lover.

She dresses  
again as a  
girl,  
takes service  
in the  
judge's  
house,

and he falls  
in love with  
her,

and promises  
her what-  
ever she asks  
him.

She asks for  
the life of  
her brother,  
in prison for  
his belief.

<sup>1</sup> I were if thou wert.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> close my.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> would.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Heart soon filled was.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> found.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> did on him pass.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> she put off.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Her Maiden-weeds upon her.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> At.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> so well herself she did.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> my Soul is so inclin'd.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> thou shalt me.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> And then.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> ? MS. diuise.—F.

<sup>15</sup> The *a* is written above the line in a  
later hand.—F.

<sup>16</sup> O.B. omits *now*.—F.

<sup>17</sup> he is.—O.B.

<sup>18</sup> Grief.—O.B.



- grant you <sup>1</sup> my brothers [life],” <sup>2</sup> shee sayd,  
 “to you my liffe <sup>3</sup> & liking I will giue.”  
 “*that* may not be,” quoth hee, “faire mayd;  
 200 “except he turne, he cannott liue.”  
 “Then let  
 an English  
 friar I  
 know be  
 sent to  
 him.”  
 204 “an English ffryer there is,” shee said,  
 “of learning great, & of a passing pure <sup>4</sup> liffe;  
 lett him to my brother be sent,  
 & hee will soone ffinish <sup>5</sup> the striffe.”  
 her *Master* granting <sup>6</sup> her request,  
 the Marriner in ffryers weed <sup>7</sup> shee did array,  
 & to her loue *that* lay distrest  
 208 shee doth a letter straight <sup>8</sup> conuay.  
 when he had read those gentle lines,  
 his heauy hart was rauished with <sup>9</sup> ioye;  
 where now shee was, <sup>10</sup> ffull well hee knew.  
 212 the ffryer Likewise was not coye,  
 but did declare to him att large  
 the enterprise his loue had taken in hand.  
 the young man did the ffryer charge  
 Her lover  
 charges her 216 his loue shold straight depart the Land;  
 “here is no place for her,” hee sayd,  
 “but death & danger of her harmless <sup>11</sup> liffe;  
 & testing death, <sup>12</sup> I was betrayd,  
 220 but <sup>13</sup> ffearfull fflames must end our striffe,  
 for ere I will my faith deny,  
 & sweare to <sup>14</sup> ffollow my selfe damned ANTI-  
 CHRIST, <sup>15</sup>  
 I will <sup>16</sup> yeeld my body for to dye,  
 224 & <sup>17</sup> liue in heauen with the hiest.”

<sup>1</sup> me.—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> Life.—O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> And now to you my Love.—O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> passing pure of.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> finish soon.—O.B.  
<sup>6</sup> granted.—O.B.  
<sup>7</sup> Weeds.—O.B.  
<sup>8</sup> did a Letter soon.—O.B.  
<sup>9</sup> His Heart was ravish'd with pleasant.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> is.—O.B.  
<sup>11</sup> But woful Death and Danger of her.—O.B.  
<sup>12</sup> Professing Truth.—O.B.  
<sup>13</sup> And.—O.B.  
<sup>14</sup> MS. to to.—F.  
<sup>15</sup> And swear myself to follow damned Atheist.—O.B.  
<sup>16</sup> I'll.—O.B.  
<sup>17</sup> To.—O.B.



- “O Sir,” the gentle ffryer sayd,  
“for your sweet loue reccant, & saue your wicked  
liffe.”<sup>1</sup>
- 228 “a woeffull match,” quoth hee, “is made,  
where chr[i]st is left to win<sup>2</sup> a wiffe.”  
when shee had wrought<sup>3</sup> all meanes shee might  
to saue her ffreind, & *that* shee saw itt<sup>4</sup> wold not bee,  
then of the iudge shee claimed her right  
232 to [dye]<sup>5</sup> the death as well as hee.  
when no perswassyon wold<sup>6</sup> preuaile,  
nor change her mind in any thing *that* shee had<sup>7</sup>  
sayd,  
shee was with him condemned to dye,  
236 and for them both one Fire was made,<sup>8</sup>  
&<sup>9</sup> arme in arme most Ioyffullye  
these louers twaine vnto the ffyer they<sup>10</sup> did goe.  
the marriner most ffaith-ffullye  
240 was likewise<sup>11</sup> partner of their woe :  
but when the Iudges vnderstood  
the ffaith-ffull ffreindshipp *that*<sup>12</sup> did in them re-  
maine,  
they saued their liues, & afterward  
244 to England sent them home<sup>13</sup> againe.  
Now was their sorrow turned to Ioy,  
And ffaithffull louers had now<sup>14</sup> their harts desire ; [page 485]  
their paines soe well they did imploy,  
248 god<sup>15</sup> granted *that* they did require ;  
& when they were<sup>16</sup> to England come,  
& in merry Bristowe arriued att the Last,

The seaman  
urges him  
to recant.

He refuses.

Then  
Maudlin  
resolves to  
die with  
him,

and both  
walk to the  
stake with  
the seaman.

But the  
judges

pardon them  
and send  
them home  
to England.

They get  
back to  
Bristol.

<sup>1</sup> Consent thereto, and end the strife.  
—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> gain.—O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> us'd.—O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> To save his Life yet all.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> dye.—O.B.  
<sup>6</sup> could.—O.B.  
<sup>7</sup> thing she.—O.B.  
<sup>8</sup> MS. condemned to dye. one Fire

was made.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Yea.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> O.B. omits *they*.—F.

<sup>11</sup> Two strokes for the first *i*.—F.

<sup>12</sup> O.B. omits *that*.—F.

<sup>13</sup> back.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> have.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> The *d* has a tag to it.—F.

<sup>16</sup> did.—O.B.



find  
Maudlin's  
father dead,  
her mother  
joyful to see  
her,  
and they  
are married  
at once,  
the seaman  
giving her  
away.

- great Ioy there was to all & some  
252 *that* heard the danger they had past.  
her ffather, hee was dead, god wott,  
& eke her mother was ioyfull of<sup>1</sup> her sight;  
their wishes shee denyed not,  
256 but weded them with harts delight.  
her gentle *Master* shee<sup>2</sup> desired  
to be her ffather, & att Church to giue her then.  
itt was ffulffilled as shee required,  
260 vnto<sup>3</sup> the ioy of all good men.      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> at.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> he.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> To.—O.B.



## Come pretty wanton.

A LOVER praying for pity, would fain know the reason of his idol's indifference. If she will not look at him, yet will she hear him? If she will not hear him, will she look at him and his tears?

The poor fellow is in a weak condition; and his verses are such as might be expected.

COME: pretty wanton, tell me why  
thou canst not loue as well as I?

Tell me why  
you won't  
love me.

sett thee downne, sett thee downe, sett thee downe,  
and *thou* shalt see

4 why thus vnkind thou art to me.

My dearest sweet, be not soe Coy,  
for thou alone art all my Ioy.  
sett thee downe &c.

You alone  
are my joy.

8 *that* itt is hye time to pittye mee.

O gentle loue! be not yett gone;  
leaue me not heere distrest alone!  
sett thee downe &c.

Go not yet;

12 *that* I delight in none but thee.

Lett me not crye to thee in vaine!  
Looke but vpon me once againe!  
if a looke, if a looke, if a looke thou wilt not lend,  
16 lett but thy gentle eares attend.

look on me  
once more!

If thou doe stopp those gentle eares,  
Looke but vpon these cruell teares  
which doe fforce me still to crye

20 'pittye me, sweet, or else I dye!'      *ffinis.*

Pity me, or  
I die.



## Hee is a ffoolle :<sup>1</sup>

THIS piece, as Mr. Furnivall notes, was printed in the first edition of the *Reliques* with the title of "The Aspiring Shepherd." (Cf. "The Steadfast Shepherd," "The Shepherd's Resolution," &c.)

The lover here holds his head up. He is not for everybody. He must have some rarer beauty for his affection, not of the common sort or such as will smile upon anybody.

Shall I love  
one who's  
loved by the  
herd?  
No.

H

EE: is a ffoole *that* baselye dallyes  
where eche peasant mates with him.  
shall I haunt the thronged valleys,  
4     hauinge noble hills to climbe?  
no! no! those clownes be scared with ffrownes  
shall neuer my affectyon <sup>2</sup> gayne!  
& such as you, ffond ffooles, adew,  
8     *that* <sup>3</sup> seeke to captiue me in vaine!

Give me one  
whom  
buzzards  
daren't gaze  
at,

who needs  
effort to win.

I doe scorne to vow a dutye  
where eche lustfull Ladd may woe.  
giue me those whose seemlye <sup>4</sup> bewtye,  
12     bussards dare not gatz <sup>5</sup> vnto.  
shee itt is affords my blisse  
ffor whome I will reffuse no payne;  
& such as you, fond fooles, adew,  
16     *that* seeke to captiue me in vaine!     ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the *Reliques*, iii. 253, (1st ed.), with the title of "The Aspiring Shepherd."—F.

<sup>2</sup> esteeme.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> Ye.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> sun-like.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> gaze.—P.



## Lulla : Lulla :

A LOVER here, parting from the object of his affections, would lull to sleep all doubts of his truth and constancy. He is going away; but let her put a calm unruffled faith in him. The verses are but commonplace.

BY : constraint if I depart,—  
sing lullabee,—

If forced to  
go,

I leaue with [thee] behind, my constant hart.  
4 placed with thine, there lett itt rest  
till itt by death be disposest,  
sing lulla lullabee ! loue, liue loyall till I dye.

I leaue my  
heart with  
thee.

doe not any wayes distrust—  
8 sing lullabye—  
that I shall proue inconstant or vniust.<sup>1</sup>  
though banishment a while I try,  
yett shall affectyon neuer dye.  
12 [sing lulla &c. (*a line pared away here*)]

Never doubt  
my

constancy.

If by absence I be fforcet—  
sing lullabee—  
a litle while to be deuorcet  
16 ffrom thee whose brest can testifie  
where my subiects hart doth Lye,  
Lulla &c.

[page 486]

While  
absent from  
thee

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.



I crave only  
thy  
constancy  
to me.

constancye is all I craue—

20 sing lullabee;—

performed by thee, my wish I haue;

If I to thee vnconstant proue,

lett death my liffe ffrom earth remoue.

24 Lulla &c.

ffinis.



## A Louer off Late : <sup>1</sup>

HERE a lover asserts and proclaims his independence. He has loved, and been rejected; and here he makes up his mind to bear his rejection well. He gives the lady up. Let who will, win her; he will not.

- A LOUER of late was I,  
 ffor Cupid wold haue itt soe,  
 the boy *that* hath neuer an eye,  
 4 as euery man doth know.  
 I sighed, and sobbed, and cryed alas  
 ffor her *that* laught & called me asse, <sup>2</sup>& called me assee,  
 & called me asse ∴ for her *that* &c.<sup>2</sup>
- 8 Then knew not I what to doe  
 when I see itt was <sup>3</sup> vaine  
 a lady soe coy to wooe,  
 & <sup>4</sup> gaue me the asse soe plaine.
- 12 yett would [I] her asse *that* I should bee,<sup>5</sup>  
 soe shee would helpe & beare with mee, <sup>6</sup>& beare &c.  
 soe shee &c.<sup>6</sup>
- And I were as faine <sup>7</sup> as shee,  
 16 & shee were as kind <sup>8</sup> as I,  
 what payre cold haue mad[e] <sup>9</sup> as wee
- I was lately  
in love
- with a girl,  
and she  
called me an  
ass.
- If she'd have  
had me, I'd  
like to have  
been her ass.
- If we could  
have  
changed  
places,  
I'd have  
loved her.

<sup>1</sup> Printed in the *Reliques*, iii. 176 (1st ed.).—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

<sup>3</sup> saw it was all in.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> Who.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> Yet would I her asse freelye bee.—*Rel.*

<sup>6-6</sup> Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

<sup>7</sup> An' I were as faire.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> Or shee were as fond.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> made.—P.



soe prettye a sumpathye?

I was as kind <sup>1</sup> as shee was ffaire,

20 but for all this wee cold not paire; <sup>2</sup> we cold &c.  
wee cold not paire, but ffor all &c.<sup>2</sup>

But as she  
won't have  
me,

Paire with her *that* will, ffor mee!

with her I will neuer paire

24 *that* cuningly can be coy,

for being a litle ffaire.

why, let her  
scorn away.  
I'm myself  
again.

the Asse Ile leaue to her disdane,

& now I am, my selfe againe, <sup>3</sup> my selfe &c.

28 & now I am, my selfe againe.<sup>3</sup> ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> fond.—*Rel.*

<sup>2-2</sup> Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

<sup>3-3</sup> Omitted in *Rel.*—F.

[“*Panders come away,*” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 104, follows  
here in the *MS.* p. 486-7.]



## Great or Proude.

HERE again a lover protests his independence. He will not be derided by anybody, however great she may be. He will act like a rational being.

Man by reason should be guided.

But is he? Our dislikes are proverbially inscrutable—are not the work of conscious reason. We cannot say why we do not like “Dr. Fell” or Sabidius; but we do not like them. Perhaps our likes are not always more intelligible. Can we always say why we like Sabidius? Pallas Athené and Aphrodité were never close friends.

GREAT or proud, if shee deryde mee,  
lett her goe ! I will <sup>1</sup> not dispaire !  
ere to-morrow Ile prouide mee

If my love  
sneers at me,  
I'll get a  
fresh one  
to-morrow.

4 one as great,<sup>2</sup> lesse proud, more ffaire.  
he that seeks loue to constraine,  
shall haue but Labor ffor his paine.

And yett strongly will I proue her  
8 whome I meane to haue indeede.  
if shee constant proue, Ile loue her ;  
& if ffalse, Ile not proceede.  
ought from mee, *that* may constraine <sup>3</sup>  
12 my mind & reason to be twaine !

But before  
taking her,  
I'll prove  
her.

<sup>1</sup> Read *Ile*.—Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> good.—P.

<sup>3</sup> Away from me ! what may constrain.  
Query.—P. Ought = out, *interj.*—F.



No one  
should stand  
disdain.

Man by reason shold be guided,  
& not loue where hees disdaind;

If *that* once he be deryded,

Any girl  
can be  
matched by  
some other.

16

others loue may be obtained.

hold you not one mayd soe rare;

theres none *that* liues without compare.

ffinis.

[Two verses of "*A Dainty Ducke*," printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*,  
p. 108, follow here; and the next leaf of the MS., containing the  
beginning of "*The Spanish Lady*," has been torn out.]



## The Spanish Ladies Love.<sup>1</sup>

PROF. CHILD, in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, prints his copy of this ballad "from the *Garland of Good Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, xxx. 125. Other copies, slightly different, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 191, and in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 246."

"Percy conjectures," Prof. Child adds, "that this ballad took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coast in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The weight of tradition is decidedly, perhaps entirely, in favour of the hero's having been one of Essex's comrades in the Cadiz expedition, but which of his gallant captains achieved the double conquest of the Spanish Lady is by no means so satisfactorily determined. Among the candidates put forth are, Sir Richard Levison of Trentham, Staffordshire, Sir John Popham of Littlecot, Wilts, Sir Urias Legh of Adlington, Cheshire, and Sir John Bolle of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire. The right of the last to this distinction has been recently warmly contended for, and, as is usual in similar cases, strong circumstantial evidence is urged in his favour. The reader will judge for himself of its probable authenticity.

"'On Sir John Bolle's departure from Cadiz,' it is said, 'the Spanish Lady sent as presents to his wife a profusion of jewels and other valuables, among which was her portrait, drawn in green, plate, money, and other treasure.' Some of these articles<sup>2</sup> are maintained to be still in possession of the family, and also a portrait of Sir John, drawn in 1596, at the age of thirty-six, in which he wears the gold chain given him by his enamoured prisoner.<sup>3</sup> See the *Times* newspaper of April 30 and May 1, 1846 (the latter article cited in *Notes and Queries*, ix. 573), and

<sup>1</sup> Percy heads this "Fragment of the Spanish Lady."—F. In the printed Collection of Old Ballads 12<sup>mo</sup> Vol. 2. pag. 192.—P.

<sup>2</sup> The necklace is still extant in the possession of a member of my family, and in the house whence I write (Coldrey, Hants). Charles Lee, in *The Times*, May 1, 1846.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The portrait is still in the possession

of his descendant, Captain Birch. Illingworth's *Topographical account of Scampton, with anecdotes of the family of Bolles*. That portrait is now in the possession of Captain Birch's successor, Thomas Bosvile Bosvile, Esq., of Ravensfield Park, Yorkshire, my brother, and may be seen by any one. Charles Lee, *ib. supra*. Dr. Rimbault has reprinted Mr. Lee's letter in his *Musical Illustrations*, p. 23-4.—F.



the *Quarterly Review*, Sept. 1846, Art. iii. The literary merits of the ballad are also considered in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1846.

“Shenstone has essayed, in his *Moral Tale of Love and Honour*, to bring out ‘the *Spanish Ladye and her Knight* in less grovelling accents than the simple guise of ancient record;’ while Wordsworth, in a more reverential spirit, has taken this noble old romance as the model of his *Armenian Lady’s Love*.” (Child.)

Dr. Rimbault has printed the tune of this ballad at p. 72 of his *Musical Illustrations*. He says, “the tune . . is preserved in the Skene MS.; in ‘The Quaker’s Opera, Performed at Lee and Harper’s Booth in Bartholomew Fair, 1728;’ and in ‘The Jovial Crew, 1731.’ Our copy is taken from the ballad operas, and altered from three-four time to common time, upon the authority of the Skene MS.” Mr. Chappell also prints the tune at p. 187 of his *Popular Music*, and notes early quotations of the ballad in *Cupid’s Whirligig*, 1616; Brome’s *Northern Lasse*, 1632, &c., and a parody of it in Rowley’s *A Match at Midnight*, 1633.

In order to complete the story of the ballad, we add here the portion of it in *Roxburghe Ballads*, vol. ii. p. 406, collated with the *Collection of Old Ballads*, vol. ii. second edition, 1726, p. 191, which corresponds to the part torn out of the Folio MS.—F.

*The Spanish Lady’s Love.*

Will you hear a *Spanish Lady*,  
 how she woo’d an *English Man*;  
 Garments gay as rich may be,  
 bedeckt <sup>1</sup> with jewels, had she on;  
 Of a comely countenance  
 and grace was she;  
 Both by birth and Parentage  
 of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,  
 in his hands her life did lye;  
*Cupid’s Bands* did tye them faster,  
 by the liking of an Eye:

---

<sup>1</sup> Deck’d.—O.B.



In his courteous company  
 was all her joy :  
 To favour him in any thing  
 she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment  
 for to set all ladies free,  
 With their jewels still adorned :  
 none to do them injury ;  
 O then, said this Lady gay,<sup>1</sup>  
 full woe is me,  
 O let me still sustain this kind  
 Captivity.

Gallant captain, take some pittie  
 on a woman in distress,  
 Leave me not within this City,  
 for to dye in heaviness :  
 Thou hast set this present day  
 my body free,  
 But my heart in prison still  
 remaine <sup>2</sup> with thee.

How should'st thou, fair Lady, love me,  
 whom thou know'st thy Country hate,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thy fair words make <sup>4</sup> me suspect thee :  
 Serpents lye where flowers grow.  
 All the harm I think on thee,  
 most courteous Knight,  
 God grant upon my Head the same  
 may fully light <sup>5</sup> ;

Blessed be the time and season  
 that thou <sup>6</sup> came on *Spanish* ground ;

---

If our ffoes you may <sup>7</sup> be termed,  
 gentle ffoes wee haue you ffound ;  
 with our cittye <sup>8</sup> you haue woon our harts eche one ;  
 4 then to your Country beare away *that* <sup>9</sup> is your owne."

You've won  
 my city and  
 heart too.  
 Take back  
 with you  
 your own.

<sup>1</sup> most mild.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Remains.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Country's Foe.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> speech makes.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> llght.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> you.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> If you may our Foes.—Rox. and O.B.

<sup>8</sup> City.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> what.—O.B.



"Nay, Lady,  
stay in  
Spain,  
you'll find  
plenty of  
lovers  
there."

"Rest you still, most gallant Ladye!  
rest you still, & weepe noe more!  
of ffaire Louers there is <sup>1</sup> plenty;  
8 Spaine doth yeelde a <sup>2</sup> wonderous store."  
"Spanyards ffraught with ielousye wee often <sup>3</sup> ffind,  
but Englishmen through all the world are counted  
Kind.

No. I  
love you  
alone;

12 "Leaue me not vnto a Spanyard,  
you alone inioy <sup>4</sup> my hart;  
I am louely, young, and tender;  
lone likewise is <sup>5</sup> my desert.

let me serve  
you night  
and day.

still to serue <sup>6</sup> thee day & night, my mind is prest;  
16 the wiffe of euery Englishman is counted blest."

"As a  
soldier I  
can't take  
you."

"Itt wold be a shame, ffaire Ladye,  
ffor to beare a woman hence;  
English souldiers neuer carry  
20 any such without offence."

Then I'll be  
your page.

"I will quicklie change my selfe, if itt be soe,  
& like a page Ile ffollow thee whersoere <sup>7</sup> Thou goe."

"I've no  
money to  
keep you  
with."

24 "I haue neither gold nor siluer  
to maintaine thee in this case,  
& to trauell is great charges,  
as you know, in euery place."

My jewels  
and money  
are yours.

28 "My chaines and Iewells euery one shalbe thy owne,  
& eke 500<sup>li</sup> <sup>8</sup> in gold *that* Lyes vnknowne."

"The sea is  
full of  
danger."

"On the seas are many dangers;  
many stormes doe there arrise,

<sup>1</sup> you have.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> you.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> oft do.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Thou alone enjoy'st.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> is likewise.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> save.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> Where-e'er.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Ten thousand Pounds.—O.B.



- which wilbe to Ladyes dreadffull,  
 32 & fforce teares ffrom watterye eyes.”  
 “well in worth I will endure extremitye,<sup>1</sup>  
 for I cold find my <sup>2</sup> hart to lose my liffe for thee.”  
 “curteous Ladye, leaue this ffancye.<sup>3</sup>  
 36 here comes all *that* breakes <sup>4</sup> the striffe :  
 I in England haue already  
 a sweet woman to my wiffe.  
 I will not ffalsifye my vow for gold nor gaine,  
 40 nor yett ffor all the ffairest dames *that* liue in Spaine.”  
 “O how happy is *that* woman  
*that* enioyes soe true a ffreind !  
 many dayes of ioy god send you ! <sup>5</sup>  
 44 of my suite Ile <sup>6</sup> make an end.  
 vpon <sup>7</sup> my knees I pardon craue for this <sup>8</sup> offence  
 which loue & true affectyon did ffirst commence.  
 “comend me to thy Louely ladye ;  
 48 beare to her a <sup>9</sup> Chaine of gold  
 & <sup>10</sup> these braceletts ffor a token,  
 greening *that* I was soe bold.  
 all my iewells in Like sort take <sup>11</sup> with thee ;  
 52 these <sup>12</sup> are fitting ffor thy wiffe, & <sup>13</sup> not ffor mee.  
 “I will spend my dayes in prayer ;  
 loue & all her <sup>14</sup> Lawes deffye ;  
 in a nunery will I <sup>15</sup> shrowd me,  
 56 ffar ffrom other <sup>16</sup> companye ;  
 but ere my prayers haue an end, be sure of this,  
 to pray ffor thee & ffor thy Loue I will nott misse.

I would lose  
my life for  
you.

“Cease your  
offers, Lady,

I have a  
wife in  
England,

and will be  
true to her.”

Happy  
she !

I end my  
suit.

Give your  
lady my  
chain

and jewels.

I will seek  
refuge in

a nunnery,

and pray for  
you and  
your love.

<sup>1</sup> Well in Troth I shall endure Ex-  
treamly.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> in.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Folly.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> breeds.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> Many happy Days God lend her.—  
O.B.

<sup>6</sup> I.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> On.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> my.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> this.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> With.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> Take thou.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> For they.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> But.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> I will.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> his.—O.B.

<sup>16</sup> any.—O.B.



"Thus ffarwell, most gallant captaine,  
 60     & ffarwell<sup>1</sup> my harts content!  
 count not spanish Ladyes wanton  
       though to thee my loue<sup>2</sup> was bent.  
 Ioy & true prosperitye be still<sup>3</sup> with thee!"  
 64   "the Like ffall euer to<sup>4</sup> thy share, most ffaire Ladye!"

All joy to  
you!

<sup>1</sup> Farewel too.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Mind.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Remain.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> fall unto.—O.B.



### Sr Andrew Bartton : <sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad is on an event of considerable historical importance, on one, if not the first, of the causes that led to the war between James IV. of Scotland and Henry VIII. of England, and which ended in the death of James at Flodden Field. Henry's motive in desiring to have Andrew Barton and his ships captured cannot be put down to the cause to which the prejudiced John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, attributes his interference in the Low Countries (*Historie of Scotland*, A.D. 1436–1561, Bannatyne Club, 1830, p. 83).

“Here is to be considered and weile noted, the first motione of the gryit trubles quhilk eftiruart did fall betuix the tuo princis of Scotland and Yngland, quhilk happinit principale becaus King Henry the aucht of Yngland, being ane young man left be his fader with greit welth and riches, wes varray desierous to haif weiris quhairin he mycht exerce his youthhed, thinking thairby to [dilate] his dominions.”

Henry's order to take Barton can only have sprung from the injuries which his subjects received from that sailor; and there can be little doubt that in those early years after 1500, a privateer, as Barton was, took whatever the Lord put in his way, whether neutral's or foe's, and pocketed the proceeds without qualms of conscience. He would perform the service his sovereign sent him on, and then take care of himself.

Andrew Barton and his brother Robert were evidently James IV.'s right hand at sea; and Andrew's character may be judged of by the way in which he took revenge on the Dutch for their piratical doings against the Scotch. Lesley tells us that “ane greit and costly ship, quhilk had bene apon the Kingis expensis, was compleit” in 1506,<sup>2</sup> and after a preliminary sail in her by the King—

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1727, Vol. I. p. 159, N. xx. Very different from the printed ballad: but containing some things there want-

ing; yet a few stanzas may be better given from the other.—P.

<sup>2</sup> James was a great shipbuilder: see Mr. Gairdner's Preface to his *Letters and*



“wes schortlie thaireftir send furth agane to the seas with sundre vailyeant gentill men into her aganis the Holanderis, quha had takin and spollyeit divers Scotis ships, and crewally had murdrest and cassin ourburd the merchauntis and passingeris being thairintill; bot for revenge of the samyn, Andro Bartone did tak mony shipps of that countrey, and fillit certane pipis with the heidis of the Holandaris, and send unto the King in Scotland, for dew punishement and revenge of thair crueltie.—*Lesley*, p. 74.

After this, Barton kept at sea and greatly pestered, if he did not plunder, the English. What followed is told in different ways by the English and Scotch. For the former we will take Percy's quotation from Guthrie's *Peerage*; for the latter, *Lesley's* account. And first, says Guthrie:

“The transaction that did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time (A.D. 1511) was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

“Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and



Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the *Lion*, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the *Union*, Barton's other ship (called by Hall, *The Bark of Scotland*). The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames (Aug. 2, 1511).

Now hear Lesley:

"In the moneth of Junij, Andro Bartone, being one the sey in weirfair contrar the Portingallis, aganis quhome he had ane lettre of mark, Sir Edmond Haward, Lord Admirall of Ingland, and Lord Thomas Haward, sone and air to the Erle of Surry, past furth at the King of Inglandis command, with certane of his best schippis; and the said Andro being in his vayage sayling towart Scotland, haveand onelie bot one schipe and ane barke, thay sett apoun at the Downis, and at the first entre did make signe unto thame that thair wes friendship standing betuix the tua realmes, and thairfoir thocht thame to be freindis; quhair-with thay, na thing movit, did cruelly invaid, and he manfullie and currageously defendit, quhair thair wes mony slane, and Andro himself sair woundit that he diet shortly; and his schip callit the *Lyou*, and the bark callit *Jennypirroyne*, quhilkis with the Scottis men that wes levand wer hed to Londoun, and keipit thair as presonaris in the bischop of York hous, and eftir wes send hame in Scotland. Quhen that the knalege herof come to the King, he send incontynent ane harald to the Kinge of Yngland with lettres requiring dress for the slauchter of Andro Bartane, with the schippis to be randerit agane, utherwayis it mycht be ane occasioun to break the leage and peace contractit betuix thame.<sup>1</sup> To the quhilk it wes ansuerit be the King of Ingland, that the slauchter being ane pirat, as he allegit, suld be na break to the peace; yit nochttheles he suld caus commissionaris meit upoun the bordouris, quhair thay suld treat upoun that and all uther enormities betuix the tua realmes."—*Historie of Scotland*, p. 82–83.

Accordingly, says Lesley, p. 87, in A.D. 1513

<sup>1</sup> See the remonstrance shortly abstracted, and referred to, in Prof. Brewer's *Calendar, temp. Henry VIII.*; also the

entries as to James's repeated complaints to the King of Denmark about Barton's slaughter, &c.—F.



“The commissioners of baith the realmes, as wes appointit be Doctor West, meit on the bordouris in the moneth of Junij, quhair the wrangs done unto Scotland mony wayis, speciallie of the slauchter of Andro Bartone and takin of his schippis, ware confessit. . . . bot the commissioneris of Ingland wuld not consent to mak ony redress or restitucione”

till they thought that Henry would be clear of his French war. But James, unwilling to lose such a favourable chance of attacking England,—empty of troops, as he thought, the King and his generals away in France,—sent a herald to Henry in his camp at Turenne, alleging, among other things, the

“slauchter of Andro Bartane by your awine command, quha thane haid nocht offendit to yow nor your leigeis, unredressed, and breking of the amitie in that behailf by your deid; and withholding of oure schippis and artillarie to your use.” (*Lesley*, p. 89),

and, notwithstanding Henry's answer, declared to him war. This did not trouble Henry much, for he knew that the Howard who (with his father) had taken Barton, could deal with Barton's master too. What Lord Thomas himself thought of the matter may be seen from his message to James: that as high-admiral, and one who had helped to take Barton, he was ready to justify the death of that pirate, for which purpose he would lead the van, and there his enemies would find him, expecting as little mercy as he meant to grant. ‘No quarter’ was the word. What followed has already been told by Mr. Hales in prose (vol. i. p. 203–9), and in verse by our *Scotish Feilde*, i. 212, and *Flodden Feilde*, i. 334. Lancashire and Cheshire did the deed, and Scotland's pride lay low. Andrew Barton's master followed his man.

As to the details mentioned in our ballad, we can only repeat Percy's words:

“I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2, v. 156, it is said that England had before ‘but two ships of war.’ Now the GREAT HARRY had been built but seven years before, viz. in 1504: which ‘was,



properly speaking, the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants.' *Hume*."

The present ballad was printed by Percy in his *Reliques*, vol. ii. p. 180, with some deficiencies (as he calls them), supplied from a black-letter copy, in the Pepys collection, of the "vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernised and abridged from" that in the Folio. Prof. Child printed Percy's version in his *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. vii. p. 57; and at p. 201 he also printed the said "vulgar ballad:" *A True Relation of the Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton, a Pirate and Rover on the Seas*. The Professor says:

"This copy of *Sir Andrew Barton* is to be found in *Old Ballads* (1723) vol. i. 159, Ritson's *Ancient Songs* ii. 204, Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, p. 256, and *Early Naval Ballads of England*, Percy Society, vol. ii. p. 4, with only exceedingly trifling variations. We have followed the last, where the ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the British Museum, 'printed by and for W. O., and sold by the booksellers.'"—F.

[Part I.]

AS: itt beffell in M[i]dsumer time  
 when burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
 our noble King, King Henery the 8<sup>th</sup>,<sup>1</sup>  
 4 ouer the riuer of Thames past hee.

To Henry  
 VIII.

<sup>1</sup> For the above three simple and natural lines, Percy actually substituted in his *Reliques* the four following, from the printed copy in the Pepys collection:

When Flora with her fragrant flowers  
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,  
 And Neptune with his daintye showers  
 Came to present the monthe of Maye.

Well did Prof. Child say in his Introduction to this Ballad, "We would fain believe that nothing except a defect in the manuscript could have reconciled the Bishop to adopting the four lines with which the ballad now begins" (*Engl. and*

*Scot. Ballads*, vii. 56). The remaining four lines of Percy's first stanza, given without any of his inverted commas to mark them as altered from his MS., are:

King Henrye rode to take the ayre,  
 Over the river of Thames past hee;  
 When eighty merchants of London came,  
 And downe they knelt upon their  
 knee.

After this, it may be well to carry the collation right through, though it involves waste of time, loss of money, and vexation of spirit.—F.



- out riding,  
came 80  
London  
merchants,
- hee was no sooner ouer the riuer,  
downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,  
but 80 merchants of London citty  
8 came kneeling before *King* Henery there :
- and com-  
plain that  
they daren't  
sail on the  
sea
- 12 “ O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
[Good saylors, welcome unto me<sup>1</sup> ! ”]  
they swore<sup>2</sup> by the rood thé were saylers good, [page 491]  
but rich merchants they cold not bee ;  
“ to ffrance nor fflanders dare<sup>3</sup> we nott passe,  
nor Burdeaux<sup>4</sup> voyage wee dare not ffare,<sup>5</sup>  
& all ffor a ffalse robber<sup>6</sup> *that* lyes on the seas,  
for fear of a  
pirate who  
robs them,
- 16 & robb<sup>7</sup> vs of our merchants ware.”
- King HENERY was stout, & he turned him about,<sup>8</sup>  
& swore by the Lord *that* was mickle of might,  
“ I thought he had not beene in the world throughout,<sup>9</sup>  
20 *that* durst haue wrought<sup>10</sup> England such vnright.”  
but euer they<sup>11</sup> sighed, and said—alas !—  
vnto<sup>12</sup> *King* HARRY this answe<sup>13</sup> againe<sup>14</sup>  
“ he is a proud Scott *that* will<sup>15</sup> robb vs all<sup>16</sup>  
a proud  
Scot.
- 24 if wee were 20 shipp<sup>17</sup> and hee but one.<sup>18</sup> ”
- Henry asks  
his Lords,  
“ who'll  
fetch that  
traitor to  
me ? ”
- 28 The *King* looket ouer his left shoulder,  
amongst his Lords & Barrons soe ffree<sup>19</sup> :  
“ haue I neuer Lord<sup>20</sup> in all my realme  
will ffeitch yond traitor vnto mee ? ”

<sup>1</sup> From the *Reliques*. The MS. is pared away, and the tops of letters left don't suit either of Percy's lines.—F. For sailors good are welcome to me.—P.

<sup>2</sup> MS. pared away, but read by Percy.—F.

<sup>3</sup> dare we pass.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> & to Bourdeaux.—P.

<sup>5</sup> dare we fare.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> a rover.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> s added by P.—F. Who robbs.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> frownd, and turned him rounde.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> *Rel.* omits *throughout*.—F.

<sup>10</sup> us.—P.

<sup>11</sup> The merchants.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> And to.—P.

<sup>13</sup> thus answered.—P.

<sup>14</sup> And thus they did theire answer frame.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> would.—P.

<sup>16</sup> that robbs on the seas.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> Were we 20 ships.—P.

<sup>18</sup> And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.—*Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> And an angrie looke then looked hee.—*Rel.*

<sup>20</sup> a Lord.—P.



- "yes, *that* dare I!" sayes my Lord Chareles HOWARD,<sup>1</sup> "I," says  
 neere to the King wheras<sup>2</sup> hee did stand<sup>3</sup>; Lord  
 Howard,  
 "If *that* your græce will<sup>4</sup> giue me leaue,  
 32 my selfe wilbe the only man."  
  
 " <sup>5</sup> thou shalt haue 600<sup>6</sup> men," saith our King,  
 "& chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;  
 besids Marriners and boyes,<sup>7</sup>  
 36 to guide<sup>8</sup> the great shipp on the sea."  
 "He goe speake with Sir ANDREW," sais Charles, my "I'll bring  
 Lord Haward; you Sir An-  
 drew Barton  
 "vpon the sea, if hee be there,  
 I will bring him & his shipp to shore,  
 40 or before my prince I will neuer come neere.<sup>9</sup> " and his  
 ship."  
  
 the ffirst of all my Lord did call,<sup>10</sup> Lord  
 a noble gunner hee was one<sup>11</sup>; Howard  
 this man was 60<sup>12</sup> yeeres and ten, chooses an  
 old gunner,  
 44 & Peeter<sup>13</sup> Simon was his name. Peter Simon,  
 "Peeter," sais hee, "I must sayle to the sea  
 to seeke out an enemye; god be my speed!<sup>14</sup> "  
 before all others I haue chosen thee;  
 48 of a 100<sup>d</sup> guners thoust be my head.<sup>15</sup> "

<sup>1</sup> lord Howard sayes.—*Rel.*<sup>2</sup> where.—P.<sup>3</sup> Yea, that dare I with heart and hand.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> it please your Grace to.—P.C., P., and *Rel.*<sup>5</sup> This stanza Percy alters to:
 Thou art but yong; the king replyed:  
 Yond Scott hath numbred manye a  
 yeare,

 "Trust me, my liege, He make him quail,  
 Or before my prince I will never  
 appeare."

Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,

 And chuse them over my realme so free;  
 Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,  
 To guide the great shipp on the sea.
—*Rel.* ii. 181.<sup>6</sup> a hundred.—P.C., P.<sup>7</sup> good sailors and ship boys.—P.C., P.<sup>8</sup> a, *al. ed.*—P.<sup>9</sup> appear.—P.<sup>10</sup> The first man, that Lord Howard chose.—*Rel.*
<sup>11</sup> the ablest gunner in all the Realm.  
 —P.C., P. Was the ablest gunner in  
 all the rea'me.—*Rel.*
<sup>12</sup> three-score.—P. Though he was threescore.—*Rel.*<sup>13</sup> Good Peter.—*Rel.*
<sup>14</sup> Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea,  
 To bring home a traytor live or dead.  
 —*Rel.*
<sup>15</sup> to be the Head.—P. to be head.—*Rel.*



who can  
shoot close  
to his mark. 52 "my Lord," sais hee, "if you<sup>1</sup> haue chosen mee  
of a 100<sup>d</sup>. gunners to be the head,  
Then he  
chooses a  
noble  
bowman,  
hang me att<sup>2</sup> your maine-mast tree  
The next of all my Lord he did call,<sup>4</sup>  
a noble bowman hee was one<sup>5</sup>;  
In yorekeshire was this<sup>6</sup> gentleman borne,  
William  
Horsley, 56 & william Horsley was his name.  
"Horsley," sayes<sup>7</sup> hee, "I must sayle to the sea<sup>8</sup>  
to seeke out an enemye; god be my speede<sup>9</sup>!  
before all others I haue chosen thee;  
60 of a 100 bowemen thoust be my head.<sup>10</sup> "  
"My Lord," sais hee, "if you<sup>11</sup> haue chosen mee  
of a 100<sup>d</sup>. bowemen to be they head,<sup>12</sup>  
who can hit  
within a  
shilling's  
breadth; 64 hang me att your mainemast tree<sup>13</sup>  
if I misse my marke past 12<sup>d</sup>.<sup>14</sup> bread."  
with pikes, and gunnes, & bowemen bold,  
and to sea  
he goes. this<sup>15</sup> Noble HOWARD is gone to the sea  
on the day before Midsummer euen,<sup>16</sup>  
68 & out att<sup>17</sup> Thames mouth sayled they.<sup>18</sup>  
They had not sayled dayes 3<sup>19</sup>  
vpon their Iourney<sup>20</sup> they<sup>21</sup> tooke in hand,  
He soon  
meets  
a ship, 72 but there they<sup>22</sup> mett with a Noble shipp,  
& stoutely made itt both stay<sup>23</sup> & stand.

<sup>1</sup> If you, my lord.—*Rel.*<sup>2</sup> Then hang me up on.—*Rel.*<sup>3</sup> i.e. breadth.—P. marke one shilling bread'th.—*Rel.*<sup>4</sup> My lord then chose a bowman rare.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> A bowman who had gained fame.—P. Whose active hands had gained fame! From the pr. copy.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> he was a.—*Rel.*<sup>7</sup> A letter blotted out before the *a* in the MS.—F. sayd.—*Rel.*<sup>8</sup> must with speede.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> Go seeke a traytor on the sea.—*Rel.*<sup>10</sup> And now of a hundred bowemen braveTo be the head I have chosen thee.—*Rel.* to be the head.—P.<sup>11</sup> If you, quoth hee.—*Rel.*<sup>12</sup> to be head.—*Rel.*<sup>13</sup> On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee.—*Rel.*<sup>14</sup> A shilling.—P. If I miss twelve-score one penny bread'th.—*Rel.*<sup>15</sup> The.—*Rel.*<sup>16</sup> With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare.—*Rel.*<sup>17</sup> Out at.—*Rel.*<sup>18</sup> he.—*Rel.*<sup>19</sup> and days he scant had sayled three.—*Rel.*<sup>20</sup> the Voyage.—P. and *Rel.*<sup>21</sup> he.—*Rel.*<sup>22</sup> he.—*Rel.*<sup>23</sup> itt stay.—*Rel.*



"thou must tell me thy name," sais Charles, my <sup>1</sup> and asks its  
 Lord HAWARD, owner  
 who he is.  
 "or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou came,<sup>2</sup>  
 yea, & <sup>3</sup> where thy dwelling is,  
 76 to whom & where thy shipp does belong.<sup>4</sup> "  
 "My name," sayes hee, "is HENERY HUNT,<sup>5</sup> " Henry  
 Hunt,  
 with a pure <sup>6</sup> hart & a penitent mind ;  
 I and my shipp they doe <sup>7</sup> belong of New-  
 castle,  
 80 vnto the New castle <sup>8</sup> that stands vpon tine."

"Now thou must tell me,<sup>9</sup> HARRY HUNT, [page 492]  
 as thou hast sayled by day & <sup>10</sup> by night,  
 hast thou not heard of a stout robber <sup>11</sup> ?  
 84 men calls <sup>12</sup> him Sir Andrew Bartton, *Knight*." and Andrew  
 Barton  
 but <sup>13</sup> euer he sighed, & sayd, " alas !  
<sup>14</sup> ffull well, my <sup>15</sup> Lord, I know *that* wight !  
 he robd me of my merchants ware,  
 88 & I was his prisoner but yesternight.

" as I was sayling vppon the sea,  
 & <sup>16</sup> Burdeaux voyage as I did <sup>17</sup> ffare,  
 he Clasped me to his Archborde <sup>18</sup>  
 92 & robd me of all my merchants ware ; robbed me  
 last night."

<sup>1</sup> MS. ny.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> come.—P.  
<sup>3</sup> and shewe me.—*Rel*.  
<sup>4</sup> Wherto thy Ship belongs & whom.  
 —P. And whither bound, and whence  
 thou came.—*Rel*.  
<sup>5</sup> is Henrye Hunt, quoth hee.—*Rel*.  
<sup>6</sup> poor, heavy.—P. heavye . . carefull.  
 —*Rel*.  
<sup>7</sup> do both.—P. and *Rel*.  
<sup>8</sup> To the Newcastle.—*Rel*.  
<sup>9</sup> Hast thou not heard, now.—*Rel*.  
<sup>10</sup> or.—P. and *Rel*.  
<sup>11</sup> Of a Scottish rover on the seas.—  
*Rel*.  
<sup>12</sup> call.—*Rel*.  
<sup>13</sup> Than.—*Rel*.

<sup>14</sup> With a grieved mind, and well away!  
 But over-well I knowe that wight,  
 I was his prisoner yesterday.—*Rel*.  
<sup>15</sup> MS. ny.—F.  
<sup>16</sup> A.—*Rel*.  
<sup>17</sup> voyage for to.—*Rel*.  
<sup>18</sup> ship, or side of a ship: see l. 278,  
 "ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea."  
 A.-S. *earc-bord*, Ark's-board, the ark.  
 Bosworth.  
 "þæt *earce-bórd* heold heofona frea,"  
 the Lord of Heaven held the ark.  
*Cædmon*, p. 84, l. 26. ed. Thorpe. See  
 also *Genesis & Exodus*, l. 576:  
 Sexe hundred ger noe was hold  
 Quan he dede him in ðe *arche-wold*.  
 and Mr. Morris's note, p. 123.—F.



- & I am a man both poore <sup>1</sup> & bare,<sup>2</sup>  
 & euery man will haue his owne <sup>3</sup> of me,  
 & I am bound towards London to ffare,<sup>4</sup>  
 96 to complaine to my Prince HENERYE.<sup>5</sup> ”
- Lord  
Howard says,  
“ Show me  
Barton,  
and I’ll give  
you 1s. for  
every penny  
you’ve lost.” 100 “ *that* shall not need,” sais my Lord HAWARD <sup>6</sup> ;  
 if thou canst lett me this robber <sup>7</sup> see,  
 ffor euery peny he hath taken <sup>8</sup> thee ffroe,  
 thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,” quoth hee.<sup>9</sup>  
 “ Now god ffore-fend,” saies HENERY HUNT,<sup>10</sup>  
 “ my Lord, you shold worke <sup>11</sup> soe ffarr amisse !  
 god keepe you out of *that* Traitors hands !  
 104 for you wott ffull litle <sup>12</sup> what a man hee is.
- Hunt tries  
to di-suade  
him from  
fighting  
Barton,  
108 “ hee is brasse within, & steele without,  
 & beanes hee beares in <sup>13</sup> his Topcastle <sup>14</sup> stronge ;  
<sup>15</sup> his shipp hath ordinance cleane round about ;  
 he hath a pinnace is <sup>16</sup> deerlye dight,  
 Saint ANDREWS crosse, *that* <sup>17</sup> is his guide ;  
 his pinnace beares <sup>18</sup> 9 score men & more,<sup>19</sup>  
 112 and 30 guns. <sup>20</sup> besides 15 <sup>21</sup> cannons on euery side.<sup>21</sup>
- who has a  
well-man-  
ned pinnace

<sup>1</sup> There is a tag at the end like an s in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> And mickle debts, God wot, I owe.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> his own.—P., P.C., and *Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> And I am nowe to London bounde.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> Of our gracious King to beg a boon.—P., P.C., and *Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> You shall not need, lord Howard sayes.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> Lett me but once that robber.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> penny tane.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> It shall be doubled shillings three.—*Rel.*

<sup>10</sup> the merchant sayes.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> That you shold seek.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> little you wot.—P. Full litle ye

wott.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> beams.—P. With beames on.—*Rel.*  
 The MS. has *beanes* or *beaues* again in l. 116, 208, 220.—F.

<sup>14</sup> Top-castles. Ledgings surrounding the mast-head. Halliwell.—F.

<sup>15</sup> And thirtye pieces of ordinance  
 He carries on each side along.—*Rel.*

With 18 pieces of ordinance  
 He carries on each side along. Pr.  
 Copy.—P.

<sup>16</sup> And he hath a pinnace.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> itt.—*Rel.*

<sup>18</sup> beareth.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> *Rel.* omits & *moe.*—F.

<sup>20</sup> And fifteen.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>21</sup> on each side.—P. and *Rel.*



“if you were 20<sup>1</sup> shippes, & he but one,  
 either in charke-bord<sup>2</sup> or in hall,<sup>3</sup>  
 he wold ouercome you<sup>4</sup> euerye one,  
 116 & if<sup>5</sup> his beanes they doe downe ffall.”  
 “this is cold comfort,” sais my Lord HAWARD,<sup>6</sup>  
 “to wellcome a stranger thus to<sup>7</sup> the sea;  
 Ile<sup>8</sup> bring him & his shipp to shore,  
 120 or else into<sup>9</sup> Scottland hee shall carrye mee.”

Howard  
says  
he'll beat  
Barton,  
or Barton  
shall him.

“then you must gett a noble gunner, my Lord,  
 that can sett well with his eye  
 & sinke his pinnace into<sup>10</sup> the sea,  
 124 & soone then ouercome will hee bee.<sup>11</sup>  
 & when *that* you haue done this,<sup>12</sup>  
 if you chance Sir ANDREW for to bord,<sup>13</sup>  
 lett no man to his Topcastle goe;  
 128 & I will giue you a glasse, my Lord,<sup>14</sup>

Hunt advises  
him first to  
sink

Barton's  
pinnace,  
and then  
board him,  
avoiding the  
topcastle.

“& then you need to fferae<sup>15</sup> no Scott,  
 whether you sayle by day or by night;  
 & to-morrow by 7 of the clocke,  
 132 you shall meete with Sir ANDREW BARTTON, *Knight*.

By 7 next  
day he shall  
meet  
Barton,

<sup>1</sup> Were you 20.—P. and *Rel.*  
<sup>2</sup> ? same as *archebord*, l. 91.—F.  
<sup>3</sup> I sweare by kirke, and bower, and  
 hall.—*Rel.*  
<sup>4</sup> orecome them.—*Rel.*  
<sup>5</sup> If once.—*Rel.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.  
<sup>7</sup> stranger on.—*Rel.*  
<sup>8</sup> Yett Ile.—*Rel.*  
<sup>9</sup> Or to.—*Rel.*  
<sup>10</sup> in.—*Rel.*  
<sup>11</sup> he'll be.—P. Or else he ne'er ore-  
 come will be.—*Rel.*  
<sup>12</sup> thing [added by P.]  
<sup>13</sup> And if you chance his shipp to borde,  
 This counsel I must give withall.  
 —*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> To strive to let his beames downe  
 fall.—*Rel.* Percy's next two stanzas,  
 altered seemingly from the printed copy,  
 take in the next three stanzas of the  
 Folio:

And seven pieces of ordinance,  
 I pray your honour lend to mee,  
 On each side of my shipp along,  
 And I will lead you on the sea.  
 A glasse I'll sett, that may be seene,  
 Whether you sayle by day or night;  
 And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the  
 clocke,  
 You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton  
 knight.

#### THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse  
 Soe well apparent in his sight,  
 And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,  
 He shewd him Sir Andrewe Barton  
 knight.  
 His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold,  
 Soe deerly dight it dazzled the ee,  
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,  
 This is a gallant sight to see.  
 —*Rel.* ii. 185-6. <sup>15</sup> feare.—F.



- I was his prisoner but yester night,  
 & he hath taken mee sworne<sup>1</sup>;” quoth hee,  
 “I trust my L[ord] god will me fforgiue  
 136 & if *that* oath then<sup>2</sup> broken bee.
- but he must  
 lend Hunt  
 six guns.  
 “you must lend me sixe peeces, my Lord,” quoth hee,  
 “into my shipp to sayle the sea,  
 & to-morrow by 9 of the clocke  
 140 your honour againe then will I see.<sup>3</sup>”  
 And the hache-bord where Sir ANDREW Lay,  
 is hached with gold deerlye dight:  
 Lord  
 Howard  
 “now by my ffaith,” sais Charles, my Lord HAWARD,  
 144 “then yonder Scott is a worthy wight!

## [Part II.]

- orders his  
 flags to be  
 taken in,  
 and a white  
 wand put  
 out.  
 2<sup>d</sup> parte { “Take in your ancyents & your standards,<sup>4</sup>  
 yea *that* no man shall<sup>5</sup> them see,  
 & put me fforth a white willow wand,  
 148 as Merchants vse to<sup>6</sup> sayle the sea.”
- They sail by  
 Barton,  
 taking no  
 notice of  
 him,  
 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
 but Sir Andrew they passed by.<sup>7</sup>  
 “whatt English are yonder,” said Sir ANDREW,<sup>8</sup>  
 152 “*that* can so litle curtesye?
- which  
 enrages  
 Barton,  
 9 “I haue beene Admirall ouer the sea  
 more then these yeeres three;  
 there is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,  
 156 can passe this way without leaue of mee.

<sup>1</sup> made me swear.—P.<sup>2</sup> now.—P.<sup>3</sup> Again your hon<sup>r</sup> I will see.—P.<sup>4</sup> ancyents, standards eke.—*Rel.*<sup>5</sup> [insert] now.—P. So close that no man may.—*Rel.*<sup>6</sup> that.—*Rel.*<sup>7</sup> Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.—*Rel.*<sup>8</sup> he sayd.—*Rel.*<sup>9</sup> Now by the roode, three yeares and moreI have been admirall over the sea;  
 And never an English nor Portingall  
 Without my leave can passe this  
 way.Then called he forth his stout pin-  
 nace;“Fetch back yond pedlars nowe  
 to mee;I sweare by the masse, yon English  
 churlesShall all hang at my maine-mast  
 tree.”—*Rel.* ii. 186.



- But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
*which is no litle greffe to me :* [page 493]  
 ffeich them backe," sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,  
 160 "they shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."  
 with *that* they pinnace itt shott of,  
*that* my Lord Haward might itt well ken,<sup>1</sup>  
 itt strokes downe my Lords fforemast,<sup>2</sup>  
 164 & killed 14 of my Lord his<sup>3</sup> men.  
 "come hither, Simon !" sayes my Lord Haward,<sup>4</sup>  
 "looke *that* thy words be true thou sayd<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Ile hang thee att my maine-mast tree<sup>6</sup>  
 168 if thou misse thy marke past 12<sup>d</sup> bread.<sup>7</sup> "
- Simon was old, but his hart itt<sup>8</sup> was bold,  
 hee tooke downe a peece, & layd itt ffull lowe<sup>9</sup> ;  
 he put in chaine yards 9,<sup>10</sup>  
 172 besids<sup>11</sup> other great shott lesse and more.<sup>12</sup>  
 with *that* hee lett his gun shott goe<sup>13</sup> ;  
 soe well hee settled itt with his eye,<sup>14</sup>  
 the ffirst sight *that* Sir ANDREW sawe,  
 176 hee see<sup>15</sup> his pinnace sunke<sup>16</sup> in the sea.  
 when<sup>17</sup> hee saw his pinace sunke,  
 Lord ! in his hart hee was not well<sup>18</sup> :  
 "cutt<sup>19</sup> my ropes ! itt is time to be gon !  
 180 Ile goe ffeitch<sup>20</sup> yond<sup>21</sup> pedlers backe my selfe<sup>22</sup> ! "
- and he de-  
 clares he'll  
 hang them,  
 and sends  
 out his  
 pinnace to  
 take them.  
 But old  
 Simon  
 aims low,  
 and with his  
 chain shot  
 sinks the  
 pinnace.  
 Barton sails  
 to fetch  
 Lord  
 Howard  
 himself.

<sup>1</sup> well it ken.—P. Full well Lord Howard might it ken.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> For it strake downe his fore-mast tree.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> of his.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.

<sup>5</sup> word doe stand in stead.—*Rel.*

<sup>6</sup> For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> twelve score one penny bread.—P.C., P. one shilling bread'th.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> *Rel.* omits *itt*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> His ordinance he laid right lowe.—*Rel.* 'Aim low' is the regular rule.—F.

<sup>10</sup> full 9 yards long.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> with.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> moe.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> And he lett goe his great gunnes shott.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> ee.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> saw.—P. He sawe.—*Rel.*

<sup>16</sup> MS. sunke.—F. sunke i'.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> and when.—*Rel.*

<sup>18</sup> Lord, how his heart with rage did swell.—*Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> Nowe cutt.—*Rel.*

<sup>20</sup> Ile fetch.—*Rel.*

<sup>21</sup> MS. yomd.—F.

<sup>22</sup> mysel.—P. and *Rel.*



- when my Lord Haward <sup>1</sup> saw Sir ANDREW loose,  
 lord ! in his hart *that* hee <sup>2</sup> was ffaine :
- 184 “ strike on your drummes, spread out your ancyents ! <sup>3</sup>  
 sound out your trumpetts <sup>4</sup> ! sound out amaine ! ”
- “ ffight on, my men ! ” sais Sir ANDREW BARTTON <sup>5</sup> ;  
 “ weate, howsoeuer this geere will sway,  
 itt is my Lord Adm[i]rall of England  
 188 is come to seeke mee on the sea.”
- Old Simon's son  
 puts in another shot, and kills 60 of Barton's men.  
 192 <sup>6</sup> Simon had a sonne, with shott of a gunn,—  
 well Sir ANDREW might itt Ken,—  
 he shott itt in att a priuye place,  
 & killed 60 more of Sir ANDREWS men.<sup>6</sup>
- Hunt attacks Barton too,  
 and kills 80 more men.  
 196 <sup>7</sup> HARRY HUNT came in att the other syde,  
 & att Sir ANDREW hee shott then,  
 he droue downe his fformost tree,  
 & killed 80 <sup>8</sup> more of Sir ANDIRWES men.
- 200 “ I haue done a good turne,” sayes HARRY HUNT,  
 “ Sir ANDREW is not our Kings ffreind ;  
 he hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,  
 but I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.”
- Barton laments,  
 204 “ Euer alas ! ” sayd Sir ANDREW BARTON,<sup>9</sup>  
 “ what shold a man either <sup>10</sup> thinke or say ?  
 yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest Enemye,  
 who was my prisoner but yesterday.

<sup>1</sup> *Rel.* omits Howard.—F.  
<sup>2</sup> how he.—P. Within his heart.  
—*Rel.*  
<sup>3</sup> your Ancients spread.—P.  
Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up  
drummes.—*Rel.*  
<sup>4</sup> Sound all your trumpetts.—*Rel.*  
<sup>5</sup> Sir Andrew says.—P. and *Rel.*  
<sup>6-6</sup> Simon had a sonne, who shott right  
well,  
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare ;  
In att his decke he gave a shott,  
Killed threescore of his men of  
warre.  
*Rel.* ii. 188, (altered from printed copy.  
—F.)

<sup>7</sup> Of the next stanza and a half Percy  
makes one, taking two lines from the  
Folio, and the rest (altered) from the  
printed copy :  
Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott  
Came bravely on the other side,  
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,  
And killed fourscore men beside.  
Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrew cryed,  
What may a man now thinke, or say ?  
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth  
mee,  
He was my prisoner yesterday.  
<sup>8</sup> fifty.—P.C., P. fourscore men be-  
side.—*Rel.*  
<sup>9</sup> Sr And<sup>w</sup> sayd.—P. <sup>10</sup> now.—P.



- come hither to me, thou Gourden<sup>1</sup> good,  
 & be thou<sup>2</sup> readye att my call,  
 & I will giue thee 300<sup>13</sup>  
 208 if thou wilt lett my beanes<sup>4</sup> downe ffall.”
- <sup>5</sup> with *that* hee swarned<sup>6</sup> the maine-mast tree,  
 soe did he itt<sup>7</sup> with might and maine :  
 HORSELEY<sup>8</sup> with a bearing<sup>9</sup> arrow  
 212 stroke the Gourden<sup>10</sup> through the braine,  
 And he ffall into<sup>11</sup> the haches againe,  
 & sore of this wound *that* he<sup>12</sup> did bleed.  
 then word went throug Sir ANDREWS men,  
 216 *that* they Gourden<sup>13</sup> hee was dead.
- “ come hither to me, IAMES HAMBLITON,<sup>14</sup>—  
 thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more,<sup>15</sup>—  
 I will giue [thee] 600<sup>16</sup>  
 220 if thou will lett my beanes downe ffall.<sup>17</sup> ”  
 with *that* hee swarned the maine-mast tree,  
 soe did hee itt with might and maine<sup>18</sup> :  
 Horseley with an-other<sup>19</sup> broad Arrow  
 224 strake the yeaman<sup>20</sup> through the braine,

and offers  
Gordon

300l. to  
climb the  
mast and let  
the beams  
fall.

He climbs  
up,

but Horseley  
shoots him  
through the  
brain.

Barton then  
offers his  
nephew 600l.  
to climb up.

He climbs,

but Horseley  
shoots him  
dead.

<sup>1</sup> Gordon.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> That aye wast.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> I will give thee three hundred  
markes.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> beams.—P.

<sup>5</sup> For the next four lines, Percy,  
without notice, takes (and alters) the  
printed copy:

Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,

“ Horseley see thou be true in stead;  
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,  
If thou misse twelvescore one penny  
bread'th.—*Rel.* ii. 188.

<sup>6</sup> swarmed, i.e. climbed, a word still  
used in Shropshire [? all over England.  
—F.] in this sense.—P. Then Gordon  
swarvd.—*Rel.* MS. may be *swarued*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> He swarved it.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> But Horseley.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> See *Adam Bell &c.*, p. 98, l. 601. The  
*bearing* arrow was a broad one, l. 223 below.

I suspect the word means only well-  
feathered for far shooting, like a ‘good  
*carrying* cartridge.’—F.

<sup>10</sup> Gordon.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> downe to.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> sore his deadlye wounde.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> Gordon.—P. How that the Gordon.  
—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> Hamilton.—P. Hambilton.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> mo.—P. my only sisters sonne.—  
*Rel.*

<sup>16</sup> thee six hundred pounds.—P.

<sup>17</sup> wilt to my Top-castle go. Printed  
Copy.—P.

If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,  
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.  
—*Rel.*

<sup>18</sup> He swarved it with nimble art.—  
*Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> But Horseley with a.—*Rel.*

<sup>20</sup> yeoman.—P. Pierced the Hambil-  
ton thorough the heart.—*Rel.*



- <sup>1</sup> *that* <sup>2</sup> hee ffell downe to the haches againe <sup>3</sup> :  
 sore of his wound *that* <sup>4</sup> hee did bleed.  
 itt is verry true, as the welchman sayd,  
 228 couetousness getts no gaine.<sup>5</sup>  
 but when hee saw his sisters sonne <sup>6</sup> slaine,  
 Lord ! in his heart hee was not well.  
 “goe ffeitch me downe <sup>7</sup> my armour of proue,<sup>8</sup>  
 232 ffor I will to the topcastle my-selfe.<sup>9</sup>  
 “goe <sup>10</sup> ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe, [page 494]  
 for itt is gilded <sup>11</sup> with gold soe cleere.  
 god be with my brother, Iohn of Bartton !  
 236 amongst <sup>12</sup> the Portingalls hee did itt weare.<sup>13</sup> ”  
 but when hee had his <sup>14</sup> armour of prooffe,  
 15 & on his body hee had itt on,  
 euery man *that* looked att him  
 240 sayd, “gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none ! ”  
 “come hither, Horsley ! ” sayes my Lord HAWARD,<sup>16</sup>  
 “& looke <sup>17</sup> your shaft *that* itt goe right ;  
 shoot a good shoote in the time <sup>18</sup> of need,  
 244 & ffor thy shooting <sup>19</sup> thoust be made a *Knight*.”  
 Horsley “Ile doe my best,” sayes<sup>20</sup> Horslay then,  
 “your honor shall see beffore I goe <sup>21</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> For the next six lines the *Reliques* have :

And downe he fell upon the deck,  
 That with his blood did streame  
 amaine :

Then every Scott cried, Well-away !

Alas a comelye youth is slaine !

All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,

With griefe and rage his heart did  
 swell.—F.

<sup>2</sup> And.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. agaime.—F. <sup>4</sup> then.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Covetousness brings nothing home.

Ray : ed. Bohn, p. 81.—F.

<sup>6</sup> nephew.—P.

<sup>7</sup> forth.—*Rel.* <sup>8</sup> proof.—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> top-mast mysel.—P. topcastle my-  
 sel.—*Rel.*

<sup>10</sup> MS. pared away.—F.

<sup>11</sup> gilt.—P. That gilded is.—*Rel.*

<sup>12</sup> Against.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> ware.—P. hee it ware.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> on this.—*Rel.*

<sup>15</sup> Percy has a bit of his own for the  
 next three lines :

He was a gallant sight to see.

Ah ! nere didst thou meet with living  
 wight,

My deere brothèr, could cope with  
 thee.—*Rel.* ii. 190.

<sup>16</sup> my lord.—*Rel.*

<sup>17</sup> looke to.—*Rel.*

<sup>18</sup> in time.—*Rel.*

<sup>19</sup> it.—P. it thou shalt.—*Rel.*

<sup>20</sup> quoth.—*Rel.*

<sup>21</sup> see, with might and maine.—*Rel.*



- if I shold be hanged att your mainemast,<sup>1</sup>  
 248 I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.<sup>2</sup>”  
 has only two  
 arrows left :
- <sup>3</sup> but att Sir ANDREW hee shott then ;  
 hee made sure<sup>4</sup> to hitt his marke ;  
 vnder the spole<sup>5</sup> of his right arme  
 252 hee smote Sir ANDREW quite throw the hart.  
 yett ffrom the tree hee wold not start,  
 but hee clinged to itt with might & maine.  
 vnder the coller then of his Iacke,<sup>6</sup>  
 256 he stroke Sir ANDREW thorrow the braine.  
 and with the  
 other,  
 through the  
 brain.
- “ffight on my men,” sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,<sup>7</sup>  
 “I am<sup>8</sup> hurt, but I am<sup>9</sup> not slaine ;  
 Ile lay mee<sup>10</sup> downe & bleed a-while,  
 260 & then Ile rise & ffight againe.<sup>11</sup>  
 ffight on my men,” sayes Sir ANDREW BARTTON,<sup>12</sup>  
 “these English doggs they bite soe lowe ;<sup>13</sup>  
<sup>14</sup> ffight on ffor Scottland & Saint ANDREW  
 264 till<sup>15</sup> you heare my whistle blowe !”  
 to fight on  
 till  
 they hear his  
 whistle.
- but when thé cold not heare his whistle blow,  
 sayes HARRY HUNT, “Ile lay my head  
 you may bord yonder noble shipp, my Lord,  
 268 for I know Sir ANDREW hee is dead.”<sup>16</sup>  
 No whistle  
 sounds.

<sup>1</sup> But if I were hanged at your maine-mast tree.—*Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> I have now left but arrowes twaine.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> For this stanza Percy has the following, altered from the printed copy:

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,  
 With right good will he swarved then:

Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,  
 But the arrow bounded back agen.

Then Horselye spyed a privye place  
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part;

Under the spole of his right arme  
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

<sup>4</sup> right [sure].—P.

<sup>5</sup> Fr. *espaule*, a shoulder.—Cotgrave.

<sup>6</sup> leather tunic over the armour. See Fairholt, on *Jacket*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Andw. says.—P. Sir Andrew sayes.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> a little I'm hurt.—Pr. Copy, P., and *Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> but yett.—*Rel.* <sup>10</sup> but lye.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Sir Andw. says.—P. Sir Andrew sayes.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> and never flinche before the foe.—*Rel.*

<sup>14</sup> But stand fast by St. Andrew's Cross.—P. Copy, P., and *Rel.* with *And* for *But*.—F.

<sup>15</sup> Until.—P.

<sup>16</sup> They never heard his whistle blow,  
 Which made their hearts waxe  
 sore adread:

Then Horseley sayd, Aboard, my lord,

For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.

*Rel.* (altered from printed copy).—F.



Howard and  
Hunt  
board  
Barton's  
ship.

with *that* they borted this<sup>1</sup> noble shipp,  
soe did they itt<sup>2</sup> with might & maine;  
thé ffound 18 score Scotts alieue,<sup>3</sup>  
272 besides the rest were maimed &<sup>4</sup> slaine.

Howard cuts  
off Barton's  
head,

My Lord<sup>5</sup> Haward tooke a sword in his hand,<sup>6</sup>  
& smote<sup>7</sup> of<sup>8</sup> Sir ANDREWS head.

the Scotts stood by, did weepe & mourne,  
276 but neuer a word durst speake or say.<sup>9</sup>

has his  
body thrown  
overboard,

he caused his body to be taken downe,<sup>10</sup>  
& ouer the hatch-bord cast<sup>11</sup> into the sea,  
& about his middle 300 crownes:

280 "wheresoeuer thou lands, itt<sup>12</sup> will bury thee."

and sails to  
England,

<sup>13</sup> with his head they sayled into England againe  
with right good will, & fforce & meanye,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> they boarded then [his].—P. and *Rel.*

<sup>2</sup> They boarded it.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> Eighteen score Scotts alive they found.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> The rest were either maimd or.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> Lord.—*Rel.* <sup>6</sup> in hand.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> [insert] ther.—P.

<sup>8</sup> And off he smote.—*Rel.*

<sup>9</sup> they spake or said.—P.

I must ha' left England many a daye,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.—*Rel.* (from printed copy, altered.)—F.

<sup>10</sup> to be cast.—*Rel.*

<sup>11</sup> *Rel.* omits & and *cast*.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Wherever thou land this.—*Rel.*

<sup>13</sup> For the next four stanzas, Percy has these four from his own head, the printed copy, and the folio:

Thus from the warres lord Howard came,  
And backe he sayled on the maine,  
With mickle joy and triumphing  
Into Thames mouth he came againe.  
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,  
And sealed it with seale and ring:  
"Such a noble prize have I brought to  
your grace,  
As never did subject to a king.

Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;  
A braver shipp was never none:

Nowe hath your grace two shippes of  
warre,

Before in England was but one."  
King Henryes grace with royall cheere,  
Welcomed the noble Howard home,  
And where, said he, is this rover stout:  
That I myselfe may give the doome?

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,  
Full many a fadom in the sea; [Percy]  
If he were alive, as he is dead,  
I must ha' left England many a day:  
And your grace may thank four men i'  
the ship

For the victory wee have wonne,  
These are William Horseley, Henry  
Hunt,  
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,  
In lieu of what was from thee tane,  
A noble a day thou shalt have,  
With Sir Andrewes jewels and his  
chayne."  
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,  
And lands and livings shalt have  
store;

Howard shall be earl Surrye hight,  
As Howards erst have beene before.  
—*Rel.* ii. 192-3.

<sup>14</sup> main.—P.



& the day beffore Newyeeres euen  
 284 & into Thames mouth againe they came.<sup>1</sup>  
 My Lord HAWARD wrote to *King* HENERYES grace,  
 with all the newes hee cold him bring :  
 “such a newyeeres giff<sup>t</sup> I haue<sup>2</sup> brought to your  
 gr[ace],  
 288 as neuer did subiect to any<sup>3</sup> King.

which he  
 reaches on  
 December  
 30.  
 Lord  
 Howard  
 writes to  
 Henry VIII.  
 that he has a  
 grand new-  
 year's gift  
 for him.

“ffor Merchandyes & Manhood,  
 the like is nott to be ffound ;  
 the sight of these wold doe you good,  
 292 ffor you haue not the Like in your English ground.”  
 but when hee heard tell *that* they were come,  
 full royally hee welcomed them home :  
 Sir ANDREWS shipp was the *Kings* Newyeeres guiff<sup>t</sup> ;  
 296 a brauer shipp you neuer saw none.

Henry is  
 delighted to  
 find that it's  
 Barton's  
 ship,

Now hath our *King* Sir ANDREWS shipp  
 besett with pearles and precyous stones ;  
 Now hath England 2 shippes of warr,  
 300 2 shippes of warr, before but one.

all over  
 pearls.  
 The King  
 has now two  
 ships of war.

“who holpe to this ? ” sayes *King* HENERYE,  
 “*that* I may reward him ffor his paine.<sup>4</sup>”  
 “HARRY HUNT & PEETER SIMON,  
 304 WILLIAM HORSELEAY, & I THE SAME.”

He gives  
 Hunt  
 Barton's

“HARRY HUNT shall haue his whistle & chaine, [page 495] jewels &c.  
 & all his Iewells, whatsoeuer they bee,  
 & other rich giff<sup>t</sup>s *that* I will not name,  
 308 for his good service he hath done<sup>5</sup> mee.  
 HORSLEY, right thoust be a *Knight* ;  
 Lands & liuings thou shalt haue store.  
 Howard shalbe Erle of Nottingham,  
 312 & soe was neuer HAWARD before.

makes  
 Horseley a  
 knight,  
 Howard  
 Earl of  
 Notting-  
 ham,

<sup>1</sup> they came again.—P.

<sup>2</sup> a noble prize have I.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> a.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> MS. paim.—F.

<sup>5</sup> [insert] to.—P.



and gives  
Simon and  
his son

500*l*.

“ Now Peeter Simon, thou art old,  
I will maintaine thee & thy sonne,  
thou shalt haue 500<sup>li</sup> all in gold

316    ffor the good service *that* thou hast done.<sup>1</sup> ”

then *King* HENERYE shifted his roome ;

The Queen  
comes

in came the Queene & ladyes bright ;  
other arrands they had none

to see  
Barton's

320    but to see Sir ANDREW BARTTON, *Knight*.

face.

but when they see his deadly fface,  
his eyes were <sup>2</sup> hollow in his head,

The King  
wishes he  
were  
alive again,

324    “ I wold giue a 100<sup>li</sup>,” sais *King* HENERYE,

“ the <sup>3</sup> man were aliue as hee is dead !

yett ffor the manfull *part that* hee hath playd <sup>4</sup>

both heere & <sup>5</sup> beyond the sea <sup>6</sup>

and sends  
his men  
back to  
Scotland.

his men shall haue halfe a crowne<sup>7</sup> a day

328    to bring them to my brother *King* IAMEY.<sup>8</sup> ”    ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> And the men shall have five hundred  
markes  
For the good service they have done.—  
*Rel.* ; which has for the next four lines :  
Then in came the queene with ladyes  
fair  
To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight :  
They weend that hee were brought on  
shore,  
And thought to have seen a gallant  
sight.

<sup>2</sup> soe.—*Rel.*

<sup>3</sup> This.—*Rel.*

<sup>4</sup> part he playd.—*Rel.*

<sup>5</sup> [insert] eke.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Which fought soe well with heart  
and hand.—*Rel.*

<sup>7</sup> tweluepence.—*Rel.*

<sup>8</sup> Till they come to my brother king's  
high land.—*Rel.* Oh, this restless itch  
of alteration!—F.



### The : Sillye Siluan.

“PITY the sorrows of a lover” is the gist of this piece. The swain protests that he is scorched with the flame of love, and must be altogether consumed by it, if his lady will not put forth a hand and pluck him like a brand from the burning. His only claim to such a service is that he loves her. He hopes she may be induced to reflect his love.

Fire warms to life; it also burns to death; as the simple savage found, who was consumed by the flames in which he had taken pleasure. And so it is with love.

---

LIKE: to the sillye Siluan  
 burnt by the ffire he liked,  
 I scor[c]hed am with cupidds ffery fflame,  
 4 wherin I became <sup>1</sup> delighted.  
 grant then, o grant, my desire to allay,  
 lest *that* I ruined bee;  
 & godd[e]sse like, saue mee!  
 8 [By] Loue <sup>2</sup> my liffe I maintaine;  
 death by hatred I gaine:  
 you <sup>3</sup> the Murthresse, if slaine I bee.  
 Then hand in hand lett pittye  
 12 with bewtye March intwined <sup>4</sup>;  
 harmonious paire, if soe linked they were,  
 how delightffull in thee combined!  
 ffairest of all *that* the sun doth survay,  
 16 lett gracyousnesse take place;

I'm scorched  
with Cupid's  
flame!

Then, love,

save me!

Let Pity join  
with thy  
Beauty.

<sup>1</sup> MS. became.—F.

<sup>2</sup> By your Love.—P.

<sup>3</sup> you are.—P.

<sup>4</sup> entwined.—P.



Be not too  
coy :

O be not to coye <sup>1</sup> !

Thou art an Angell, if a ffreind ;  
if an enemye, a ffeend.

pity me !

20

then to pittye condescend, I pray !

ffaine wold I *that* my desires

on her might haue refflectyon.

Love your  
lover again.

Loue loued againe ; itt is my only <sup>2</sup> aime

24

to be answered with true affectyon.

Loue is attended with many a plesure  
to thee vnknowene as yett.

mee <sup>3</sup> to those <sup>4</sup> Ioyes admitte !

Grant me  
love's  
rights,

28

crowne me with those loues rights,  
with those precyous delights,

now the time  
is so fit.

whiles the time *that* vs invites if itt's fitte. <sup>5</sup> ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> too coye.—P.

<sup>2</sup> it is my only.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. meete.—F.

<sup>4</sup> mee then to those.—P.

<sup>5</sup> *that* invites us is so fit.—P.



### Patient Grissell : <sup>1</sup>

THIS is a later version of the story which seems to have been first told in English by Chaucer, who derived it from Boccaccio, who derived it perhaps from Petrarch, who derived it from some floating tradition. There were current in the Middle Ages numberless tales and songs abusive of women. This sorry literature sprung probably from the monks, who, whatever their practice may have been, were ready enough to clamour that women's society was by all means to be avoided and detested—that women were everything bad and abominable. One would think that Eve had tempted the serpent, not the serpent Eve. Had there arisen no authors of broader and truer experiences than these cloistered libellers, the very acrimony of their slanders would have sufficed to excite a literature reactionary and protesting. Certainly such a literature grew and flourished. Women found their advocates. In the fields of poetry as well as of tournament and war they found their knights, who did battle bravely for them. Men rose up and called them blessed, and put ignorant scandal-mongers to shame. The *Nut Brown Maid* was written especially to gainsay those who accused them of perpetual inconstancy; *Patient Grissell* to rebuke those who pronounced them ever shrews. *Griselda* is essentially a reactionary story; else, the patience of the heroine is too extreme to be tolerated, she is tame to excess, she is characterless. If we remember how incessantly the shrewishness of women, their obstinacy, their furiousness were asserted and proclaimed, then we shall understand why *Griselda's* patience is represented as so extreme and

<sup>1</sup> In *the* printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1727, Vol 3. p. 252.—P. "To the tune of *The Bride's Good-morrow &c.*"

*ib.*—F. vid. Boccace Chaucer (*pencil note*).



invincible, why the roughest, cruellest, shamefullest wrongs cannot ruffle it. The story does not contemplate the virtue it celebrates in reference to other virtues. It does not concern itself with these; in its devotion to its one object, it may even outrage some of these. Its aim and purpose is to picture patience in a woman. This picture it paints surely with surpassing success. Is there any more moving picture of meekness in any secular literature? Griselda bears the grievous burdens laid upon her shoulders with a quiet uncomplaining spirit. No angry cries, no burning reproaches escape from the lips of this most gentle lady. And yet, if ever any tongue might grow shrewish and curst, assuredly hers might grow so. But in meekness she possesses her soul. Bereft of her children, cast off by her husband, the tenderest fibres of her soul thus rudely torn and broken, she cannot but weep somewhat. "The tears stood in her eyes." But

She nothing answered, no words of discontent  
Did from her lips arise.

And when ready to "part away,"

"God send long life unto my lord," quoth she.  
"Let no offence be found in this,  
To give my lord a parting kiss."

The following version of the story is found elsewhere—in an old chap-book, dated 1619, from which it has been reprinted by the Percy Society in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, and in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1727.

"Two plays upon the subject," observes Professor Child in the Introduction to his copy of *Patient Grissel*, "are known to have been written, one of which (by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton) has been printed by the Shakespeare Society, while the other, an older production of the close of Henry VIII.'s reign, is lost. About the middle of the sixteenth century (1565) a *Song of Patient Grissell* is entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a prose history the same year." License is given to "Owyn Rogers" "for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the sounge of pacyente Gressell unto hyr make."



The poem given by Percy in the *Reliques*, called *The Patient Countess*, an extract from Warner's *Albion's England*, represents rather tact and management than patience in the wife of an unfaithful (not a tempting and assaying) husband. "The subject of this tale," says the Bishop, "is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus intituled *Uxor μεμψύγαμος* sive *Conjugium*; which has been agreeably modernized by the late Mr. Spence in his little Miscellaneous Publication intituled 'Moralties &c. by Sir Harry Beaumont, 1753, 8vo. pag. 42.' " "Jam si molestum non erat," says Eulalia, one of the interlocutors in that dialogue, "referam tibi quiddam de marito commoditate uxoris correcto; quod nuper accidit in hac ipsâ civitate." "Nihil est quod agam," rejoins Xantippe, whose name indicates her views as to how husbands should be dealt with, "et perquam grata mihi est tua confabulatio." "Est vir quidam," proceeds her more discreet friend, and relates the tale versified by Warner. Xantippe does not appreciate the forbearance shown by the wronged lady of the story. "O matronam nimium bonam! Ego citius pro lecto substravissem illi fasciculum urticarum ac tribulorum." The Patient Countess then is other than our Griselda.

Griselda became a proverb of patience. Scarcely has the patience of Job been more widely heard of than hers. Butler (*Hudibras*, part i. cant. ii.) speaks of

Words far bitterer than wormwood,  
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.

A : noble Marquesse, as hee did ryde on <sup>1</sup> huntinge  
hard by a fforrest syde,  
a proper maid,<sup>2</sup> as shee did sitt a spinninge,  
4 his gentle eye espyde.

A Marquis  
out hunting

spies a  
lovely maid,

<sup>1</sup> a.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> fair and comely Maiden.—O.B.



- Most ffaire & louely, & of comely <sup>1</sup> grace, was shee,  
 although in simple attire ;  
 singing. shee sung ffull sweet <sup>2</sup> with pleasant voice melodyous-  
 lyee,  
 His heart is 8      which sett the Lords hart on ffire.  
 on fire,  
 the more he looket, the more hee might ;  
 bewtye bred <sup>3</sup> his harts delight ;  
 & to this dainty <sup>4</sup> damsell then [hee went.] <sup>5</sup>  
 and he 12      "God speed," quoth hee, "thou ffamous fflower, [p. 496]  
 accosts the maiden. ffaire Mistress of this homely bower  
 where louee & vertue liues <sup>6</sup> with sweet content !"  
 She 16      with comely Iesture & modest ffine <sup>7</sup> behauour  
 welcomes him modestly. shee bade <sup>8</sup> him welcome ; then  
 shee entertaind him in ffaithffull ffrendly man[ner]  
 & all his gentlemen.  
 The Marquis 20      the Noble Marquesse in his hart felt such a fflame,  
 which sett his sences att striffe ;  
 asks her 24      quoth hee, "ffaire mayd,<sup>9</sup> show me soone what is thine <sup>10</sup>  
 name ; he [name ;]  
 means to I meane to make thee my wiffe."  
 marry her. "Grissell is my name," quoth shee,  
 "Grissell 24      "ffarr vnffitt ffor your degree :  
 is my name. I'm quite unfit for you." a silly mayden, & of parents poore."  
 He urges his 28      "nay, Grissell ! thou art rich," he sayd ;  
 suit ; "a virtiuos, ffaire, & comelye mayde !  
 grant me thy loue, & I will aske no more."  
 she consents, Att Lenght shee Consented, & being both contented,  
 they marry, they marryed were with speed.  
 she is clad 32      her country russett was changed to silke & veluett,  
 in silk velvet, as to her state agreed ;

<sup>1</sup> a comely.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> most sweetly.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> was.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> O.B. omits *dainty*.—F.<sup>5</sup> Strait the Noble went.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> Dwells.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> O.B. omits *ffine*.—F.<sup>8</sup> bids.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> Maiden.—F.<sup>10</sup> thy name.—P. & O.B.



- & when *that* shee was trimly tyred in the same,  
her bewtye shined most bright,  
ffarr stainninge euery other braue & comelye <sup>1</sup> dam[e]  
36 *that* did appeare in her sight.<sup>2</sup> and looks  
many enuyed her therfore, lovelier than  
because shee was of parents poore, anyone else.  
& twixt her Lord & shee great striffe did raise. People envy  
her,  
40 some said this, & some said that,  
& some did call her beggars bratt, call her  
beggar's  
& to her Lord they wold her offt dispraise : brat,  
“O noble Marquesse” (quoth they) “why doe you <sup>3</sup> and  
wrong vs, reproach the  
Marquis  
44 thus baselye ffor to wedd,  
*that* <sup>4</sup> might haue gotten an honourable <sup>5</sup> Ladye with having  
married a  
into your princely bed ? base-born  
girl ;  
who will not now your noble issue still <sup>6</sup> deryde, his children  
will be  
48 *which* heerafter shall <sup>7</sup> be borne, scorned.  
*that* are of blood soe base on <sup>8</sup> the Mothers syde,  
the *which* will bring them in scorne.  
put her therfore quite away ;  
52 take <sup>9</sup> to you a Ladye gay, He should  
put her  
wherby your Linage may renowned bee : ” away,  
and marry a  
Lady.  
thus euery day thé seemed to <sup>10</sup> prate  
*that* malliced <sup>11</sup> GRISSELLS good estate,  
56 who tooke all this most mild & patyentlye.<sup>12</sup> Grissell  
takes it all  
patiently.  
when <sup>13</sup> the Marquesse see <sup>14</sup> *that* <sup>15</sup> they were bent thus The Marquis  
against his ffaithffull <sup>16</sup> wiffe, loves her  
as his life,  
who <sup>17</sup> most dearlye, tenderlye, & entirlye,  
60 he loued <sup>18</sup> as his liffe ; but thinks  
to prove her,

<sup>1</sup> Fair and Princely.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> O.B. omits this line.—F.<sup>3</sup> didst thou.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> Who.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> hom<sup>bl</sup> in the MS.—F.<sup>6</sup> now.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> shall hereafter.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> base Born by.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> And take.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> they did.—O.B. <sup>11</sup> envy'd.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> Who all this while Took it most  
patiently.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> When that.—O.B.<sup>14</sup> Did see.—O.B.<sup>15</sup> O.B. omits *that*.—F.<sup>16</sup> lawful.—O.B.<sup>17</sup> Whom he.—O.B.<sup>18</sup> Beloved.—O.B.



- and seems  
cruel,  
that men  
may pity  
her.
- 64 Minding <sup>1</sup> in secrett for to proue <sup>2</sup> her patyent hart,  
therby her ffoes <sup>3</sup> to disgrace,  
thinking to play <sup>4</sup> a hard discourteous part  
*that* men might pittye her case ;—  
great with child this <sup>5</sup> Ladye was ;  
& att lenght <sup>6</sup> itt came to passe,
- She gives  
birth to  
twins,  
a boy and  
girl.
- 68 2 goodlye children att one birth shee had,  
a sonne & daughter god had sent,  
which did their ffather <sup>7</sup> well content,  
& which did make their mothers <sup>8</sup> hart full glad.
- A grand  
christening  
feast  
is held for  
six weeks,
- 72 Great Ioy & <sup>9</sup> ffeasting was att the <sup>10</sup> childrens christ-  
enin[g,]  
& princely triumph made.  
6 weekes together all nobles *that* came thither  
were entertained, and stayd.  
& when *that* all these plasant sporttings <sup>11</sup> quite were <sup>12</sup>  
done,
- and then  
the Marquis  
sends a  
messenger to  
fetch the  
twins  
to be  
murdered.
- 76 the Marquesse a Messenger sent  
ffor his young daughter & his pretty smiling so[ne,]  
declaring his ffull entent,  
how *that* they <sup>13</sup> babes must murdered bee,—  
80 for soe the Marquess did decree :
- Grissell  
weeps,  
but says her  
lord must be  
obeyed.
- 84 “ come, lett me haue thy <sup>14</sup> children,” then hee say[d].  
with *that*, ffaire Grissell wept ffull sore,  
shee wrong her hands, & sayd no more :  
“ My <sup>15</sup> gracyous Lord must haue his will obayd.”
- [page 497]
- Shee tooke the babyes <sup>16</sup> ffrom <sup>17</sup> the nursing Ladyes  
betweene her tender armes ;  
shee often wishes with many sorrowffull kisses  
88 *that* shee might helpe <sup>18</sup> their harmes :
- She kisses  
her babes,

<sup>1</sup> Meaning.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> try.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> these.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> his Foes for.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> the pleasant Sporting.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> shew her.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> was.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> How the.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>14</sup> The.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> at the last.—O.B.<sup>15</sup> But my.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> Mother.—O.B.<sup>16</sup> the Babes.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> Father's.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> Royal.—O.B.<sup>17</sup> Even from.—O.B.<sup>18</sup> ease.—O.B.



- “ffarwell, ffarwell 1000 times, my children deere !  
 neere<sup>1</sup> shall I see you againe !  
 tis long of me, your sad and wofull mother heere,  
 92 for whose sake you<sup>2</sup> must be slaine.  
 had I beene borne of royall race,  
 you might haue liued in happy case,  
 but you must dye for my vnworthynesse !  
 96 come, messenger of death,” sayd<sup>3</sup> shee,  
 “take my despised<sup>4</sup> babes ffrom mee,<sup>5</sup>  
 & to their ffather my complaints expresse !”  
 Hee tooke the children ; vnto<sup>6</sup> his Noble Master  
 100 he brought<sup>7</sup> them both<sup>8</sup> with speed,  
 who<sup>9</sup> secrett sent them vnto a noble Ladye  
 to bee brought vp indeed.  
 then to ffaire Grissell with a heauy hart hee goes  
 104 where shee sate myldlye alone.<sup>10</sup>  
 a pleasant gesture & a louelye looke shee showes,  
 as if greeffe<sup>11</sup> shee had neuer<sup>12</sup> knone.  
 quoth hee, “my children now are slaine :  
 108 what thinkes ffaire Grissell of the same ?  
 sweet Grissell, now declare thy mind to mee.”  
 “sith you, my Lord, are pleased with itt,  
 poore GRISSELL thinkes the actyon<sup>13</sup> fitt.  
 112 both I and mine att your comand wilbee.”  
 “My Nobles<sup>14</sup> murmure, ffaire Girssell, at thy honour,  
 & I noe Ioy Can haue  
 till thou be banisht both ffrom my court & presence,  
 116 as they vniustly craue.

bids them  
farewell,

tells them  
they're to  
die

because she's  
of low blood,

and bids the  
messenger

repeat her  
plaints to  
her husband.

He takes  
them  
to the  
Marquis,  
who sends  
them to a  
lady to be  
brought up,  
and then he  
goes  
to Grissell

(who  
receives him  
pleasantly),

says the  
children are  
slain ;  
what does  
she think of  
it ?  
“If it  
pleases you,  
I think it  
right.”

Then he tells  
her that, to  
please his  
nobles, she's  
to be sent  
away

<sup>1</sup> Never.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> both.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> quoth.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> dearest.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> to thee.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> And to.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> bore.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> thence.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Who in.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> all alone.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> no Grief.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> O.B. omits *neuer*.—F.

<sup>13</sup> this.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.



in her plain  
grey frock,

thou must be stript out of thy <sup>1</sup> garments all,  
& as thou camest vnto <sup>2</sup> mee,  
in homely gray, instead of bisse <sup>3</sup> & purest pall,  
120 now all thy clothing must bee.

and be his  
wife no  
more.

My *Lady* thou shalt <sup>4</sup> be no more,  
nor I thy *Lord*, which greeues me sore.  
the poorest liffe must now content thy mind ;  
124 a groate to thee I may <sup>5</sup> not giue  
to maintaine thee <sup>6</sup> while I liue <sup>7</sup> :  
against my Grissell such great ffoes I ffind."

The tears  
come to  
her eyes,  
but she says  
nothing,

When gentle Grissell had hard this <sup>8</sup> wofull tydings,  
128 the teares stood in her eyes.  
she nothing <sup>9</sup> answered, no words of disconte[nt]-  
ment <sup>10</sup>

takes off her  
velvet gown,

did ffrom her lipps arrise ;  
her veluett gowne most pitteouslye shee slipped of, <sup>11</sup>  
132 her kirtle of silke with the same.

puts on her  
russet one,

her russett gowne was browght againe with many a  
scoffe :

to bere <sup>12</sup> them all, <sup>13</sup> her selfe shee did fframe.  
when shee was drest in this array,  
136 and readye was <sup>14</sup> to part <sup>15</sup> away,

kisses her  
husband,

"god send long liue vnto my *Lord* !" quoth shee,  
"Let no Offence be ffound in this,  
to giue my *Lord* a parting kisse."  
140 with wattered <sup>16</sup> eyes, "ffarwell, my deare !" quoth  
hee. <sup>17</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Of thy brave.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> to.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Byssus, Lat.—Pencil note. Silk.—  
O.B.

<sup>4</sup> must.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> dare.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> Thee to maintain.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> I do live.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Did hear these.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Nothing she.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> Discontent.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> patiently she stripped off.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> hear.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> O.B. omits.—F.

<sup>14</sup> for.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> pass.—O.B.

<sup>16</sup> watry.—O.B.

<sup>17</sup> said she.—O.B.



- ffrom statelye <sup>1</sup> pallace, vnto her ffathers cottage  
 poore Grissell now <sup>2</sup> is gone.  
 ffull 15 winters shee liued there contented ;  
 144 no wrong shee thought vpon ;  
 & att *that* <sup>3</sup> time through all the Land the Speeches  
 went,  
 the Marquesse shold marryed bee  
 vnto a Ladye great <sup>4</sup> of hye discent ;  
 148 & to the same all *partyes* did <sup>5</sup> agree.  
 the Marquesse sent ffor Grissell ffaire  
 the bryds bedchamber to prepare,  
*that* nothing therin shold <sup>6</sup> bee ffound awrye.  
 152 the bryde was withe her brother come,  
 which was great Ioy to all & some :  
 & <sup>7</sup> Grissell tooke all this most patyentlye.  
 And in the Morning when *that* <sup>8</sup> they shold be weded, [page 498]  
 156 her patyence now <sup>9</sup> was tryde :  
 Gr[i]ssell was chargd, her-selfe in princely <sup>10</sup> mannour  
 ffor to attyre the bryde. and dress her  
 for her  
 wedding.
- most willingly shee gaue consent vnto <sup>11</sup> the sam[e :]  
 160 the bryde in her <sup>12</sup> brauery was drest,  
 & presentlye the noble Marquesse thither came  
 with all his *Lords* att his request :  
 “ O Grissell, I wold <sup>13</sup> aske of thee  
 164 if thou wold to this match <sup>14</sup> agree ;  
 methinkes thy lookes are waxen <sup>15</sup> wonderous coy.”  
 with *that* they all began to smile,  
 & Grissell shee replyes <sup>16</sup> the while,  
 168 “ god send Lord Marquesse many yeeres of Ioy ! ” She wishes  
 him many  
 happy years.

<sup>1</sup> Princely.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> she.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> this.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> Noble Lady.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> O.B. omits *did*.—F.<sup>6</sup> Might.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> But.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> as.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> there.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> friendly.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> to do.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> O.B. omits *her*.—F.<sup>13</sup> will.—O.B.<sup>14</sup> If to this Match thou wilt.—O.B.<sup>15</sup> waxed.—O.B.<sup>16</sup> reply'd.—O.B.



The Marquis            The Marquesse was moued to see his best beloued  
                              thus patyent in distresse ;  
 steps to her            he stept vnto her, & by the hand he tooke her ;  
 and says,            172       these words he did expresse :  
 " You are            " thou art the <sup>1</sup> bryde, & all the brydes I meane to  
 my only               haue !  
 bride :  
 these are  
 your  
 children.               these 2 thine owne children bee !"—  
                              the youthfull [Lady] <sup>2</sup> on her knees did blessing craue ;  
                              176       her brother as willing <sup>3</sup> as shee ;—  
 You who               " & you *that* enuye her estate  
 envied her,  
 blush for  
 shame !               whom I haue made my louing <sup>4</sup> mate,  
                              Now blush ffor shame, & honour vertuous liffe !  
 Fame shall            180       the chronicles of Lasting ffame  
 evermore  
 praise               shall euermore extoll the name  
 Patient  
 Grissell."            of patyent Grissell, my most patyent <sup>5</sup> wiffe !"  
                                                                                                  ff[inis.]

<sup>1</sup> my.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> youthful Lady.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> well.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> chosen.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> constant.—O.B.



## Scroope & Browne :

THIS piece was manifestly written by a professional hand. Dolorous and tragic incidents which now form the subjects of newspaper paragraphs were in old pre-public-press day reported, with such graceful varieties of narrative as might seem expedient, by vagrant versifiers. The ballad-writer of James I.'s time performed the functions of the penny-a-liner of our day. Some such grievous duel as that described in the following piece may probably enough have been fought not far from the Tweed early in the seventeenth century, and this be the ryming news-monger's account of it. There is a certain reality about the narration, which cannot be attributed to the art of the narrator. It is evidently an event that actually transpired which he celebrates. His artistic merit is sufficiently indicated by the morals he appends to his story. He belongs to the *Oûtos ἵππος* school.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>IN: Barwicke Low,<sup>1</sup> as late beffell,<br/> a great mishap happened therin<br/> wold peaine <sup>2</sup> a stonye hart to tell:<br/> 4 the great discourse that did begin</p> <p>Betwixt 2 youthes of gentle blood.<br/> as they were walking all alone,<br/> they wrought their wills as they thought good,<br/> 8 which made their ffreinds to waile &amp; mone.</p> <p>The one hight Scroope, as I heard tell,<br/> the other browne, as I hard say:<br/> betwixt these 2 itt soe beffell,<br/> 12 that hand to hand thé made affray.</p> | <p style="text-align: right;">At Berwick<br/> a sad mishap<br/> befell</p> <p style="text-align: right;">between two<br/> well-born<br/> youths,</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Scroope<br/> and Browne.</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> ? Berwick Low, a hill near Berwick.—H.

<sup>2</sup> Qu. MS.—F.



Scroope  
taunted  
Browne  
with not  
daring to  
fight him.

Saith Scroope to Browne, "what dost thou meane  
to come all naked <sup>1</sup> thus to mee?  
itt meaneth sure, by thy comming,  
16 thou wilt not ffight, but rather flee."

Browne  
retorted ;

Quoth Browne, "my weapons are att hand,  
as to thy paine shall soone bee seene ;  
ffor while *that* I may goe or stand,  
20 one ffoote to fly I doe not meane."

they drew  
their  
swords,  
and fought

They drew fforth their swords anon,  
they ffought together manffullye,  
they <sup>2</sup> bright blades in the sun shone,—  
24 O Lord, itt was great Ioy to see !—

manfully,  
till Scroope

They Laid on strokes *that* were soe strong,  
they ffought together manffullye.  
att Lenght Scroope [pressed] <sup>3</sup> vnto Browne,  
28 [&] with his sword ffull Egarlye

hit Browne  
a cruel cut  
in the leg,

Hee hitt Browne on the legg, god wott,  
hee cutt him vaines 2 or 3 ;  
a man might haue seene where *that* stroke bo[te ;]  
32 O Lord, itt pearced him cruelly !

and called  
on him to  
yield.  
Browne  
would not ;  
they fought  
again ;

They tooke their breath, & still they stoode :  
Quoth Scroope, "thou Browne, yeelde thee to mee !"  
[on] *which*, Browne waxing neere hand wood,  
36 together ffearfullye they cold flee.

and Browne  
killed  
Scroope.

They Lady came runinge apace :  
Browne cast vp his head & did her see ;  
with that hee cut Scroope in the fface ;  
40 [the sword to the brain went through his ee.<sup>4</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> naked = unarmed. So *nudus* in  
"In maximo metu *nudum* et cæcum  
corpus ad hostes *vortere*."—Sall. *Jug.* 107  
and elsewhere, and *γυμνός* in Hom. *Il.*  
xvi., 815, οὐδ' ὑπέμεινεν Πάτροκλον γυμνόν

*περ' ἐόντ' ἐν δηϊότητι*, and elsewhere.—H.

<sup>2</sup> their.—P.

<sup>3</sup> pressed.—Dyce.

<sup>4</sup> A line of the MS. is pared away.—F.  
Alas ! it was the more pittye.—P.



- "Out & alas!" quoth this gay Ladye,  
 "Browne! why wouldest thou doe this deede?  
 I loued him better then I loued thee!"  
 44 shee kist his wounds as they did bleede.
- "Ladye," quoth Browne, "my owne thou art!  
 our trothes together plighted they bee;  
 ffor shame lett this deede neuer be knowne,  
 48 nor neuer show extremitye."
- "As ffor our trothes plighting," shee saith,  
 "is not the thing *that* greeueth mee;  
 but ffor his sake *that* heere is dead,  
 52 taken soone *that* thou shalt bee."
- "O No, No, No, Ladye!" he sayes,  
 "if *that* thou wilt thy troth deniye,  
 yett ffor his sake *that* heere Lyes <sup>1</sup> dead,  
 56 taken will I neuer bee."
- Hee tooke the sword then by the blade,  
 the heaue hilt on ground did Lye;  
 quite through his body a wound hee made,  
 60 & there hee dye[d] beffore her eye.
- The ffattall end of Scroope & Browne,  
 of bothe their ffreinds Lamented was;  
 & eke the crye through Barwicke towne  
 64 was "wellaway, & out alas!"
- But of this Ladye, marke the end,  
*that* causer was of deadlye fuyde:  
 a swoning trance god did her send  
 68 *that* shee ffell dead vpon the ground.

[page 499] Browne's  
love  
reproaches  
him.  
She loved  
Scroope best.

Browne says  
she has  
plighted her  
troth to him.

"I care not  
for that:

you shall be  
taken up for  
Scroope's  
sake."

"If you deny  
your troth,

I'll not be  
taken,"  
says Browne,

then runs  
himself  
through the  
body,

and dies.

The Lady

falls down  
dead too.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Lyed.—F.



Ladies,

You Ladyes all *that* heere my song,

&amp; maidens all of Eche degree,

learn to keep  
secrets!

see yee neuer speake word with your tounge,

72

but keepe itt till the day you dye.

Young men,  
seek for a  
true love :And young men all *that* heere my song,

to seeke true loue doe you not spare ;

though PIRAMUS be eft <sup>1</sup> to find,

✱

it's a rare  
bird.

76

yett Thisbye is a bird most rare.      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> eath.—P. *eft*, quick, ready: Shakspeare, in Halliwell.—F.

[“*Now ffye on Dreames*,” printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 109,  
follows here in the MS. p. 499.]



## Kinge Humber : <sup>1</sup>

[page 500]

GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH tells us <sup>2</sup> that after the Trojan war, Æneas, flying with his son Ascanius from the destruction of Troy, sailed to Italy. There Ascanius begat a son named Sylvius, and he begat Brutus, who at the age of fifteen accidentally killed his father out hunting. Driven from Italy for so heinous a deed, Brutus landed in Greece, headed the oppressed Trojans there, took their adversary Pandrasus prisoner, married his daughter, and then sailed to the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, where he found other descendants of Trojans, under the command of Corineus. Having together conquered the king of Aquitaine, Brutus and Corineus sailed to the island called Albion, then inhabited by none but a few giants, and divided it. Corineus chose Cornwall (probably called after him) because in it there were more giants than elsewhere, and it was a diversion to him to encounter them. Among others he slew the biggest and most detestable monster Goëmagot. Brutus took the rest of the island, christened the whole of it Britain, after his own name, and built on the Thames the city of New Troy, afterwards called Kaer Lud and then London. After Brutus's death his three sons shared his kingdom—Locrin, the eldest, taking the middle of the island called Loegria, of which we hear so often in the Arthur romances; Kamber, the second son, taking Kambria, or Wales; and Albanact, the youngest, taking Albania, or Scotland. Locrin

<sup>1</sup> A late version of the story told by Geoffrey of Monmouth and his Welsh translators, by Wace (i. 65-71), Layamon (i. 91-106), Robert of Gloucester (i. 23-7), Robert of Brunne (Inner Temple MS. fol. 13) &c.—F. In *the* printed Col-

lection of Old Ballads 1726, Vol. 2. p. 5. N.I.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Book i, Chapters iii-xviii, Book ii, Chapters i-v, A. Thompson's translation revised by Giles (Bohn, 1848) p. 91-109.—F.



was betrothed to Guendolæna, the daughter of Corineus. Then Humber, king of the Huns, invaded Albania, and slew Albanact. Locrin and Kamber routed Humber near the river which now bears his name, and in which he was drowned. In one of Humber's ships Locrin found the lovely Estrildis, of beauty "hardly to be matched. No ivory or new-fallen snow, no lily could exceed the whiteness of her skin." For love of her, Locrin would have broken his troth to Corineus's daughter, but the giant-slayer shook his battle-axe at him, and he thereupon married Guendolæna. But he kept Estrildis in "apartments underground," and begat on her a most beautiful daughter who was named Sabren. In process of time Corineus died, Locrin divorced Guendolæna, and advanced Estrildis to be queen. But "twenty thousand Cornish men would know the reason why," as a modern ballad sings of another event. They met Locrin near the river Sture; he was killed by the shot of an arrow; and Guendolæna became queen. She had Estrildis and her daughter Sabren thrown into the river now called Severn after that daughter; Guendolæna hoping thus to perpetuate Locrin's infamy by his fair girl's name.

Of Geoffrey's story told above, our ballad retells, with variations, the part after Humber's invasion. Sir F. Madden shows in his note in *Layamon* iii. 313 (p. 440, note <sup>1</sup> here) how by Geoffrey's misreading the name of Estrildis' daughter as *Sabren*, instead of *Avren*, he has transferred the legend of the Avon's christening to the Severn's, so that we have the names of two rivers accounted for by the process so familiar to comparative mythologists, of the invention of stories about men and women to account for existing names of streams and hills, countries and towns. But surely this linking of natural objects with the stories and fates of human beings is a gain to the imagination, the life, of man. A light is on Greece and Judæa, on Norse-land and England too, when the sun is down, and no moon or star can be seen. A glory of legend and history rests for ever on the spots where the deeds they tell of



were done, the sufferings they sing were suffered. And though we now can people the Severn's course with the wondrous vegetation, the coral-reef islands and fishful lagoons of the carboniferous system, with the gigantic saurians of the trias, and the earliest creations of mammal being, yet how did the river acquire to many of us a new life when we read—

The Danube to the *Severn* gave  
The darken'd heart that beat no more, (*In Memoriam*, xix.)

when we learnt that Tennyson's friend lay on Severn's bank, and that there from his ashes might be made

The violet of his native land. (*ib.* xviii.)

Though Geoffrey's stories be not true, let us not forget that we owe him a debt of gratitude for them.

- 
- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>WHEN Humber in his wrathe-ffull rage<br/> <i>King</i> Albanack in ffeild had slaine,<br/>         those bloody broyles ffor to asswage,<br/>         4 <i>King</i> Locrin then applyed his paine,<br/>         &amp; with an host of Brittaines stout<br/>         att Lenght hee ffound <i>King</i> Humber out.</p> <p>Att vantage great he mett him then,<br/>         8 &amp; with his hoast besett him soe<br/>         that hee destroyed his warlike men,<br/>         &amp; HUMBERS power did ouerthrowe;<br/>         &amp; HUMBER, which ffor ffeare did fflye,<br/>         12 leapt into a riuer desperattlye.</p> <p>And be[i]ng drowned in the deepe,<br/>         &amp; left a Ladye there a-liue,<br/>         &amp;<sup>1</sup> sadlye did lament and weepe<br/>         16 for ffeare they shold her liffe depriue;<br/>         but by her fface <i>that</i> was soe ffaire<br/>         the <i>King</i> was caught in cupidds snare.</p> | <p>After<br/>Humber had<br/>slain<br/>Albanack,</p> <p>Locrin</p> <p>attacked</p> <p>and routed<br/>his army,</p> <p>and Humber</p> <p>drowned<br/>himself.</p> <p>Locrin fell<br/>in love with<br/>a Hunnish<br/>lady,<br/>Estrilde,<br/>and secretly</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

<sup>1</sup> who.—F.



(to the  
sorrow of his  
Queen  
Guendoline,  
by whom he  
had a son)

begat a  
daughter on  
Estrilde.

Humber  
then put  
away  
Guendoline,  
(who took  
refuge in  
Cornwall),

and crowned  
Estrilde his  
wife.

Hee tooke the Ladye to his loue,  
20 & secrettlye<sup>1</sup> did keepe her still;  
soe *that* they Queene did quicklye proue  
the *King* did beare her small good<sup>2</sup> will;  
although in wedlocke late begun,  
24 hee had by her a gallant sonne.

Queene Guendoline was greeued in m[i]nde  
to see the *King* was altered soe;  
att lenght the cause shee chanct to ffind,  
28 *which* brought her to much bitter woe.  
ffor ESTRILDE was his ioy, god wott,  
by whom a daughter hee begott.<sup>3</sup>

The duke of cornewall being dead,  
32 the ffather of *that* gallant queene<sup>4</sup>;  
the *King* by lust being ouer-ledd,  
his lawffull wiffe hee cast of cleane,  
who with her deare and tender sonne  
36 for succour did to cornewall turne.

Then Locrine crowned Estrild bright,  
& made of her his lawfull wiffe;  
with her *which* was his harts delight,  
40 he thought to lead a pleasant liffe.  
thus GUENDOLINE, as once<sup>5</sup> fforlorne,  
was of her husband held in scorne.

<sup>1</sup> Wace puts her into a deep cellar,  
and keeps her there seven years:

Par un, son bon familier,  
Fist à Londre faire un célier,  
Desos terre parfondement;  
Là fu Estril bien longement:  
Set ans la tint issi Locrin  
Celément el sostérin.—*Brut*, i. 68–9.

<sup>2</sup> There is a tag at the end in the MS.  
like an s.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Tant i ala et conversa  
Qu' Estril une fille enfanta.  
Abren ot nom, mult par fu clère  
Et plus bèle qu' Estril sa mère  
Qui mult fu bèle et avenant.  
Wace, *Romans de Brut*, i. 69, l. 1435–9.

(ed. le Roux de Lincy, Paris, 1836).

We have been already assured, at p. 66,  
that Estril's match could not then be  
found:

mult par fu bèle;  
Ne péust, ou nol liu trover  
Plus bèle de li, ne sa per.

<sup>4</sup> He was Corineus, the Trojan chief,  
who slew the king of the giants, Gog-  
gamog, that was, men say, about four and  
twenty feet long. *R. Glo'ster*, i. 22. It  
should be remembered of England, that  
in those days "in this island were  
giants; no other people dwelt there."  
(*Wace*, i. 51).—F.

<sup>5</sup> one, Al. Ed.—P.



But when the cornish men did know  
 44 the great abuse <sup>1</sup> shee did endure,  
 with her a number great did goe,  
 which shee by prayers did procure.  
 in battell <sup>2</sup> then they marcht alonge  
 48 for to redresse this greeuous wronge,

The Cornish  
 men resolve  
 to avenge  
 Guendoline.

And neere a riuer called store <sup>3</sup>  
 the *King* with all his host shee mett,  
 where both the armyes fought full sore,  
 52 [but then the qu]eene the feild did gett ;  
 yett ere they did the conquest ga[i]ne, [page 501]  
 the *King* was with an arrow slaine.

They attack  
 Locrin,

defeat him,

and kill him.

Then GUENDOLINE did take in hand—  
 56 vntill her sonne was come to age—  
 the gouer[n]ment of all the Land ;  
 & that great ffury to aswage,  
 shee did command he[r]<sup>4</sup> souldiers wild  
 60 to drowne both Estrill & her child.

Guendoline

orders  
 Estrilde and  
 her girl to  
 be drowned.

Incontinent then did they bringe  
 ffaire Estrild to the riuers syde,  
 & Sabrine, daughter to a Kinge,  
 64 whom Guendoline cold not abyde ;  
 who, being bound together ffast,  
 into the riuer they were cast.

Estrilde and  
 her daughter  
 Sabrine

are cast into  
 the river,

<sup>1</sup> A stroke between the *s* and *e* in the  
 MS.—F. abuse.—P.

<sup>2</sup> column, military formation.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Lazamon's account (ed. Madden, i.  
 104-5) is:

MS. Cott. Calig. A. ix.  
 & heo to gadere comen :  
 vppen ane watere.  
 þat watere hatte Stoure :  
 þat feiht was swiðe sturne.

inne Dorsete :  
 Locrin deað þolede.

MS. Cott. Otho, C. viii.  
 and hii to gadere comen :  
 vppen one watere.  
 þat hatte Steure :  
 þat fiht was swiðe sturne.  
 ine Dorsete :  
 Locrin deað þolede.

<sup>4</sup> her al. id.—P.



which has  
since been

called  
Severn,  
because  
Sabrine  
was drowned  
there.

And euer since *that* runing streame  
68 wherin these Ladyes drowned were,  
is called SEUERNE throughe the realme,  
because *that* Sabrine dyed there.<sup>1</sup>  
thus <sup>2</sup> they *that* did to lewdnesse bend,  
72 were brought vnto a wofull end.      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Lazamon (ed. Madden i. 105) says:  
þa hehte heo [Gvendoleine] ane heste . . .  
þat me sculde þat ilke water :  
þer Abren was adrunken.  
clepien hit Auren :  
for þaune mæidene Abren.  
& for Locrines lufe :  
þe wes hire kine louerd.  
þo het 3eo one heste.  
þat me solde þat ilk water :  
þar Abren was a-dronke.  
cleopie hit Auren :  
for þan maide Abren.

On this passage Sir F. Madden remarks,  
iii. 313 :

“Lazamon has here strictly adhered to  
the text of Wace, as we find it in the  
Cotton MS.

Puis fut l'ewe u ele fut jetée,  
Del nom Abren *Avren* apelee ;  
Avren, ke de Abren son nom prent,  
A *Criste-cherche* en mer descent.—f. 28<sup>b</sup>

“It is very evident that by Auren or  
Avren the river *Avon* is intended, which,  
after being joined by the *Stour*, falls into  
the sea at Christchurch. So far all is  
intelligible enough; but in the printed  
text of Wace, for *Criste-cherche* is absurdly

read *Circecestre*, which the editor at once  
declares to be Cirencester in Gloucester-  
shire, and interprets Avren to be the  
Severn. The latter error, however, is of  
ancient date, and is found in the text of  
Geoffrey, who writes, ‘Jubet enim Es-  
trildem et filiam ejus Sabren præcipitari  
in fluvium qui nunc *Sabria* dicitur.  
Unde contigit quod usque in hunc diem  
appellatum est flumen Britannica lingua  
*Sabren* [*Havren*], quod per corruptionem  
nominis alia lingua Sabrina vocatur,’ lib.  
ii. c. 5. He is followed in this by the  
Welsh translations, by the anonymous  
author of the metrical Anglo-Norman  
Brut, in MS. Reg. 13 A. xxi. f. 45<sup>b</sup> c. 1,  
by Robert of Gloucester, vol. i. p. 27, and  
by Robert of Brunne :—

Scho did take faire Estrilde,  
& Sabren, th<sup>t</sup> was hir childe,  
& did tham in a water cast,  
The name for tham is rotefast.  
*Seuerne* it hate for the child Sabren,  
For th<sup>t</sup> childe the name we ken.  
f. 13<sup>b</sup> c. 1.”

Ebren is the name of one of the  
daughters of Ebroc. (*Wace* i. 76, l.  
1596).—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. this.—F.



### In the Dapes of Olde.<sup>1</sup>

COPIES of this ballad occur in Thomas Deloney's *Garland of Good Will* (reprinted by the Percy Society), in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, in the *Roxburghe Collection*, in the *Bagford*, in the *Reliques* (from the Editor's ancient folio MS. collated with another in black-letter in the Pepys Collection intitled "An excellent Ballad of a prince of England's courtship to the King of France's daughter &c. To the tune of Crimson Velvet,") in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, in Child's *English and Scotch Ballads* from the Percy Society reprint of the *Garland of Good Will*.

The story of this ballad (says Percy in his introduction to his "repaired" copy) seems to be taken from an incident in the domestic history of Charles the Bald King of France. His daughter Judith was betrothed to Ethelwulf King of England: but before the marriage was consummated, Ethelwulf died, and she returned to France; whence she was carried off by Baldwyn, Forester of Flanders; who after many crosses and difficulties, at length obtained the King's consent to their marriage, and was made Earl of Flanders. This happened about A.D. 863. See Rapin, Henault, and the French historians.

This may be the historical basis of the ballad. A strange edifice is built upon it.

Judith was formally married to Ethelwulf, with her fathr's full consent.

In his return [Ethelwulf's return from his second visit to Rome] (says Lingard), he again visited the French monarch, and after a

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1727. Vol. i. p. 182. No. xxiii. —P. There the long lines of our copy are printed in two, and the Ballad is entitled "An Excellent Ballad of a Prince of *England's* Courtship to the King of *France's* Daughter, and how the

Prince was disasterously slain, and the aforesaid Princess was afterwards married to a Forrester." To the tune of *Crimson Velvet*. The Clarendon commas in our text are for the heavy commas of the MS., meant for metrical points or bars.—F.



courtship of three months was married to his daughter Judith, who probably had not reached her twelfth year. The ceremony was performed by Hincmar, Archbishop of Reims. At the conclusion the princess was crowned and seated on a throne by the side of her husband, a distinction which she afterwards claimed, to the great displeasure of the West Saxons.

And on his return homewards (say some texts of the Saxon Chronicle) he took to [wife] the daughter of Charles King of the French, whose name was Judith, and he came home safe. And then in about two years he died, and his body lies at Winchester. (Stevenson's *Church Historians of England*.)

After this period [his second visit to Rome] (says Asser), he returned to his own country, bringing with him as a bride Juditha, daughter of Charles the King of the Franks. . . . He also commanded Judith, the daughter of King Charles, whom he had received from her father, to sit by his side on the royal throne; and this was done without any hostility or objection from his nobles even to the end of his life, in defiance of the perverse custom of that nation. . . . King Æthelwulf, then, lived two years after his return from Rome, during which, among many other useful pursuits of the present life, in the prospect of his going the way of all flesh, that his sons might not engage in unseemly disputes after their father's death, he commanded a will, or rather a letter of instructions, to be written, &c. &c.

After the demise of Ethelwulf, the young widow was married by Ethelbert the son, who immediately succeeded him on the throne.

This incestuous connection (says Lingard) scandalised the people of Wessex; their disapprobation was publicly and loudly expressed; and the King, overawed by the remonstrances of the Bishop of Winchester, consented to a separation. . . .

Judith, unwilling to remain in a country which had witnessed her disgrace, sold her lands, the dower she had received from Ethelwulf, and returned to the court of her father. Charles, who dared not trust the discretion of his daughter, ordered her to be confined within the walls of Senlis, but to be treated at the same time with the respect due to a queen. The cunning of Judith was, however, more than a match for the vigilance of her guards. By the connivance of her brother she eloped in disguise with Baldwin, great forester of France, and the fugitives were soon beyond the reach of royal resent-



ment. The King prevailed on his bishops to excommunicate Baldwin for having forcibly carried off a widow, but the Pope disapproved of the sentence, and at his entreaty Charles gave a reluctant consent to their marriage, though neither he nor Archbishop Hincmar could be induced to assist at the ceremony. They lived in great magnificence in Flanders, the earldom of which was bestowed on them by the King; and from their union descended Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, who gave to England a long race of sovereigns.

See Palgrave's *History of Normandy*.

The first part of the poem then—that containing the dismal end of the English prince—is purely fictitious. The marriage brought about in the latter part, and the reconciliation at last effected between the French King and his daughter, are historical facts.

The metre is notable. The piece was sung, as we have seen, to the tune of Crimson Velvet. Could it have given the name originally to that tune? The Queen is described in v. iii, when she is awaiting the coming of the King her father, as “richly clad in fair crimson velvet.” This tune, says Mr. Collier, in his *Roxburghe Ballads*, was “highly popular in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor.” “Amongst the ballads that were sung to it,” adds Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, “is ‘The lamentable complaint of Queen Mary, for the unkind departure of King Philip, in whose absence she fell sick and died’—and ‘Constance of Cleveland.’”

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IN : the dayes of old, when faire ffrance did flourish, In days of  
old,  
 storyes plaine haue<sup>1</sup> told, louers felt annoye.  
 the King a daughter had, bewtyous, bright, & a French  
King had a  
lovely  
daughter,  
 louelye,<sup>2</sup>  
 4 which made her ffather glad, shee was his onlye  
 ioye.

<sup>1</sup> plainly.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> fair and comely.—O.B.



whom an  
English  
Prince

wooded  
and won.

This made  
her father  
angry,

and he  
forbade  
their  
meeting.

The Lady  
packed up  
her jewels,

and went,  
poorly  
dressed,  
to meet her  
lover  
in a forest.

But while he  
was waiting

outlaws  
robbed and  
stabbed him

mortally.

The Prin-  
cess, uncon-  
scious,

A prince of<sup>1</sup> England came, whose deeds did merit  
fame ;

he wooed he[r] long, & loe, att last,  
looke<sup>2</sup> what he did requ[i]re, shee granted his de-  
sire ;

8 their harts in one were linked ffast:  
which when her ffather proued, Lord ! how he was  
moued

& tormented in his minde !  
he sought pro<sup>3</sup> to preuent them, and to discontent  
them,

12 fortune crossed louers kind.

When these princes twaine, were thus debarred of<sup>4</sup>  
plesure  
through the Kings disdaine, which their ioyes with-  
stoode,

the Ladye gott<sup>5</sup> vp close, her iewells & her treasure.  
16 hauing no remorse of state or royall bloode,  
in homelye poore array shee went ffrom court away  
to meete her ioy<sup>6</sup> & harts delight,

who in a fforrest great, had taken vp his seate  
20 to wayt her cominge in the night.

but see<sup>7</sup> what sudden danger, to this princly stranger  
chanced, as he sate<sup>8</sup> alone :

by outlawes hee was robbed, & with ponyards<sup>9</sup>  
stabbedd,

24 vttering many a dying grone.

The princesse armed by him, and by true desire,  
wandring all the night without dreat<sup>10</sup> att all,  
still vnknowne shee past, in her strange attyre  
28 coming att the last, in the<sup>11</sup> Ecohes call,

<sup>1</sup> from.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Look.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> for.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> barr'd of.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> lock'd.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> Love.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> lo.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> set.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> a Poniard.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> Dread.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> Within.—O.B.



- “you ffaire woods,” quoth shee, “honored may you  
 bee!  
 harbouring my harts delight,  
 which doth compasse<sup>1</sup> heere, my ioy & onlye deere,  
 32 my trustye ffreind & comelye *Knight*.  
 sweete, I come vnto thee, sweete, I come to woo thee, and promises  
 that thou maist not angrye bee.  
 for my long delaying, & thy<sup>2</sup> curteous staying,  
 36 amends ffor all Ile make to thee<sup>3</sup>!” to make him  
 amends for  
 his waiting.  
 Passing thus alone through the silent forrest,  
 many greeuous grones,<sup>4</sup> sounded in her eares,<sup>5</sup> Then she  
 hears  
 groans,  
 where shee heard a man to lament the sorest a lover  
 lamenting,  
 40 that was euer seene,<sup>6</sup> fforct by deadlye teares<sup>7</sup>:  
 “ffarwell my deere,” quoth hee, “whom I must<sup>8</sup> bidding  
 farewell  
 neuer<sup>9</sup> see!  
 ffor why, my liffe is att an end!  
 through villanes crueltye, lo<sup>10</sup>! heere for thee I dye<sup>11</sup>!  
 44 to show I am a ffaith[f]ull ffreind,  
 there<sup>12</sup> I lye a<sup>13</sup> bleeding, while my thoughts are  
 feedinge  
 on thy<sup>14</sup> rarest bewtye ffound.  
 O hard hap that may bee, litle knowes my Ladye to his  
 beautiful  
 love,  
 48 my harts blood Lyes on the ground!”  
 With that he gaue a grone, which<sup>15</sup> did burst in sunder<sup>16</sup> [page 502]  
 and then  
 dying.  
 all the tender strings of his bleedinge<sup>17</sup> hart.  
 shee, which<sup>18</sup> knew his voice, att his tale did wonder: She knows  
 her lover's  
 voice,  
 52 all her former ioy,<sup>19</sup> did to greeffe conuert.

<sup>1</sup> encompass.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> One stroke too many to the y.—F.<sup>3</sup> make thee.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> Many a grievous Groan.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> Ear.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> Chance that ever came.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> Strife.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> shall.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> MS. meuer.—F.<sup>10</sup> MS. to.—F.<sup>11</sup> For thy sweet sake I dye,  
Through Villians Cruelty.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> Here.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> O.B. omits a.—F.<sup>14</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>15</sup> that.—O.B.<sup>16</sup> break asunder.—O.B.<sup>17</sup> gentle.—O.B.<sup>18</sup> who.—O.B.<sup>19</sup> Joys.—O.B.



runs to him, straight shee ran to see, who this man shol[d] <sup>1</sup> be  
*that* soe like her loue did speake,  
and finds him dead. & found, when as shee came, her louely *Lord* lay  
slaine,  
56 all <sup>2</sup> smeared in blood *which* liffe did breake.  
She cries when this deed shee spyed,<sup>3</sup> *Lord*, how sore shee  
cryed!  
her sorrow cannott <sup>4</sup> counted bee.  
and exclaims, her eyes like fountaines runinge, while shee cryed out,  
“my darli[ng!] <sup>5</sup>  
60 wold god *that* I had dyed for thee!”  
His pale lipps, alas, <sup>20</sup> times shee kissed,  
& his fface did washe, with her trickling <sup>6</sup> teares,  
euery bleeding wound, her faire eyes <sup>7</sup> bedewed,  
64 wipinge of the blood, with her golden haires.  
“speake, faire <sup>8</sup> loue!” quoth shee, “speake, faire <sup>9</sup>  
prince, to me!  
one sweete word of comfort giue!  
lifet vp thy fayre eyes, listen to my cryes!  
68 thinke in what great greeffe I liue!”  
all in vaine shee sewed, all in vaine shee vewed,<sup>10</sup>  
the princesse <sup>11</sup> liffe was dead <sup>12</sup> and gone.  
there stood shee still mourning, vntill <sup>13</sup> the sunns <sup>14</sup>  
approching,<sup>15</sup>  
72 & bright day was coming on.  
till the day comes,  
and then resolves  
not to return to court,  
but to seek service somewhere.  
76 “In this great <sup>16</sup> distresse,” quoth this royall Ladye,  
“who can now expre[s], what will become of me?  
to my ffathers court will I neuer <sup>17</sup> wander,  
but some service seeke where I may placed bee.”

<sup>1</sup> might.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> O.B. omits *All*.—F.<sup>3</sup> Which when that she espyed.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> could not.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> Query the MS. The *a* or *ar* is blotched, and the *g* and half the *n* pared away.—F.<sup>6</sup> brinish.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> face.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> my.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> dear.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> wooed.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> Prince's.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> fled.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> Till.—O.B.<sup>14</sup> *sums* in the MS.—F.<sup>15</sup> returning.—P.<sup>16</sup> sad.—O.B.<sup>17</sup> Never will I.—O.B.



& <sup>1</sup> thus shee made her mone, weeping all alone,  
all in dread <sup>2</sup> and deadlye ffeare.

A fforrester all in greene, most comely to be seene, A forester  
80 ranging the woods,<sup>3</sup> did ffind her there,  
round besett with sorrow, "maid,<sup>4</sup>" quoth [he,<sup>5</sup>] "god accosts her.  
morrowe !

what hard hap hath brought you heere ? "  
"harder happ did neuer, chance vnto <sup>6</sup> maiden euer. She tells  
84 heere lyes slaine my brother deere ! him  
her brother  
lies slain,

"where might I be placed, gentle forster, tell mee,  
where shall <sup>7</sup> I procure a service in my neede ? and asks  
him  
where she  
can get  
taken into  
service.  
paines I will <sup>8</sup> not spare, but will doe my dutye ;

88 ease mee of my care, helpe my extreme neede ! "  
the fforrester all amazed, att <sup>9</sup> her bewtye gazed The forester  
till his hart was sett on ffire : falls in love  
with her,

"if, ffaire mayd," quoth hee, "you will goe with mee,  
92 you shall haue your harts desire."

he brought her to his mother, & aboue all other takes her  
to his  
mother,  
he sett fforth this maydens praise.

long was his hart inflamed, att last <sup>10</sup> her loue he gains her  
love,  
gained :

96 thus did fortune <sup>11</sup> his glory raise ;

Thus vnknownen he macht, with a <sup>12</sup> Kings ffaire and so  
marries a  
King's  
daughter.  
daughte[r] ; She bears  
him seven  
children,  
and then  
tells him  
who she is.

children <sup>7</sup> shee <sup>13</sup> had ere shee told the same. <sup>14</sup>  
but when he vnderstood, shee was a royall princesse,  
100 by this meanes att last, hee shewed forth her <sup>15</sup>  
fame :

<sup>1</sup> Whilst.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> In this deep.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> wood.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Fair Maid.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> quoth he.—P. & O.B.

<sup>6</sup> to.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> might.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> will I.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> On.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> length.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> So Fortune did.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> the.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> he.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> to him was known.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> ? MS. *ther* with the *t* blotched out.  
—F. her.—O.B.



He dresses  
his children  
in cloth of  
gold on the  
left side,  
wool on the  
right.

he clothed his children then, not like to other men,  
in *partye* coulors strange to see;  
the left<sup>1</sup> side, cloth of gold; *the* right<sup>2</sup> side, now<sup>3</sup>  
behold,

104 of wollen cloth still fframed hee.  
men heratt<sup>4</sup> did wonder, golden fame did thunder<sup>5</sup>  
this strange deede in euery place.

The King  
of France  
comes

the *King* of ffrance came thither, being pleasan[t]<sup>6</sup>  
whether,

to the forest  
to hunt,

108 in the<sup>7</sup> woods the harts<sup>8</sup> to chase.

and the  
children  
are placed in  
his way,  
with the  
mother in  
velvet,  
the father in  
grey.

The children then<sup>9</sup> did stand, as their father<sup>10</sup> willed,  
where the royall *King* must of force come by,  
their mother richly clad, in faire crimson<sup>11</sup> veluett,  
112 their ffather all in gray, comelye<sup>12</sup> to the eye.  
then the<sup>13</sup> famous *King*, noting euery thinge,

The King  
asks him  
how he dares  
dress his  
wife and  
children so.

did aske "how hee durst be soe bold  
to let his wiffe to weare, & decke his children the[re,]  
116 in costly robes of cloth, of<sup>14</sup> gold."

the fforrester replied,<sup>15</sup> & the cause descryed;  
to<sup>16</sup> the *King* thus did hee<sup>17</sup> say:

"Because  
their mother  
is a prin-  
cess,"

"well may they by their mother, weare rich gold<sup>18</sup>  
with other,

120 being by birth a princesse<sup>19</sup> gay."

The King

The *King* vpon these words, more heedfully beheld  
them,

till a crimson blush his concept did crosse:

<sup>1</sup> Right.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Left.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> to.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> thereat.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> MS. thinder.—F.

<sup>6</sup> The *t* is put on by a later hand.—F.

<sup>7</sup> these.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Hart.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> there.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> Mother.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> MS. crinson.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Most comely.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> When this.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> of Pearl and.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> boldly reply'd.—O.B.

<sup>16</sup> And to.—O.B.

<sup>17</sup> he thus did.—O.B.

<sup>18</sup> Cloaths.—O.B.

<sup>19</sup> Only half the *n* in the MS.—F.



“the more,” quoth hee, “I looke<sup>1</sup> on thy wiffe &  
 Children,  
 124 [The more I call to mind the Daughter whom I  
 lost.”]<sup>2</sup>

says the  
 mother  
 must be  
 his lost  
 daughter.

“I am *that* child,” quoth shee, falling on her knee;  
 “pardon mee, my soueraine leege!”

[page 503]  
 She owns  
 that she is.

the King perceiuing this, did his daughter<sup>3</sup> kisse,  
 128 &<sup>4</sup> ioyfull teares did stopp his speech.

He kisses  
 her,

with his traine he turned, & with them<sup>5</sup> soiourned;  
 straight hee dubd her husband knight,  
 then<sup>6</sup> made him Erle of fflanders, one of his cheefe  
 commanders:

knights  
 her husband,  
 and makes  
 him Earl of  
 Flanders.

132 thus was his sorrow<sup>7</sup> put to fflight.      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> I look, quoth he.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> O.B. The line was pared off the  
 folio by the binder.—F.

<sup>3</sup> His Daughter dear did.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> 'Till.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> her.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> He.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> were their Sorrows.—O.B.



Amintas.<sup>1</sup>

AMINTAS is here chided for his inconstancy by the unhappy victim of it, who, having said her say and moaned her moan, dies. The piece is but commonplace. The allusion to the name-cutting on the trees will remind the reader of Orlando's habit, so distasteful to Jacques. Both in the stanza that contains it and in the preceding one the poet closely imitates the pretty lines Ovid puts in poor forlorn CEnone's mouth, or rather assigns to her pen, in his Fifth Heroïd :

Incisæ servant a te mea nomina fagi,  
 Et legor CEnone falce notata tua ;  
 Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt.  
 Crescite et in titulos surgite recta meos.  
 Populus est, memini, fluviali consita ripa,  
 Est in qua nostri litera scripta memor.  
 Popule, vive precor, quæ consita margine ripæ  
 Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes :  
 Quum Paris CEnone poterit spirare relictæ,  
 Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.<sup>1</sup>  
 Xanthe, retro propera, versæque recurrite lymphæ,  
 Sustinet CEnonen deseruisse Paris.

One hot day,  
 Amintas

drove his  
 flocks to  
 water,

and heard

AMINTAS, on a summers day  
 to shunn Apolloes beames,  
 went driuing of his fflockes away  
 4 to tast some cooling streames.  
 and through a fforrest as hee went,  
 neere to a riuer side,  
 a voice *which* from a groue was sent,  
 8 invited him to abyde :

<sup>1</sup> An old Song not inelegant or unpoetical.—P.



A voice well seeming <sup>1</sup> to bewraye  
 a discontented mind,  
 ffor oftentimes I hard him <sup>2</sup> say,  
 12 10000 times, “vnkinde!”  
 the remnant <sup>3</sup> of this ragged mone  
 wold not escape my eare  
 till euery sigh brought fforth a grone,  
 16 & euery sobb a teare.

a voice  
 complain-  
 ing,  
 Oh unkind!

But leauing her vnto her-selfe;—  
 in sorrowes, sighes, & mone,  
 I heard a deadly discontent:  
 20 these 2 brake fforth att one:  
 “Amintas! is my loue to thee  
 of such <sup>4</sup> small account,  
 that thou disdainest to looke on mee,  
 24 & loue as thou was wont?

A girl

broke forth  
 “Amintas!

Why dost  
 thou disdain  
 me?

“How often <sup>5</sup> didest thou protest to me,  
 ‘the heauens shold turne to naught,  
 the sunn shold ffirst obscured bee,  
 28 ere thou wold change thy thought!’  
 but heauens, be you dissolued quite!  
 sunn, show thy fface no more!  
 ffor my Amintas, hee is lost,  
 32 a! woe <sup>6</sup> is me therffore!

Alas!  
 Amintas is  
 lost to me.

“How oft didst thou ingraue our names,  
 neere to the rocke of <sup>7</sup> Bay?  
 still wishing *that* our Loue shold haue  
 36 no worse successe then they.  
 but they in groues still happy proue,  
 & flourish doe thé still,  
 whiles I [in <sup>8</sup>] sorrow doe remaine,  
 40 still wanting of my will.

I live in  
 sorrow, and  
 want my  
 love.

<sup>1</sup> MS. seeming.—F.

<sup>2</sup> it.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. rennant.—F.

<sup>4</sup> [insert] a.—P.

<sup>5</sup> oft did'st, as in line 33.—Dyce.

<sup>6</sup> Ah! woe.—P.

<sup>7</sup> on.—P.

<sup>8</sup> in.—P.



False man,

thou hast  
broken thy  
promise,

and left me  
alone

to end my  
days in  
woe."

" O ffalse, forsworne, & ffathelesse man!  
disloyall in thy loue !  
thou hast fforgott thy promises,  
44 and dost vnconstant proue.  
& thou hast [left <sup>1</sup>] me all alone  
in this woefull distresse,  
to end my dayes in heauinesse,  
48 which well thou might redresse."

She breathed  
her last,

and died for  
love.

And then shee sate vpon the ground,  
her sorrowes to deplore ;  
but after this was neuer seene  
52 to sigh nor sobb noe more.  
And thus in loue as shee did liue,  
soe ffor loue shee did dye <sup>2</sup> ;  
a ffairer creature neuer man  
56 beheld with morttall eye.  
ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> left.—P.

<sup>2</sup> Shee for her love did.—P.



### Winning of Cadiz.<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad, of which another copy is preserved in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, reprinted by the Percy Society, celebrates what Macaulay has declared to be "the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim" (Essay on Lord Bacon). It was undoubtedly written at the time, as the details are extremely accurate. It may have been written, as Percy suggests in his Introduction to his "corrected" Folio version in the *Reliques*, by some person concerned in the expedition. Certainly it is eminently authentic. The vauntings and threatenings of the Spaniards (they were meditating a second Armada about the year 1596)—the setting forth from Plymouth under Howard of Effingham (the Lord Admiral) and the brave impetuous Earl of Essex, as commanders-in-chief (amongst the other officers were the Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Vere, Sir George Carew, Sir Coniers Clifford)—the capturing or burning of the ships beneath Cadiz—the landing of the soldiery and surrender of the town—the enormous booty seized—the generous protection by the Earl of the women and children—the advance to the market-place—are all historical facts; of which there are, as Lingard points out, several accounts by Birch, Camden, Stowe, Strype, Raleigh.

"Never before," says Lingard, "had the Spanish monarch received so severe a blow. He lost thirteen men of war and immense magazines of provisions and naval stores; the defences of Cadiz, the strongest fortress in his dominions, had been razed to the ground; and the

<sup>1</sup> An excellent old ballad: on the      Under the Lord Admiral Howard, &  
Winning of Cadiz—on June 21<sup>st</sup> 1596:      Earl of Essex, General.—P.



secret of his weakness at home had been revealed to the world, at the same time that the power of England had been raised in the eyes of the European nations. Even those who wished well to Spain, allotted the praise of moderation and humanity to the English commanders, who had suffered no blood to be wantonly spilt, no woman to be defiled, but had sent under an escort the nuns and females to the port of St. Mary, and had allowed them to carry away their jewels and wearing apparel."

"The town of Cales," says Raleigh (*apud* Cayley, i. 272) "was very rich in merchandise, in plate, and money; many rich prisoners given to the land commanders, so as that sort are very rich. Some had prisoners for 16,000 ducats, some for 20,000, some for 10,000, and beside great houses of merchandise."

[page 504]  
The proud  
Spaniards  
boasted  
they'd  
conquer us.

LONG: the proud Spamyareds had vanted to conquer vs,

threatning<sup>1</sup> our Country with ffyer & sorde,  
often preparing their nauy most sumptuos,  
4 with as great plenty as spaine cold afforde:  
duba-dub, dub-a-dub! thus strikes their drummes.  
tanta-ra, ra-ra! the Englishmen comes!

But Howard  
and Essex

To the seas presentlye went our Lord Admirall,  
8 with knights<sup>2</sup> couragious, & captaines ffull good;  
The Erle of Essex, a prosperous generall,  
with him prepared to passe the salt ffloode.  
dub a dub &c.

set sail from  
Plymouth,

12 Att plimmouth speedilye, tooke they shipp valliantly  
brauer shippes neuer weere seene vnder sayle,  
with their ffayre colours spread, & streamers ore their  
hea[d].  
now, bragging spanyards, take heede of your tayle!  
16 dub &c.

<sup>1</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Knights.—P.



- Vnto cales<sup>1</sup> cuninglye came wee most speedyllye,  
 where the *Kings* nauye securely did ryde;  
 being vpon their backes, pearcing their butts of  
 sackes,  
 20 ere any spanyards our coming descryde. dub: &c.
- Great was the crying, runing & rydinge,  
 which att that season was made in that place;  
 the beacons were ffyered, as need then required;  
 24 to hyde their great treasure they had litle space.
- There you might see their shippes, how they were ffired  
 ffast,  
 & how their men drowned themselues in the sea;  
 there might they here them crye, wayle & weepe  
 piteouslye,  
 28 when they saw no shifft to scape thence away.
- The great *Saint* Phillipp, the pryde of the Spanyards,  
 was burnt to the bottom, & sunke in the sea.  
 but the *Saint* ANDREW & eke the *Saint* Mathew,  
 32 wee tooke in ffight manfullye, & brought them  
 away.
- The Erle of Essex most vallyant and hardy,  
 with horsemen & ffootmen marched toward the  
 towne.  
 the spanyards which saw them, were greatly affrighted,  
 36 did fflye ffor their sauegard, & durst not come  
 dow[ne.]
- “Now,” quoth the Noble Erle, “courage, my soul-  
 diers all!  
 ffight and be vallyant! they<sup>2</sup> spoyle you shall haue,  
 & [be<sup>3</sup>] well rewarded from they<sup>4</sup> great to the small;  
 40 but looke *that* women & Children you saue.”

<sup>1</sup> So they called Cadiz in Queen Elizabeth's Time.—P.

<sup>2</sup> the.—P.

<sup>3</sup> be.—P.

<sup>4</sup> the.—P.



The  
Spaniards  
surrendered,

The spanyards att *that* sight though[t] in vaine twas  
to fight,

we put our  
colours on  
their walls,

44

hunge vpp fflaggs of truce,<sup>1</sup> yeelded the towne.  
wee marcht in *presentlye*, decking the walls on hye  
with our English coulours, *which* purchast renowne.

plundered  
their houses,

48

Entring the houses then of the most richest men,  
ffor gold & treasure wee serched eche day :  
in some places wee did ffind pyes bakeing in the  
oue[n],  
meate att the ffire roasting, & ffolkes fled away.

and took  
their fair  
satins and  
velvets.

52

ffull of rich merchandize euery shop wee did see,  
damaskes, & sattins, & veluetts, ffull ffaire,  
*which* souldiers mesured out by the lenght of their  
swo[rds.]  
of all comodytyes eche one had a share.

And when

our  
prisoners

56

Thus cales was taken, & our braue generall  
marcht to the markett-place where hee did stand ;  
there many prisoners of good account were tooke,  
many craued mercy, & mercy they found.<sup>2</sup>

wouldn't  
pay their  
ransom,

we burnt  
their town

60

When our braue generall saw they delayed time,  
& wold not ransome their towne, as they said;  
with their faire wainescotts, their presses & bedsteeds,  
their ioyned stooles & tables, a ffire were made.  
& when the towne burned all in a fflame,

and marcht  
away.

with ta-ra, tan-ta-ra, away wee came !      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> [insert] &.—P.

<sup>2</sup> fann'd, Rhythmi gratiâ.—P.



### Edward the third.<sup>1</sup>

COPIES of this ballad occur in the *Garland of Good Will*, the *Collection of Old Ballads*. In Halliwell's *Descriptive Notices of Popular English Histories*, Percy Soc. 1848, No. 63 is "*The Story of King Edward III. and the Countess of Salisbury*, 12mo. Whitehaven, n. d. This is a small prose history; and there is one, if not more [than one,] early play on the same subject. A ballad . . . is printed in Evans' *Old Ballads*, ed. 1810, ii. 301."

This ballad tells how Edward the Third became enamoured of the Countess of Salisbury, and how the brave lady most excellently converted him to a better mind.

Chapter lxxvii. of Berners' *Cronycle of Froissart* narrates "how the kyng of England was in amours with the Countess of Salisbury." She receives the king at Wark Castle, and by her exceeding beauty and grace strikes him "to the hert with a sparcle of fyne love." He falls into a "gret study." Presently she "came to the kyng with a mery chere."

She came to the kyng with a mery chere, who was in a gret study, (and she sayd) dere syr, why do ye study so for, your grace nat dyspleased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do: rather ye shulde make good chere and be ioyfull, seyng ye haue chased away your enmies, who durst nat abyde you: let other men study for the remynant; than the kyng sayd, a, dere lady, knowe for trouthe, that syth I entred into the castell, ther is a study come to my mynde, so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor I can nat tell what shall fall therof, put it out of my herte I can nat: a sir, quoth the lady, ye ought alwayes to make good chere, to confort therwith your peple: god hath ayded you so in your besynes, and hath gyuen you so great graces, that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all christendome, and if the kyng of scottes haue done you any dyspyte

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1726, Vol. 2, p. 68, N. xi.—P.



or damage, ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuerse tymes or this ; sir, leave your musyng and come into *the* hall, if it please you, your dyner is all redy ; a, fayre lady, quoth the kyng : other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye knowe nat of : but surely *the* swete behauyng, the perfyt wysedom, the good grace, noblenes, and excellent beauty, that I se in you, hath so sore surprised my hert, *that* I can nat but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed : than the lady sayde, a, ryght noble prince, for goddessaue mocke nor tempt me nat : I can nat byleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be, wold thynke to dyshonour me, and my lorde, my husbnde, who is so valyant a knight, and hath done your grace so gode seruyce, and as yet lyethe in prison for your quarell ; certesly sir, ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse, and nothyng the better therby : I had neuer as yet such a thought in my hert, nor I trust in god neuer shall haue, for no man lyueng ; if I had any suche intencyon, your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punyssh my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred : therwith the lady departed fro the kyng, and went into the hall to hast the dyner, than she returned agayne to the kyng, and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, sir, yf it please you to come into the hall, your knyghtes abideth for you to wasshe, ye haue ben to long fastyng. Then *the* kyng went into the hall and wassht, and sat down amonge his lordes, and the lady also ; the kyng ete but lytell, he sat styll musyng, and as he durst, he cast his eyen vpon the lady : of his sadnesse his knyghtes had maruell, for he was nat acostumed so to be ; some thought it was bycause the scottes were scaped fro hym. All *that* day the kyng taryed ther, and wyst nat what to do : somtyme he ymagined *that* honour and trouth defended him to set his hert in such a case, to dyshonour such a lady, and so true a knyght as her husband was, who had alwayes well and truely serued hym. On thother part, loue so constrayned hym, that the power therof surmounted honour and trouth : thus *the* kyng debated in hymself all that day, and all that night ; in the mornyng he arose and dysloged all his hoost, and drewe after the scottes, to chase them out of his realme. Than he toke leaue of the lady, sayeng, my dere lady, to god I commende you tyll I retorne agayne, requiryng you to aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me : noble prince, quoth the lady, god *the* father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughtes : sir, I am, and euer shal be redy to do your grace seruyce to your honour and to myne ; therwith the kyng departed all abasshed.



Not long afterwards, when the king held his Round Table at Windsor, his passion was still fervent. Probably this passion thus entertained by the king about the time when he instituted the Order of the Garter suggested to the popular mind the traditional story which professes to explain the name and the motto of the Order. The earliest occurrence of that story is, perhaps, in the *Anglica Historia* of Polydore Vergil; but he omits the name of the countess. The tale soon won general acceptance. There is no historical evidence for it whatever. It is but a specimen of what may be called vulgar etymology.

The "sleight of fine advice," by which the countess in the following ballad saves her own and the king's honour, is admirably told.

- WHEN: as Edward the 3<sup>d</sup> did liue, *that* vallyant In Edward III.'s time,  
*King,*  
 david of Scotland to rebell did then begin;  
 the towne of Barwicke suddenlye ffrom vs he woone,  
 4 & burnt Newcastle to the ground: thus strife begun. David II. of Scotland took Berwick, burnt Newcastle,  
 to Rose-bury <sup>1</sup> castle marchet he then,  
 & by the force of warlicke men  
 beseiged therin a gallant ffaire Ladye  
 8 while *that* her husband was in ffrance, and besieged Lady Salisbury in Rosebury Castle.  
 his cuntryes honor to advance,  
 [The Noble and Famous Earl of Salisbury.]<sup>2</sup>  
 Braue Sir william Montague rode then in post,<sup>3</sup>  
 12 who declared vnto the *King* the Scottishmens hoast;  
 who like a Lyon in a rage did straight-way prepare  
 ffor to deliuer *that* woefull<sup>4</sup> Lady from wofull care. [page 505] News is brought to Edward, and he prepares to march north,  
 but when the Scottishmen did heare say  
 16 Edward our king was comen <sup>5</sup> *that* day, on which the Scotch raise the

<sup>1</sup> Roxbury.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> O.B. The line is pared away in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> haste.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> fair.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> come.—O.B.



siege and  
run away,

so that the  
Lady  
alone meets  
Edward.

He falls in  
love with  
her.

She thanks  
him for  
frightening  
her foes.

Edward is  
sad for love

of the  
Countess,

and tells  
her he has  
been  
wronged.

She says,  
"Tell me  
how,

and I'll  
right it."

"Swear  
that," says  
Edward.

- thé raised their seege, & ran away with speede,<sup>1</sup>  
soe *that* when he did thither come  
with warlike trumpett, fiffe, & drum,  
20 none but a gallant Lady did him meete<sup>2</sup> ;  
who<sup>3</sup> when hee did with greedy eyes behold & see,  
her peereles bewtye straight<sup>4</sup> inthralld<sup>5</sup> his mai-  
estye ;  
& euer the longer *that* he looked, the more hee might,  
24 for in her only bewty was his harts delight.  
& humbly then vpon her knee  
shee thankett his royall maiestye  
*that* he had driuen danger ffrom her gate.  
28 "Lady," quoth he, "stand vp in peace,  
although my warr doe now increase."  
"Lord, keepe," quoth shee, "all hurt ffrom your  
estate<sup>6</sup> !"  
Now is the *King* ffull sad in soule ; & wott you<sup>7</sup>  
why ;  
32 all<sup>8</sup> for the loue of the faire countesse<sup>9</sup> Salsbury.  
shee, litle knowing his cause of greefe, did come to see  
wherefore his highnesse sate alone soe heauilye :  
"I haue beene wronged, faire dame," quoth hee,  
36 "since I came hither vnto thee."  
"no, god forbid, my souerainge !" shee sayd<sup>10</sup> ;  
"if I were worthy for to know  
the cause & ground of this your woe,  
40 itt<sup>11</sup> shold be helpet if itt did Lye in mee.<sup>12</sup>"  
"Sweare to performe to me thy words, thou Lady  
gay ;  
to thee the sorrow of my hart I will bewray.<sup>13</sup>"

<sup>1</sup> Fear.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> met he there.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> whom.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> did.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> enthrall.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> State.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> wots not.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> And.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Countess Of.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> said she.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> You.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> thy Word to me.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> betray.—O.B.



"I sweare by all the *Saints* in heauen I will," quoth shee, She swears,

44 "& lett my Lord haue no mistrust at all in me."

"Then take thy selfe asyde," he sayd;

quoth hee,<sup>1</sup> "thy bewtye hath betrayd

& wounded<sup>2</sup> a *king* with thy bright shining eye;

and the  
King says,  
"You have  
wounded  
me;

48 if thou doe then some mercy show,

thou shalt expell a princes woe;

show me  
mercy, or

soe shall I liue, or else in sorrow dye."

I shall die."

"you haue you[r] wish, my soueraine Lord, effect-  
uallye:

52 take all the loue<sup>3</sup> *that* I may<sup>4</sup> giue your maiestye."

"I give  
you all the  
love I may."

"but in<sup>5</sup> thy bewtye all my woes<sup>6</sup> haue their abode."

"take then<sup>7</sup> my bewtye from my face, my gracyous  
Lord."

"didst thou not sweare to grant my will?"

"But grant  
my will,

56 "all<sup>8</sup> *that* I may, I will fulfill."

"then<sup>9</sup> for my loue let thy<sup>10</sup> true loue be seene."

love me,"  
says the  
King.

"my Lord, your speech I might reproue;

you cannott giue to me your loue,

60 ffor *that* alone<sup>11</sup> belongs vnto your queene:

"But I suppose your grace did this onelye to trye  
whether a wanton tale might tempt DAME SALSBurye;  
Nor<sup>12</sup> ffrom your selfe therfore, my leege, my stepps  
doe stray,

"You are  
trying to  
tempt me,"  
says Lady  
Salisbury.  
"I go from  
your tempt-  
ing talk."

64 but from your tempting wanton<sup>13</sup> tale I goe my way."

"O turne againe, thou<sup>14</sup> Lady bright!

come vnto me, my hartes delight!

<sup>1</sup> For why.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Wounding.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Leave.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> can.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> on.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> Joys.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> thou.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> O.B. omits *all*.—F.

<sup>9</sup> All then.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> my.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> O.B. omits *alone*.—F.

<sup>12</sup> Not.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> wanton tempting.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> my.—O.B.



Lord  
Warwick,  
the  
Countess's  
father,

gone is the comfort of my pensiue hart.  
68 heere comes the Erle of warwicke, hee  
the father of this faire Ladye ;  
my mind to him I meane for to impart."

asks Edward  
why he is  
grieved.

" why is my Lord & soueraine<sup>1</sup> soe greeued in mind ? "  
72 " because *that* I haue lost the thing I cannott find."  
" what thing is *that*, my gracyous Lord, *that*<sup>2</sup> you  
haue lost ? "  
" itt is my heart, *which* is neare dead twixt<sup>3</sup> ffire &  
frost."

" I adore  
your  
daughter."

" curst be the<sup>4</sup> ffire, & ffrost too,  
76 *that* causeth<sup>5</sup> this your hynesse woe ! "  
" O warwicke ! thou dost wrong me wonderous<sup>6</sup> sore.  
It is thy daughter, Noble Erle ;  
*that* heauen-bright lampe, *that* peereles pearle,  
80 *which* kills my hart ; yett I doe<sup>7</sup> her adore."

" I'll per-  
suade her to  
yield to  
you."

" If *that* be all, my gracyous [Lord,]<sup>8</sup> *that* workes  
your greefe,  
I will perswade the scornefull dame to yeelde releefe.  
neuer shall shee my daughter be if shee refuse ;  
84 the loue & ffauor of a king may her excuse."

Warwick

thus whylye<sup>9</sup> warwicke went his way,<sup>10</sup>  
& quite contrary he did say

meets his  
daughter,

when as hee did the bewtyous countesse meete :  
88 " well mett, my daugheter deere,<sup>11</sup> " quoth hee,  
" a message I must doe to thee :

tells her the  
King is

our royall King most kindlye [doth thee greeete ; ]

[page 506]  
dying for  
her love,  
and urges  
her to grant  
it.

The King will dye vnlesse to him thou grant<sup>12</sup> thy  
loue."  
92 " to loue the King, my husbands loue I shall<sup>13</sup> remoue."

<sup>1</sup> Sovereign King.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Which.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Betwixt.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> that.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> caused.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> very.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> do I.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> King.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> wise.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> away.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> then.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> less thou to him Do grant.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> must.—O.B.



- “It is right charytye to loue, my daughter deere.”  
 “but not <sup>1</sup> true loue, soe <sup>2</sup> charytable to <sup>3</sup> appeare.”  
 “his greatnesse may beare out the blame.<sup>4</sup>” She refuses ;  
 96 “but his kingdome cannott buy out the shame.<sup>5</sup>”  
 “he craues thy loue *that* may bereaue thy liffe ;  
 itt is my duty to urge thee this <sup>6</sup> !” she will be  
 “but not my <sup>7</sup> honestye to yeeld, I-wis ; true to her  
 100 I meane to dye a true vnspotted wiffe.” husband.

- “Now hast thou spoken, my daughter deere, as I  
 wold hau[e] ; Warwick  
 approves her  
 answer:  
 chastity beares a golden name vnto her <sup>8</sup> graue ;  
 & when vnto <sup>9</sup> thy wedded Lord thou proues vntrue,  
 104 then lett my bitter cursses still thy soule pursue. would curse  
 then with a smiling cheere goe thou, her if she  
 were untrue.  
 as right & reason doth allowe,  
 yett show the King thou bearest no strumpetts  
 minde.” She must  
 show the  
 King she's  
 no strumpet.  
 108 “I goe, deere ffather, with <sup>10</sup> a trice ;  
 & with <sup>11</sup> a sleight of ffine deuice  
 Ile cause the King <sup>12</sup> confesse *that* I am kind.<sup>13</sup>” She says  
 she'll  
 bring him  
 round.

- “Heere comes the Lady of my liffe !” the King did  
 say.  
 112 “my ffather bidds me, soueraigne Lord, your will  
 obay,  
 and I consent if you will grant one boone to mee.” She tells  
 Edward  
 that she'll  
 yield to him  
 if he'll let  
 her kill her  
 husband.  
 “I grant itt thee, my Lady ffaire, what-ere itt bee !”  
 “my husband is aliue, you know ;  
 116 ffirst lett mee kill him ere I goe,

<sup>1</sup> no.—O.B.      <sup>2</sup> O.B. omits *soe*.—F.<sup>3</sup> For to.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> Shame.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> Blame.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> move this.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> thy.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> to.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> in.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> by.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> King to.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> confess I'm not unkind.—O.B.



"But he is  
in France."  
"No, in my  
breast:"

& att your commande ffor euer will I bee <sup>1</sup>!"  
"thy husband now in ffrance doth rest."  
"noe, noe! hee lyes within my brest;  
120 & being soe nye,<sup>2</sup> hee will my ffalshoode see."

and she tries  
to stab  
herself.

with *that* shee started ffrom the *King*, & tooke her  
knife,

The King  
says she

& desperattly shee thought to rydd her selfe of liffe.  
the *King* vpstarted <sup>3</sup> ffrom his chayre her hand to  
stay:

124 "O noble *King*, you haue broke your word with me  
this day."

shan't do it.  
"Then I'll  
not lie with  
you."  
"No, live on  
in honour  
with your  
Lord!  
I'll trouble  
you no  
more."

"thou shalt not doe this deed," quoth hee.  
"then will I neuer <sup>4</sup> lye with thee."  
"now liue thou <sup>5</sup> still, & lett me beare the blame;  
128 liue thou <sup>6</sup> in honour & in <sup>6</sup> high estate  
with thy true *Lord* & wedded mate!

I will neuer <sup>7</sup> attempt this suite againe."      ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> I will ever be.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> MS. mye.—F.

<sup>3</sup> he started.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> never will I.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> No; then live.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> O.B. omits *thou* and *in*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> never will.—O.B.



### As yee came from the Holpe

THIS piece occurs also in the *Garland of Good Will*, reprinted by the Percy Society ; from which reprint Prof. Child draws the version he gives in his collection. The copy given in the *Reliques* was communicated to the editor by the late Mr. Shenstone, as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza. Shenstone's edition differs not materially from the following one from the Folio except in this said concluding stanza, which is this :

But true love is a lasting fire  
Which viewless vestals tend,  
That burnes for ever in the soule  
And knowes nor change nor end.

A note considerably instructs the reader that by "viewless vestals" is meant "angels"! What a shocking discord the phrase makes! It has about the same effect as if you should add to the costume of a gentleman of Queen Elizabeth's time one of Lincoln and Bennett's newest and silkiest hats!

A lover growing or grown old, it would seem, has been left in the lurch by the object of his affections. As all the world thronged to Walsingham, the lover supposes that she too must have gone that way; and meeting a pilgrim returning from that English Holy Land, asks him if he has seen anything of her runaway ladyship. The lover, having described how his true and untrue love may be known from many another one, learns that she has been met making for Walsingham; and then, asked why she has deserted him, explains that, though she once loved him, she has lost her love now he waxes old, and generally, that a



woman's love is ever capricious and veering; whereas the genuine passion

is a durable fire  
In the mind ever burning,  
Ever sick, never dead, never cold,  
From itself never turning.

*The Pilgrimage to Walsingham*, says Percy, "suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting:

As I went to Walsingham,  
To the shrine with speede,  
Met I with a jolly palmer  
In a pilgrimes weede.  
"Now God you save, you jolly palmer!"  
"Welcome, lady gay,  
Oft have I sued to thee for love."  
"Oft have I said you nay."

"The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.

"The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's<sup>1</sup> *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act II. sc. ult.; and in another old play called *Hans Beer-pot, his Invisible Comedy*, &c. Act I. 4to. 1618."

Of the tune of Walsingham, Mr. Chappell observes: "This tune is in Queen Elizabeth's and Lady Neville's *Virginal Books* (with thirty variations by Dr. John Bull), in Anthony Holborne's *Cittham Schools*, 1597, in Barley's *New Book of Tablature*, 1596, &c. It is called 'Walsingham,' 'Here with you to Walsingham,' and 'As I went to Walsingham.' It belongs, in all probability, to an earlier reign, as the Priory of Walsingham in Norfolk, which was founded during the episcopate of William Bishop of Norwich (1146 to 1174), was dissolved in 1538. Pilgrimages to this once

<sup>1</sup> It is by no means certain that Beaumont had *not* a share in the com-

position of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*.—Dyce.



famous shrine commenced in or before the reign of Henry III., who was there in 1241; Edward I. was at Walsingham in 1280, and again in 1296, and Edward II. in 1315. The author of the *Vision of Piers Ploughman* says,

Heremytes on a hepe with hooked staves  
Wenten to Walsingham, and her (their) wenches after.

“Henry VII. having kept his Christmas of 1436–7 at Norwich, from thence went in manner of pilgrimage to Walsingham, where he visited Our Lady’s Church, famous for miracles; and made his prayers and vows for help and deliverance; and in the following summer, after the battle of Stoke, he sent his banner to be offered to our Lady of Walsingham, where before he made his vows.

“In *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1600, the scene being laid in Burgundy, the following lines are given:

King Richard’s gone to Walsingham, to the Holy Land,  
To kill Turk and Saracen, that the truth do withstand,  
Christ his cross be his good speed, Christ his foes to quell  
Send him help in time of need, and to come home well.

“In Nashe’s ‘Have with you to Saffron-Walden,’ 1596, sign. L, ‘As I went to Walsingham’ is quoted, which is the first line of the ballad in the Pepysian collection, vol. i. p. 226.

“One of the *Psalmes and Songs of Sion*, turned into the language and set to the tunes of a strange land, 1642, is to the tune of Walsingham; and Osborne, in his *Traditional Memoirs* in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, 1653, speaking of the Earl of Salisbury, says:

Many a hornpipe he tuned to his Phillis,  
And sweetly sung Walsingham to’s Amaryllis.

“In *Don Quixote*, translated by J. Phillips, 1688, p. 273, he says: ‘An infinite number of little birds, with painted wings of various colours hopping from branch to branch, all naturally singing ‘Walsingham’ and whistling ‘John come kiss me now.’”

Perhaps the most interesting picture of this once popular resort



of the people of all nations is drawn by Erasmus in his colloquy between Menedemus and Ogygius, entitled *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*. Ogygius, it seems, had been missing for some time, for some six months, and had been given out for dead. But at last, to the surprise of his friend and neighbour Menedemus, he turns up and accounts for his eclipse. "Visi," he says, "divum Jacobum Compostellanum, et hinc reversus Virginem Parathalassiam apud Anglos percelebrem; quin potius hanc revisi, nam ante annos tres inviseram." "Animi gratiâ ut arbitror," suggests Menedemus. "Imo religionis causâ," rejoins the other. "De Jacobo frequenter audivi," presently says the stay-at-home; "sed obsecro te describe mihi regnum istius Parathalassiæ." And then follows a long gossiping account of the buildings, the relics, the traditions, the miracles appertaining to the famous spot; which, for the curious details it furnishes, and the dry humour with which these are accepted by the less enthusiastic Menedemus, is well worth reading. The pilgrim sees "Sacellum prodigiis plenum." "Eo me confero," he says. "Excipit alius mystagogus. Illic oravimus paulisper. Mox exhibetur nobis articulus humani digiti, è tribus maximi; exosculator: deinde rogo cujus sint reliquiæ. Ait, Sancti Petri. Num Apostoli, inquam? Aiebat. Deinde contemplans magnitudinem articuli, qui gigantis videri potuerit: Oportuit, inquam, Petrum fuisse virum prægrandi corpore. Ad hanc vocem è comitibus quidam in cachinnum solutus est; id certe moleste tuli. Nam si is siluisset, ædituus nos nihil celâset reliquorum. Eum tamen utcunque placavimus, datis aliquot drachmis. Ante ædiculam erat tectum, quod aiebat hiberno tempore, cum nix obtexisset omnia, eo subito fuisse delatum è longinquo. Sub eo tecto putei duo ad summum pleni; fontis venam aiunt esse, sacram divæ Virgini; liquor est mire frigidus, efficax medicando capitis stomachique doloribus.

"*Me.* Si frigida medetur doloribus capitis et stomachi, posthac et oleum extinguet incendium.



“*Og.* Miraculum audis, ô bone : alioqui quid esset miraculi, si frigida sedaret sitim ?

“*Me.* Et ista sane est una pars fabulæ.

“*Og.* Affirmabant, eum fontem derepente prosiliâsse e terrâ jussu Sanctissimæ Virginis. Ego cuncta diligenter circumspiciens rogabam quot essent anni quod ea domuncula fuisset eo deportata ; dixit aliquot secula. Alioqui parietes, inquam, non præ se ferunt aliquid vetustatis. Non repugnabat. Ne columnæ quidem hæ ligneæ : non negabat esse nuper positas et res ipsa loquebatur. Deinde hæc, inquam, tecti culmea arundineaque materia videtur esse recentior. Assentiebatur. Ac ne trabes quidem hæ, inquam, transversæ nec ipsa tigna quæ culmos sustinent videntur ante multos annos posita. Annuebat. Atqui cum jam nulla casæ pars superesset : Unde igitur constat, inquam, hanc esse casulam illam è longinquo delatam ?

“*Me.* Obsecro quomodo sese ab hoc nodo expediebat ædituus ?

“*Og.* Scilicet incunctanter ille ostendit nobis pervetustam ursi pellem, tignis affixam, ac propemodum irrisit nostram tarditatem, qui ad tam manifestum argumentum non haberemus oculos. Itaque persuasi, et tarditatis culpam deprecati, vertimus nos ad cœleste lac Beatæ Virginis.”

“Among other superstitions belonging to the place,” says a writer in Chambers’s *Book of Days*, “was one that the Milky Way pointed directly to the home of the Virgin, in order to guide pilgrims on their road ; hence it is called the Walsingham Way, which had its counterpart on earth in the broad way which led through Norfolk : at every town that it passed through, a cross was erected pointing out the path to the holy spot ; some of these elegant structures still remain.”

The place was in wonderful repute. To it Catherine of Arragon, dying, entrusted her soul ; and so her sometime husband, when his hour came. In the second volume of the *Reliques*, Percy gives “a few extracts from the household book of Henry



Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, to shew what constant tribute was paid to our Lady of Walsingham:—Item. My lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham, iiijd." The Paston letters abound in allusions to pilgrimages made to this shrine, pilgrimages made by the Duke of Norfolk in 1459, by Edward IV. and his queen in 1469, by the Duchess of Norfolk in 1471, by the Duke of Buckingham in 1478 (five years before his beheading).

This stream of pilgrims stayed its flowing at last. In August, 1538, the priory was dissolved. The gorgeous image of Our Lady was carried away to Chelsea, and there burnt before the commissioners. The people of Norfolk murmured, and wailed, and rebelled. Their idol was thrown down and burnt with fire; and their hopes of gain were gone. Not only was their religion affronted, but their purse was spoiled. No wonder if they beat their breasts, and rove their hair, and threw dust and ashes over their heads and in their enemies' faces!

In the Bodleian Library is preserved the following poem:

In the wrackes of Walsingam  
 Whom should I chuse  
 But the Queene of Walsingam,  
 to be guide to my muse?  
 Then thou Prince of Walsingam,  
 graunt me to frame  
 Bitter plaintes to rewe thy wronge,  
 bitter wo for thy name.

Bitter was it, oh! to see  
 The seely sheepe  
 Murdred by the raueninge wolues  
 While the sheephardes did sleep!  
 Bitter was it, oh! to vewe  
 the sacred vyne,  
 Whiles the gardiners plaied all close,  
 rooted vp by the swine.

Bitter, bitter, oh! to behould  
 the grasse to growe  
 Where the walles of Walsingam  
 so statly did sheue.



Such were the workes of Walsingam  
 while shee did stand!  
 Such are the wrackes as now do shewe  
 of that holy land!  
 Levell, Levell with the ground  
 the towres doe lye,

[Fol. 26b]

Which with their golden glitteringe tops  
 pearsed once to the skye!  
 Wher weare gates, no gates ar nowe;  
 the waies vnknownen  
 Wher the presse of peares did passe,  
 while her fame far was blowen.  
 Oules do srike wher the sweetest himnes  
 lately weer songe;  
 Toades and serpentes hold ther dennes  
 wher the Palmers did thronge.

Weepe, weepe, o Walsingam!  
 whose dayes are nightes,  
 Blessinge turned to blasphemies,  
 holy deedes to dispites!  
 Sinne is wher our Ladie sate,  
 heauen turned is to hell!  
 Sathan sittes wher our Lord did swaye  
 Walsingham, oh! farewell!  
 finis.

*'Earl of Arundel MS.' among Rawlinson MSS.*

“AS : yee came ffrom the holy Land  
 of walsingham,  
 mett you not with my true loue  
 4 by the way as you came? ”  
 “how shold I know your true loue,<sup>1</sup>  
 that haue mett many a one  
 as I came ffrom the holy Land,  
 8 that haue come, that haue gone? ”  
 “Shee is neither white nor browne,  
 but as the heauens ffaire;  
 there is none hathe their<sup>2</sup> fforme diuine  
 12 on the earth or the ayre.”

Did you not  
 meet my  
 love, as you  
 came?

She is fair as  
 the heavens,

<sup>1</sup> The MS. makes the verses of 8 lines.—F.

<sup>2</sup> her, Qu.—P.



“such a one did I meete, good Sir,  
 with an angellike fface,  
 who like a nimph, like a queene, did appeare  
 16 in her gate, in her grace.”

but has left  
 me here all  
 alone,

“Shee hath left me heere alone,  
 all alone as vnknowne,  
 who sometime loued me as her liffe  
 20 & called me her owne.”  
 “what is the cause shee hath left thee alone,  
 & a new way doth take,  
*that* sometime did loue thee as her selfe,  
 24 & her ioy did thee make?”

because I  
 am old.

“I haue loued her all my youth,  
 but now am old, as you see.  
 loue liketh not the ffalling ffruite  
 28 nor the whithered tree;  
 for loue is like a carlesse child,  
 & fforgetts promise past:  
 he is blind, he is deaffe when he list,  
 never fast, 32 & infaith neuer ffast;

Love is

but fickle,

lost with a  
 toy.

“his desire is ffickle, ffond,  
 & a trustles ioye;  
 he is won with a world of dispayre,  
 36 & lost with a toye.  
 such is the [fate of all man]<sup>1</sup> kind,  
 Or the word loue abused,  
 vnder *which* many childish desires  
 40 & conceipts are excused.”

“No, true  
 Love burns  
 ever, turns  
 never.”

“But loue is a durabler ffyer  
 in the mind euer Burninge,  
 euer sicke, neuer dead, neuer cold,  
 44 ffrom itt selfe neuer turninge.”      ffinis.

[page 507]

<sup>1</sup> MS. pared and broken away.—F. ? read [way of woman].—Skeat.



### Leoffricus : <sup>1</sup>

A COPY of this piece is to be found in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1726.

The story told in it is that made so well known to us of to-day by Tennyson's exquisite poem of *Godiva*.

Few chronicles which deal with the time of Edward the Confessor omit to mention Leofric, Earl of Chester, and afterwards of Mercia, and his wife Godiva. The *L'Estoire de Seint Ædward le Rei*; Ailred's *Vita Regis Edwardi Confessoris*; Ingulph's (?) *Historia Croylandensis* (she was "tunc fœminarum pulcherrima sic corde sanctissima"), the *Mailros Chronicles*, Hoveden's *Annales* (he says, "dei cultrix et sanctæ Mariæ semper virginis amatrix devota nobilis comitissa Godiva"), all mention her with enthusiasm as a charitable and most pious lady. The earliest account of her famous ride through Coventry which is quoted by Dugdale (see his *History of Warwickshire*), is given by Brompton, who "flourished" about the close of the twelfth century :

De dicta quoque *Godiva* Comitissa quæ ecclesiam de *Stowe* sub promontorio *Lincolnice*, et multas alias construxerat, legitur, quod dum ipsa *Coventreiam* a gravi servitute et importabili tolneto liberare affectasset, *Leofricum* Comitem virum suum sollicitavit, ut sanctæ Trinitatis Deique genitricis Mariæ intuitu, villam a prædicta solveret servitute. Prohibuit Comes ne de cetero rem sibi dampnosam inaniter postularet. Illa nichilominus virum indesinenter de petitione præmissa exasperans, tale responsum ab eo demum extorsit. Ascende, inquit, equum tuum, et nuda a villæ initio usque ad finem populo congregato equites, et sic postulata cum redieris impetrabis. Tunc *Godiva* Deo dilecta equum nuda ascendens, ac capitis crines et tricas dissolvens, totum corpus præter crura inde velavit. Itinere completo à nemine visa ad virum gaudens est reversa, unde *Leofricus Coventreiam* a servitute et malis custumis et exactionibus liberavit, et cartam

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of Old Ballads* 1726. Vol. 2. p. 34. N. v.—P.



suam inde confectam sigilli sui munimine roboravit, de quo adhuc isti pauperes mercatores ad villam accedentes plenarie sunt experti.

Matthew of Westminster, some hundred years after the Abbot of Joreval, gives the following version :

Hæc autem comitissa religiose villam Conventrensem a gravi servitute ac turpi liberare affectans, sæpius comitem virum suum magnis precibus rogavit, ut sanctæ Trinitatis, sanctæque genetricis Dei intuitu, villam a prædicta absolveret servitute. Cumque comes illam increparet, quod rem sibi damnosam inaniter postularet, prohibuit constanter, ne ipsum super hac re de cetero conveniret. Illa contrario, pertinacia muliebri ducta, virum indesinenter de petitione præmissa exasperans, tale responsum extorsit ab eo. Ascende (inquit) equum tuum nuda, et transi per mercatum villæ, ab initio usque ad finem, populo congregato, et cum redieris, quod postulas, impetrabis. Cui comitissa respondens, ait : Et si hoc facere voluero, licentiam mihi dabis ? Ad quam comes, Dabo, inquit. Tunc Godyva comitissa, Deo dilecta, die quadam, ut prædictum est, nuda equum ascendens, crines capitis et tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura candidissima, inde velavit, et itinere completo, a nemine visa, ad virum gaudens, hoc pro miraculo habitum, reversa est. Comes vero Leofricus, Conventrensem a præfata servitute liberans civitatem, chartam suam inde factam sigilli sui munimine roboravit.

Higden, some half century afterwards, says briefly :

Ad jugem quoque instantiam uxoris suæ urbem suam Coventrensem ab omni tolneto præterquam de equis liberam fecit ; ad quod impetrandum uxor ejus Comitissa Godyva quodam mane per medium urbis nuda sed comis tecta equitavit.

Knighton adopts Higden's account word for word.

Bower, the continuer of Fordun's *Scotichronicon*, in the first half of the following, the fifteenth century, tells the story of Matilda, wife of Henry II. ; for which act he is severely reproved by his and Fordun's editor, Hearne (1722). The only other noticeable variation in his account is, we think, particularly coarse. He says the poor lady performed her ride "rege et populo spectantibus."



In our own age the story has been gracefully and refinedly told by Leigh Hunt, and in an incomparable manner by Tennyson.

There is then, extant, no narrative of the gentle Godiva's most generous feat till upwards of two centuries after its alleged performance.

We find, indeed, in the reign of Henry I. that the good Queen Maude, "that's right well loved England through" (Hardyng), who did so many good services for the people, and taught her Norman husband a milder policy than his own nature prompted, received the *sobriquet* of Godiva. She, too, loved the people well, and so was called after the Saxon countess who had so signally testified her affection for them. This is the earliest reference to the story.

|  |                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                                    |
|--|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  | <p>LEOFFRICUS the <sup>1</sup> noble Erle<br/> of chester, as I read,<br/> did ffor the citty of couentrye<br/> 4 many a noble deede ;</p>                                  | <p>Leoffricus<br/> Earl of<br/> Chester</p>                        |
|  | <p>great priuiledges for the towne<br/> this noble-man did gett,<br/> of all things did make itt soe,<br/> 8 that they tole ffree did sitt,</p>                             | <p>made the<br/> city of<br/> Coventry</p>                         |
|  | <p>saue onlye that for horsses still<br/> they did some custome paie,<br/> which was great charges to the towne<br/> 12 ffull long &amp; many a day.</p>                    | <p>toll-free,<br/><br/> except a<br/> horse-tax.</p>               |
|  | <p>wherfore his wiffe, Godiua <sup>2</sup> ffaire,<br/> did of the Erle request<br/> that therfore <sup>3</sup> he wold make itt ffree<br/> 16 as well as all the rest.</p> | <p>This his wife<br/> Godiva<br/> asked him<br/> to take off ;</p> |

<sup>1</sup> that.—O.B. The first two lines are written as one in the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Godina.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> thereof.—O.B.



- and finding  
him one day  
in a good  
humour,
- 20 & when the Lady long <sup>1</sup> had sued,  
her purpose to obtaine,  
att last her noble Lord <sup>2</sup> shee tooke  
within <sup>3</sup> a pleasant vaine,
- entreated  
him to  
remit the  
tax.
- 24 & vnto him with smiling cheere  
shee did fforthwith proceede,  
intreating greatly *that* hee wold  
performe *that* godlye <sup>4</sup> deede.
- "What'll  
you do  
if I will?"
- 28 "you moue me much, ffaire dame," <sup>5</sup> quoth hee,  
"your suite I ffaine wold shunn;  
but what wold <sup>6</sup> you performe & doe,  
to haue the <sup>7</sup> matter done?"
- "Anything  
in reason,"  
she says.
- 32 "why, any thing, my Lord," quoth shee,  
"you will with reason craue,  
I will performe itt with good will  
if I my wish may <sup>8</sup> haue."
- "Well if  
you'll do  
what I  
ask you,  
I'll take off  
the tax."
- 36 "if thou wilt grant one <sup>9</sup> thing," he said,  
"which I shall now require;  
soe <sup>10</sup> soone as itt is ffinished,  
thou shalt haue thy desire."
- "I'll do it,"  
she says.
- 40 "command what you thinke good, my Lord;  
I will ther-to agree  
on *that* condityon, *that* this <sup>11</sup> towne  
in all things <sup>12</sup> may bee ffree."
- "Then strip,
- and ride  
naked  
through the  
town."
- 44 "if thou wilt stripp thy clothes <sup>13</sup> off,  
& heere wilt <sup>14</sup> lay them downe,  
& att noone-da ye <sup>15</sup> on horsbacke ryde,  
starke naked through the towne,

<sup>1</sup> So when that she long Time.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> Her Noble Lord at length.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> When in.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> goodly.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> will.—O.B.

might.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> my Fair.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> this.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> but thy Cloaths.—O.B.<sup>14</sup> by me.—O.B.<sup>15</sup> The MS. has a tag like *s* to the  
e.—F. Noon-day.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> as.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> For ever.—O.B.



“ they shalbe free for euermore.  
 if thou wilt not doe soe,  
 more lyberty then now they haue  
 48 I neuer will bestowe.”

the Lady att this strange demand  
 was much abashet in minde ;  
 & yett ffor to fulfill this thing  
 52 shee neuer a whitt repinde.

The  
 Countess  
 is taken  
 aback,  
 but does not  
 hesitate,

wherfore to all the <sup>1</sup> officers  
 of all the towne <sup>2</sup> shee sent,  
 that they, perceiuing her good will,  
 56 which for their <sup>3</sup> weale was bent,

and tells the  
 town-  
 officials

that on the day that shee shold ryde,  
 all persons through the towne  
 shold keepe their houses, & shutt their dore,<sup>4</sup>  
 60 & clap their windowes downe,

to order that  
 when she  
 rides  
 through,  
 all houses,  
 doors, and  
 windows  
 shall be  
 shut,  
 so that no  
 one may see  
 her.

soe that no creature, younge nor <sup>5</sup> old,<sup>6</sup>  
 shold in the streete <sup>7</sup> bee seene  
 till shee had ridden [all about] <sup>8</sup>  
 64 Through all the Cittye cleane.

[page 508]

And when the day of ryding came,  
 no person did her see,  
 sauing her lord . after which time  
 68 the towne was euer ffree.      ffinis.

She rides.  
 None see her.  
 The town is  
 freed.

<sup>1</sup> unto all.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Of Coventry.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> the.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> and Doors.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> or.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> There is a tag at the end like an s  
 in the MS.—F.

<sup>7</sup> Streets.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> all about, Throughout.—O.B.

[“ A Mayden-heade ” and “ Tom Longe,” printed in Lo. & Hum.  
 Songs, p. 111–13, follow here in the MS. p. 508.]



### Proude where the Spenc[ers]<sup>1</sup>

THIS ballad first occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*.

A more complete copy than that of the Folio is to be found in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, so often referred to in our Introductions; but it too is miserably mutilated.

It is evidently the work of a later writer, of one who wrote generations after the memory of Queen Isabella's profligacy in the subsequent years of her life was keenly remembered. Its sympathy with the Queen's side is vehement; and may possibly have sprung from the fact that a Queen was sitting on the throne when it was written.

It would seem not to have been founded on current traditions; but to be the result of some historical research. The details are, for the most part, accurate to a degree most unusual in ballad-poetry. In other respects it can boast no great superiority over other historical ballads—a department of literature by no means pre-eminent for its poetic worth. It tells its tale in a business-like way.

It tells it, as we have said, with surprising accuracy; but there is when it errs. The Queen departed for France nominally on a diplomatic mission—to smooth down certain differences with regard to Gascony which were dividing her brother Charles IV. of France and her husband; she did not make her escape from the country with the aid of any such pretext as that preferred in the text. The letters written by the deserted Edward both to her and to his son who was with her, urging their return, are still extant (see *Fœdera*). The Pope persuaded Charles to dismiss his sister from his court. Then she found refuge at the

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection of old Ballads* 1726. Vol. 2. p. 59. N<sup>o</sup> x.—P.



court of William Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa the Prince her son was there betrothed. This Count placed at her service a force of 2,000 men under the command of John of Hainault (see vv. 40-62).

On September 24, 1326, those whose return Edward II. had so earnestly urged, landed at Orwell in Suffolk, armed. The nobles, who some five years before had been overthrown with Lancaster, now flocked from their hiding-places and their places of exile to support this frightful insurrection of wife and son. The King's brothers, his cousins, and many bishops, hastened to support it. London murdered the King's lieutenant, and supported it. The elder Despenser was seized at Bristol, the burghers there turning against him, and there executed as a traitor. His son was seized in Wales, carried to Hereford, and executed as a traitor there. The Earl of Arundel and others were beheaded. (See Knight's *Popular History of England*.)

The ballad alludes but briefly to the end of the tragedy :

Then was King deposed of his Crown ;  
From rule and princely dignity the  
Lords did cast him down.

Written in admiration of Isabella, it, naturally enough, shrinks from any allusion to the atrocities perpetrated in Berkeley Castle—to the “ shrieks of death ” that rang through its roof—

Shrieks of an agonizing King !

PROUD : were the Spencers, & of condityons <sup>1</sup> ill ;  
all England & the King they ruled  
likewise <sup>2</sup> att their will ;

The  
Spencers  
were an ill-  
conditioned  
lot,

<sup>1</sup> Condition, in *Old Ballads*, 3<sup>rd</sup> ed., ii. 62.—F.

<sup>2</sup> likewise They ruled.—O.B. Each couple of lines 2 and 3, 5 and 6, 19 and 20, is written as one in the MS.—F. The true arrangement is :

Proud were the Spencers,  
& of condityons ill ;

all England & the King they ruled  
likewise att their will ;

& many Lords  
& nobles of this Land  
through their occasion lost their liues,  
& none durst them withstand.

The first line very short ; only two accents at most ; the second, third, and fourth lines with three accents.—Skeat.



and the  
cause of  
many nobles'  
deaths.

4      & many Lords & nobles of this <sup>1</sup> Land  
through their occassion <sup>2</sup> lost their liues,  
and none durst *them* [withstand.] <sup>3</sup>

They raised  
strife  
between  
King  
Edward and  
his Queen,

8      & att the last they did increase great <sup>4</sup> greeffe  
betweene the [King and Isabel] <sup>5</sup>  
his queene and ffaithfull wiffe, [page 509]  
soe *that* her liffe shee dreaded wonderous sore,  
& cast with[in] <sup>6</sup> heer present thoughts

so that she  
was forced

12      some present helpe therfore.

then shee requested, <sup>7</sup> with countenance graue &  
sage,  
*that* shee to Thomas BECCETTS tombe  
might goe on pilgramage.

16      then being ioyfull to haue *that* <sup>8</sup> happy chance,  
her sonne & shee tooke shipp with speede,  
& sayled into ffrance ;

to escape  
into France.

& royally shee was receiued then

The French  
King, her  
brother,  
received her  
well,

20      by the King & all the rest  
of the peeres & noblemen ;  
and vnto him att lenght <sup>9</sup> shee did expresse  
the cause of her arriuall there,

24      her greeffe <sup>10</sup> & heauinesse.

when as her brother her greefe did vnderstand,  
he gaue her leaue to gather men  
out of <sup>11</sup> his ffamous land,

gave her  
leave to  
raise men,  
and  
promised her

28      & made his <sup>12</sup> promise to aide her euermore  
as offt as shee shold stand in Neede <sup>13</sup>  
of gold & siluer store.

money.

<sup>1</sup> the.—O.B.      <sup>8</sup> the.—O.B.  
<sup>2</sup> Occasions.—O.B.      <sup>9</sup> last.—O.B.  
<sup>3</sup> did them withstand.—O.B.      <sup>10</sup> care.—O.B.  
<sup>4</sup> much.—O.B.      <sup>11</sup> Throughout.—O.B.  
<sup>5</sup> MS. pared away. Supplied from      <sup>12</sup> a.—O.B.  
*Old Ballads.*—F.      <sup>13</sup> N written over *st* in the MS.—F.  
<sup>6</sup> within.—O.B.      <sup>7</sup> requests.—O.B.      need.—O.B.



- but when indeed he shold performe <sup>1</sup> the same,  
 32 he was as ffarr ffrom doing itt  
 as when shee thither came,  
 & did proclaime, <sup>2</sup> while matters yett were greene, <sup>3</sup>  
 that none on paine of death shold goe  
 36 to aide the English queene.
- this alteration did greatly greeue the Queene,  
 that downe along her comely fface  
 they <sup>4</sup> bitter teares were seene.  
 40 when shee perciued her ffreinds forsooke her soe,  
 shee knew not, ffor her saftey,  
 which way to turne or goe;
- but through good happ, att last shee thenn decreede  
 44 to seeke in ffruitfull GERMANYE  
 some succour in <sup>5</sup> this neede ;  
 And to Sir Iohn HENAULT <sup>6</sup> then went shee,  
 who entertained this wofull queene  
 48 with great solempnitye ;
- & with great sorrow to him shee then complained  
 of all the greefe <sup>7</sup> & iniuryes  
 which shee of late sustained,  
 52 soe that with weeping shee dimnd her princly  
 sight.  
 the sunn <sup>8</sup> therof did greatly greefe  
 that noble curteous knight,
- who made an othe he wold her champyon bee,  
 56 & in her quarrell spend his bloode,  
 from wrong to sett her ffree ;
- But he afterwards broke his word,  
 and refused to let men enlist for her.  
 This grieved her greatly,  
 and she took refuge in Germany,  
 where Sir John Henault
- swore to be her champion, and fight for her,

<sup>1</sup> she did require.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> MS. proclaime.—F.

<sup>3</sup> whilst matters were so.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> The.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> to.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> Hainault.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> her Griefs.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> MS. sunn or smm : ? for summ, or E. E. sunne, sin.—F. sunne not to be thought of.—Dyce. cause.—O.B.



with all his  
friends.

" & all my freinds with whom I may preuaile,  
shall helpe for to aduance your state,  
60 whose truth no time shall faile."

He proves  
faithful;  
sails with  
many lords,

And in this promise, most faithfull he was found,  
& many Lords of great account  
was in this voyage bound.

and lands  
with her at  
Harwich.

64 soe setting fforward with a goodlye traine,  
att lenght through gods especiall grace  
into England they came.

Many  
English  
lords join  
her.

Att HARWICH then when they were come a-shore,<sup>1</sup>  
68 of English Lords & Barrons bold  
there came to her great store,  
which did reioce the queenes afflicted hart,  
that English nobles<sup>2</sup> in such sort  
72 did come<sup>3</sup> to take her part.

Edward II.  
hears of this,

when as King Edward herof did vnderstand,  
how *that* the queene with such a power  
was entered on his Land,

and flies,

76 & how his nobles were gone to take her part,  
he fled from London presentlye;  
then<sup>4</sup> with a heauye hart,

with the  
Spencers,  
to Bristol,

And with the Spencers, did vnto BRISTOWE<sup>5</sup> goe,  
80 [To fortify that gallant town,]<sup>6</sup>

Greatt cost he did best[owe;]

[page 510]

leaving the  
Bishop of  
Exeter in  
London,

leauing behind, to gouerne London towne,<sup>7</sup>  
[The stout Bishop of *Exeter*,  
84 Whose Pride was soon pull'd down.

<sup>1</sup> were ashore.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Lords.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Came for.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Even.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> Unto Bristol did.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> MS. pared away. Line supplied  
from O.B.—F.

<sup>7</sup> (N.B. There are upwards of 22  
stanzas wanting: which are all in *the*  
Printed Copy.)—P. and are here printed,  
with the leads out, from the 2nd edition  
of *Old Ballads*, 1726, vol. ii. p. 62.  
About half a page in the MS. is left  
blank.—F.



- [The Mayor of *London*, with Citizens great Store,  
The Bishop and the *Spencers* both  
In Heart they did abhor ;  
88 Therefore they took him without Fear or Dread,  
And at the Standard in *Cheapside*  
They soon smote off his Head. where the  
citizens  
soon
- [Unto the Queen this Message then they sent,  
92 The City of *London* was  
At her Commandement :  
Wherefore the Queen, with all her Company,  
Did strait to *Bristol* march amain,  
96 Wherein the King did lie : and tell  
Isabella the  
city is hers.
- [Then she besieg'd the City round about,  
Threatning sharp and cruel Death,  
To those that were so stout ;  
100 Wherefore the Townsmen, their Children, and their  
Wives,  
Did yield the City to the Queen  
For Safe-guard of their Lives : She marches  
to Bristol,
- [Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,  
104 Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him  
The Earl of *Arundel*.  
This Judgment just the Nobles did set down,  
They should be drawn and hanged both,  
108 In Sight of *Bristol* Town. and it is  
yielded up  
to her.
- [Where was took, the Story plain doth tell,  
104 Sir *Hugh Spencer*, and with him  
The Earl of *Arundel*.  
This Judgment just the Nobles did set down,  
They should be drawn and hanged both,  
108 In Sight of *Bristol* Town. Sir H.  
Spencer  
and Lord  
Arundel are  
taken,
- [Then was King Edward in the Castle there,  
And *Hugh Spencer* still with him,  
In Dread and deadly Fear ;  
112 And being prepar'd from thence to Sail away,  
The Winds were found contrary,  
They were enforc'd to stay : the King  
and Spencer
- [But at last Sir *John Beaumont*, Knight,  
116 Did bring his sailing Ship to Shore,  
And so did stay their Flight :  
And so these Men were taken speedily,  
And brought as Prisoners to the Queen,  
120 Which did in *Bristol* lie. being  
caught as  
they were  
escaping by  
ship.
- [The Queen, by Counsel of the Lords and Barons bold,  
To *Barkley* sent the King,  
There to be kept in hold : The Queen  
imprisons  
the King



- 124 And young *Hugh Spencer*, that did much Ill procure,  
Was to the Marshal of the Host  
Sent unto keeping sure.
- [And then the Queen to *Hereford* took her way,  
128 With all her warlike Company,  
Which late in *Bristol* lay :  
And here behold how *Spencer* was  
From Town to Town, even as the Queen  
132 To *Hereford* did pass ;
- and has  
Spencer  
carried from  
town to  
town on a  
jade's back,
- [Upon a Jade, which they by chance had found,  
Young *Spencer* mounted was,  
With Legs and Hands fast bound :  
136 A Writing-Paper along as he did go,  
Upon his Head he had to wear,  
Which did his Treason show :
- men playing  
before him.
- [And to deride this Traytor lewd and ill,  
140 Certain Men with Reeden-Pipes  
Did blow before him still.  
Thus was he led along in every Place,  
While many People did rejoice  
144 To see his strange Disgrace.
- Then at  
Hereford
- [When unto *Hereford* our Noble Queen was come,  
She did assemble all the Lords  
And Knights, both all and some ;  
148 And in their Presence young *Spencer* Judgment had,  
To be both hang'd and quartered,  
His Treasons were so bad.
- Spencer is  
hanged and  
quartered,
- King  
Edward is  
deposed,
- 152 [Then was the King deposed of his Crown ;  
From Rule, and princely Dignity,  
The Lords did cast him down :  
And in his Life, his Son both wise and sage,  
Was crowned King of fair *England*,  
156 At Fifteen Years of Age.]      fin[is.]
- and his son  
crowned  
King.



### Kinge Edgar.<sup>1</sup>

THIS rhyming version of a good old Saxon tale occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, "to the tune of Labandulishot," in the *Collection of Old Ballads*, in Evans's *Old Ballads*.

The authority followed by the writer of it is William of Malmesbury.

There was in his time (says that chronicler) one Athelwold, a nobleman of celebrity, and one of his confidants; him the king had commissioned to visit Elfrida, daughter of Orgar, Duke of Devonshire (whose charms had so fascinated the eyes of some persons that they commended her to the king), and to offer her marriage if her beauty were really equal to report.

Hastening on his embassy, and finding everything consonant to general estimation, he concealed his mission from her parents, and procured the damsel for himself. Returning to the king, he told a tale that made for his own purpose, that she was a girl of vulgar and commonplace appearance, and by no means worthy of such a transcendent dignity. When Edgar's heart was disengaged from this affair, and employed on other amours, some tattlers acquainted him how completely Athelwold had duped him by his artifices. Driving out one nail with another, that is, returning him deceit for deceit, he showed the earl a fair countenance, and, as in a sportive manner, appointed a day when he would visit this far-famed lady. Terrified almost to death with this dreadful pleasantry, he hastened before to his wife, entreating that she would administer to his safety by attiring herself as unbecomingly as possible; then first disclosing the intention of such a proceeding. But what did not this woman dare? She was hardy enough to deceive the confidence of her miserable lover, her first husband, to adorn herself at the mirror, and omit nothing that could stimulate the desire of a young and powerful man. Nor did events happen contrary to her design; for he fell so desperately in love with her the moment he saw her, that, dissembling his indignation, he sent for the earl into a wood at Warewelle, under

<sup>1</sup> In the printed *Collection* 1726, Vol. 2, p. 25, N. iv.—P.



pretence of hunting, and ran him through with a javelin. When the illegitimate son of the murdered nobleman approached with his accustomed familiarity, and was asked by the king how he liked that kind of sport, he is reported to have said, "Well, my sovereign liege, I ought not to be displeased with that which gives you pleasure," with which answer he so assuaged the mind of the reigning monarch, that for the remainder of his life he held no one in greater estimation than this young man; mitigating the tyrannical deed against the father by royal solicitude for the son. In expiation of this crime, a monastery, which was built on the spot by Elfrida, is inhabited by a large congregation of nuns.—Stevenson's *Church Historians of England*.

Another account is given by Brompton. He narrates how Athelwold, after securing, by his deception, the hand of Alfrida, as he calls her, persuaded the king to stand godfather to their first-born son, "de sacro forte levare," in order that—a spiritual affinity ("spiritualis cognatio") contracted thus between his wife and Edgar—he might be secure from his majesty's amorousness. But the king made but little of this restraining tie. He speedily put Athelwold out of the way, sending him to oppose the Danes in the North, and perhaps getting him killed on his way to his post—at all events he was killed on the way—and took Alfrida to his arms. In vain Dunstan, who seems to have been extremely free of the palace, entering the royal chamber the morning after the espousals, asked the king, "quænam illa esset quæ secum in lecto jacebat," and chafed at the answer "regina." Edgar married Alfrida.

The story is told in the following ballad with some skill, but in a somewhat prosy manner.

The form adopted is the favourite one of the old romances (revived by Scott in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*); and the besetting blemish of the piece—prolixity—is also an imitation of the old romances.

The sympathy of the account is all on the king's side.

Thus he which did the king deceive  
Did by deceit this death receive,



says the loyal poet, after describing Athelwold's assassination. "Be true and faithful to your friend" is the moral. And when that friend is a king, why, expect the extremest penalties, if you are false.

WHEN as King Edgar did gouerne this land,<sup>1</sup>  
 & in the strenght of his yeeres did<sup>2</sup> stand,  
 such praise was spread of a gallant dame  
 4 which did through England carry great fame,  
 & shee a Ladaye of noble<sup>3</sup> degree,  
 the Erle of deuonshires daughter was shee.  
 the King, which had latetly<sup>4</sup> buryed the queene,  
 8 & a long<sup>5</sup> time a wydower had<sup>6</sup> beene,  
 hearing the praise of this<sup>7</sup> gallant maid,  
 vpon her bewtye his loue hee laid;  
 & in his sighes<sup>8</sup> he wold often say,  
 12 "I will goe<sup>9</sup> send for *that* Lady gay;  
 yea, I will send for *that*<sup>10</sup> Lady bright  
 which is my treasure and delight,  
 whose bewty, like to Phebus beames,  
 16 did<sup>11</sup> glister<sup>12</sup> through all Christen realmes."  
 then to himselfe he wold repleye,  
 saing, "how fond a prince<sup>13</sup> am I,  
 to cast my loue soe base and Lowe,  
 20 & on<sup>14</sup> a girle I doe not know!  
 King Edgar will his fancy frame  
 to loue<sup>15</sup> some peereles princely dame,

The widowed  
King Edgar

hears of a  
gallant  
dame,

the Earl of  
Devonshire's  
daughter,

and sets his  
love on her.  
He often  
says that  
he'll  
send and  
fetch her,

but then  
thinks how  
stupid he is  
to fall in  
love with a  
low-born  
girl he has  
never seen.  
He'll find *and*  
love some  
Princess,

<sup>1</sup> O.B. adds:  
*Adown, adown, down, down down:*  
and after line 2,

*Call him down a.*—F.

<sup>2</sup> he did.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> high.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> who lately had.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> not a long. Printed C.—P. not  
long.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> O.B. omits *had*.—F.

<sup>7</sup> this Praise of a.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> mind. Printed C.—P.

<sup>9</sup> O.B. omits *goe*.—F.

<sup>10</sup> this.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> doth. Pr<sup>d</sup> Copy.—P.

<sup>12</sup> Doth glitter.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> The MS. has only one stroke for the  
n.—F.

<sup>14</sup> Upon.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> have.—O.B.



with a good  
dowry,  
who is more  
beautiful  
than Estrild.  
Then he  
thinks  
again, how  
wrong it is

to abuse his  
love  
Estrild,

who is more  
lovely than  
Helen.

So he decides  
on Estrild,

and sends off  
a knight,  
Ethelwold,

to her  
father's,  
to look at  
her,

and if he  
finds her  
beautiful,

then he's to  
propose to  
her, for  
Edgar.

- the daughter of some <sup>1</sup> royall King,  
24 *that* may a worthy <sup>2</sup> dowry bringe,<sup>3</sup>  
whose macheles bewty brought in place  
may Estrilds coulour cleane disgrace.  
but senceless man, what doe I meane,  
28 vpon a broken reede to leane?  
& what fond fury doth <sup>4</sup> me moue  
thus to abuse my deerest loue,  
whose visage, gracet with heauenlye hue,  
32 doth HELLENS honor quite subdue?  
the glory of her bewtyous pride  
[Sweet Estrild's Favour doth deride]<sup>5</sup>  
Then pardon m[y unse]mely speech,<sup>6</sup>  
36 deere loue & lady, I beseech!  
& <sup>7</sup> I my thoughts hencforth will <sup>8</sup> frame  
to spread the honore of thy name."  
then vnto him he called a knight  
40 *which* was most trusty in his sight,  
& vnto him thus did he <sup>9</sup> say:  
"to Erle Orgarus <sup>10</sup> goe thy way,  
& <sup>11</sup> aske for ESTRILDS <sup>12</sup> comely dame,  
44 whose b[e]wty is soe for by <sup>13</sup> fame;  
& if thou <sup>14</sup> find her comlye grace  
as fame hath <sup>15</sup> spread in euery place,  
then tell her father shee shalbe  
48 my crowned queene, if shee agree."

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<sup>1</sup> a.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> dainty.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Betere were a ryche mon

For te spouse a god womon

Thath hue be sum del pore,

Then to brynge into his hous

a proud quene ant daungerous,

That is sum del hore.

"Moni mon for londe wyveth to  
shonde."

Quoth Hendyng.

*Reliquiae Antiquae* i. 115.—F.

<sup>4</sup> or what did, Pr<sup>d</sup> C.—P. & O.B.

<sup>5</sup> O.B. MS. pared away.—F. sweet

Estrild's favour doth deride.—P. For  
the original Estrild, see p. 466-7 above.  
—F.

<sup>6</sup> Then pardon my unseemly speech,  
Printed Copy.—P.

<sup>7</sup> For.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> will henceforth.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> he did.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> Orgator, Printed Copy.—P.

<sup>11</sup> Where.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> *Estrild*.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> went so far for.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> you.—O.B.

<sup>15</sup> did.—O.B.



- the *knight* in message did *proceede*,  
 & into deuonshire went <sup>1</sup> with speede ;  
 but when he saw *that* <sup>2</sup> Ladye bright,  
 52 he was soc rauisht att her sight,  
*that* nothing cold his passyon moue  
 except he might obtaine her loue.  
 & <sup>3</sup> day & night there while <sup>4</sup> he stayde,  
 56 he courted still *that* <sup>5</sup> peereles mayd ;  
 & in his suite hee showed such skill,  
*that* att the lenght woon <sup>6</sup> her good will,  
 fforgetting quite the duty tho  
 60 *which* hee vnto the kinge did owe.  
 then coming home vnto his grace,  
 he told him with dissembling face  
*that* those reporters were to blame  
 64 *that* soe aduanced *that* <sup>7</sup> maidens name ;  
 “for I assure your grace,” quoth <sup>8</sup> hee,  
 “shee is as other women bee ;  
 her bewtye of such great report,  
 68 no better then they <sup>9</sup> common sort,  
 & far vnmeet in euery thing  
 to mach with such a noble Kinge.  
 but though her face be nothing ffaire,  
 72 yett sith shee is her ffathers heyre,  
 perhapps some Lord of hye degree  
 wold verry glad <sup>10</sup> her husband bee ;  
 & <sup>11</sup> if your grace wold giue consent,  
 76 I cold <sup>12</sup> my selfe be well content  
 the damsell for my wife to take,  
 for her great Lands & liuings sake.”  
 the King, whom thus he did deceiue,  
 80 incontinent did giue him leaue ;

The knight  
goes,

and is so  
ravished  
with Estrild,

that he  
courts her  
for himself,

and wins her  
heart.

Then he  
goes back to  
Edgar, and  
tells him

that Estrild

is nothing  
particular,

one of the  
common  
sort,  
quite unfit  
for a King ;

but as  
she'll have  
her father's  
lands,

he, Ethel-  
wold, would  
like to  
have her  
himself, for  
her lands.

Edgar

consents.

<sup>1</sup> O.B. omits *went*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> the.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> For.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> while there.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> this.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> he gain'd.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> the.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> said.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> the.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> fain.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> Then.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> would.—O.B.



for on *that* poynt he did not stand,  
 for why, he had no <sup>1</sup> need of land.  
 then being glad, he went his way,<sup>2</sup>  
 84 & weded straight *that* <sup>3</sup> Lady gay;  
 the ffairest creature bearing liffe,  
 had this ffalse *knight* to <sup>4</sup> his wiffe;  
 & by *that* mach of high degree,  
 88 an Erle soone after *that* was hee.  
 ere hee long time had marryed beene,  
 many <sup>5</sup> had her bewtye seene;  
 her praise was spread both farr & neere,  
 92 soe *that* they King <sup>6</sup> therof did heare,  
 who then in hart did plainly proue  
 he was betrayed of his loue.  
 though therof <sup>7</sup> he was vexed sore,  
 96 yett seemed he not to greeue therfore,  
 but kept his countenance good & kind,  
 as though hee bore no grudg in minde.  
 but on a day itt came to passe  
 100 when as the King full merry was,  
 to ETHELWOLD in sport hee said  
 "I muse what cheere there shold be made  
 if to thy house I wold <sup>8</sup> resort  
 104 a night or 2 for princely sport."  
 heratt the Erle shewed contenance glad,<sup>9</sup>  
 though in his hart he was [full sad;]<sup>10</sup>  
 And said,<sup>11</sup> "your grace s[hall welcome be]<sup>12</sup> [page 512]  
 108 if soe your grace will honor mee."  
 when <sup>13</sup> as the day apointed was,  
 before the King comes,  
 before the King shold <sup>14</sup> thither passe,

The knight  
marries  
Estrild,

and is made  
an Earl.  
Then the  
report of  
her beauty  
reaches  
Edgar,

who sees  
how he's  
been  
cheated out  
of his love,

but puts a  
good face on  
it.

One day  
though

he asks  
Ethelwold  
how he'd  
receive him  
if he paid him  
a visit.  
Ethelwold,  
sad at heart,  
says,  
"You'd be  
most  
welcome."

Before the  
King comes,

<sup>1</sup> not.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> away.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> this.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> unto.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> That many.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> The King again.

<sup>7</sup> therefore.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> should.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> One stroke too many in the MS.—F.

<sup>10</sup> full sad.—O.B.

<sup>11</sup> Saying.—O.B.

<sup>12</sup> shall welcome be.—O.B.

<sup>13</sup> Then.—O.B.

<sup>14</sup> did.



- the Erle before-hand did prepare  
 112 the *Kings*<sup>1</sup> coming to declare,  
 & with a countenance passing grim  
 he called his Lady vnto him,  
 saing with sad & heauye cheere :  
 116 "I pray you, when the *King* comes heere,  
 sweet Lady, as you tender mee,  
 lett your attire but homelye bee ;  
 & washe not thou thy Angells face,  
 120 but doe<sup>2</sup> thy bewtye quite<sup>3</sup> disgrace ;  
 therto thy gesture soe apply,  
 itt may seeme lothsome to his<sup>4</sup> eye ;  
 for if the *King* shold heere<sup>5</sup> behold  
 124 thy gloiroous bewtye soe extold,  
 then shold<sup>6</sup> my liffe soone shortened bee  
 ffor my desartt<sup>7</sup> & trecherye.  
 when to thy ffather ffirst I came,  
 128 though I did not declare the same,  
 yett was I put in trust to bring  
 the ioyfull tydings of the *Kinge*,  
 who for thy glouryous bewtye seene,  
 132 did thinke of thee to make his queene.  
 but when I had thy person found,  
 thy bewty gaue me such a wound,  
 no rest nor comfort cold I take  
 136 till your<sup>8</sup> sweet loue my greffe did slake ;  
 & thus,<sup>9</sup> though duty charged me  
 most ffaithfull to my Lord to bee,  
 yett loue vpon the other side  
 140 bade<sup>10</sup> for my selfe I shold prouide.  
 then for my sute & service knowne,<sup>11</sup>  
 att lenthgt I woon you for my owne ;

Ethelwold

prays his  
 wife,  
 when Edgar  
 does come,  
 to dress  
 badly,  
 not wash  
 her face,

and behave  
 disgust-  
 ingly ;

for if the  
 King  
 sees her  
 beauty,  
 he'll kill her  
 husband.

Ethelwold  
 then tells  
 his wife of  
 his  
 treachery  
 to Edgar :  
 how, sent to  
 woo her  
 for the King,

he fell in  
 love with  
 her himself,

and wooed  
 and won her.

<sup>1</sup> King his.<sup>2</sup> so.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> clean.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> the.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> there.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> shall.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> Deserts.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> you.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> that.—O.B.<sup>10</sup> Bid.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> shown.—O.B.



- But for their  
wedlock's  
sake
- 144 & for your loue & <sup>1</sup> wedlocke spent,  
your choice you need no whitt repent.  
& sith <sup>2</sup> my greeffe I haue exprest,  
sweet Lady, grant me my request.”  
good words shee gaue with smiling cheere ;
- 148 musing att <sup>3</sup> *that* which shee did heeare ;  
& casting many things in mind,  
great fault herwith <sup>4</sup> shee seemed to find ;  
& <sup>5</sup> in her-selfe shee thought itt shame  
to make *that* ffoule which god did fframe.  
most costly robes & <sup>6</sup> rich, therfore,  
in brauest sort *that* day shee wore,  
& did all things <sup>7</sup> *that* ere shee might  
156 to sett her bewtye forth to sight,  
& her best skill in euery thing  
shee shewed, to entertaine the *King*,  
wherby <sup>8</sup> the *King* soe snared was,  
160 *that* reason quite ffrom him did passe ;  
his hart by her was sett on ffire,  
he had to her a great desire ;  
& for the lookes he gaue her then,  
164 for euery looke shee gaue him ten ;  
wherfor the *King* perceiued plaine  
his loue & lookes were not in vaine.  
vpon a time <sup>9</sup> itt chanced soe,  
168 the *King* hee wold a hunting goe,  
& into HORSWOOD did he ryde, <sup>10</sup>  
the Erle on horssbake by his side.  
& there <sup>11</sup> the story telleth plaine,  
172 *that* with a shaft the Erle was slaine.  
& when *that* <sup>12</sup> hee had lost his liffe,  
he <sup>13</sup> tooke the Lady to his <sup>14</sup> wiffe ;
- he prays her  
to disguise  
herself.
- She answers  
smilingly ;
- but, as it  
would be a  
shame to  
mar God's  
work,  
she dresses  
herself out  
as bravely as  
possible,
- and does all  
she can to  
please the  
King.  
He falls  
madly in  
love with  
her ;
- she gives  
him ten  
sweet looks  
for one ;
- and next  
hunting-day
- he kills her  
husband,

<sup>1</sup> my Love in.—O.B.<sup>2</sup> Then since.—O.B.<sup>3</sup> of.—O.B.<sup>5</sup> But.—O.B.<sup>7</sup> Doing all.—O.B.<sup>8</sup> Wherefore.—O.B.<sup>4</sup> therewith.—O.B.<sup>6</sup> full.—O.B.<sup>9</sup> MS. tine.—F.<sup>10</sup> And as they through a Wood did  
ride.—O.B.<sup>11</sup> For so.—O.B.<sup>12</sup> So that when.—O.B.<sup>13</sup> King Edgar.—F.<sup>14</sup> unto.—O.B.



he married her, all shame<sup>1</sup> to shunn,  
 176 by whom he had begott<sup>2</sup> a sonne.  
 thus hee *which*<sup>3</sup> did the *King* deceiue,  
 did by desart this<sup>4</sup> death receiue.  
 then, to conclude & make an ende,  
 180 be true & ffaithfull to your<sup>5</sup> ffreind !      ffinis.

marries her,

and begets a  
 son on her.  
 So the  
 deceiver  
 lost his life.

Moral :

Be true to  
your friend.

<sup>1</sup> Who marry'd her, all Harm.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> did beget.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> that.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> his.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> thy.—O.B.



## Christop[h]er White :

WE know of no other copy of this ballad.

A wealthy merchant—a burgess of four towns, one of them Edinburgh—makes love to the sweetheart of Christopher White, during Christopher's banishment. She hesitates; she has found Christopher White good company; she warns the man of business that, if she is false to her old love, she cannot be true to him. But he still urges his suit, and at last—

The Lady she took 'his' gold in her hand,  
The tears they fell fast from her eyes;  
Says, 'Silver & gold makes my heart to turn,  
And makes me leave good company.'

The honey-moon, and two or three other moons over, "the merchants are ordered to sea" to serve against Spain (see vv. 40, 68). Such an employment of mercantile-navy was not unfrequent in the later middle ages, and if discontinued, may not have been forgotten at the time this ballad was written (see *Pictures of English Life*, Chaucer, p. 233). Or possibly "that all the merchants must to the sea" may mean only that the convoy was ready to accompany them, and they must at once put themselves under its protection. In any case, whether by his own business, or that of the State, the merchant was called away from his bride. When he returns, he finds her gone off to England with the companionable Christopher (who has managed to get pardoned) and his own spoons and plate and silver and gold. The excellent man protests he cares nothing for the missing goods and chattels; but for his "likesome lady" he mourns; yet confesses ingenuously that she warned him when he wooed her, that—

If he were false to Christopher White,  
She would never be true to me.



And so aptly follows the moral:

All young women, a warning take,  
A warning, look, you take by me;  
Look that you love your old loves best,  
For in faith they are best company.

AS I walked fforth one morni[n]ge

[page 513]

by one place *that* pleased mee,  
wherin I heard a wandering wight,

4      sais, "christopher white is good companye."

I overheard  
a girl  
mourning  
for Christo-  
pher White.

I drew me neere, & very neere,  
till I was as neere as neere cold bee;

I drew close  
to her,

loth I was her counsell to discreeme,<sup>1</sup>

8      because I wanted companye.

"Say on, say on, thou well faire mayd,  
why makest thou <sup>2</sup> moane soe heauilye?"

sais, "all is ffor one wandering wight,

12      is banished fforth of his owne cuntrye."

and she said  
that White  
was  
banished.

"I am the burgesse of Edenburrow,  
soe am I more of townes <sup>3</sup>,

I haue money & gold great store,

16      come, sweet wench, & ligg thy loue on mee."

An Edin-  
burgh  
burgess tells  
her he has  
plenty of  
money; will  
she love  
him? He  
offers her  
gold,

the merchant pulled forth a bagg of gold

which had hundreds 2 or three,

sais, "euery day throughout the weeke

20      Ile count <sup>3</sup> as much downe on thy knee."

and 200l. or  
300l. a week.

"O Merchant, take thy gold againe,  
a good liuing twill purchase thee;

if I be ffalse to *Christopher* white,

24      Merchant, I cannott be true to thee."

She answers

that if she's  
false to  
White,  
she can't be  
true to him.

<sup>1</sup> ? discreue.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. thom.—F.

<sup>3</sup> MS. comt.—F.



He tells her  
what wealth  
he has,

sais, "I haue halls, soe haue I bowers,"  
sais, "I haue shipps sayling on the sea ;  
I ame the burgess of Edenburrowe ;  
28      come, sweete wench, ligge thy loue on mee.

and offers to  
marry her  
next day.

"Come on, come, thou well faire mayde !  
of our matters lett vs goe throughe,  
for to-morrowe Ile marry thee,  
32      & thy dwelling shalbe in Edenburrough."

The girl  
takes his  
money,  
and agrees  
to have him.

The Lady shee tooke this gold in her hand,  
the teares thé fell ffast ffrom her eyes<sup>1</sup> ;  
sais, "siluer & gold makes my hart to turne,  
36      & makes me leaue good companye."

But soon  
after their  
marriage,

all the  
merchants  
have to go  
to sea.

They had not beene marryed  
not ouer monthes 2 or 3,  
but tydings came to Edenburrowe  
40      *that* all the merchants must to the sea.

On this, the  
wife sends a  
love letter,  
and 100*l.*, to  
Christopher,

Then as this Lady sate in a deske,  
shee made a loue letter ffull round ;  
shee mad a *lett*re to christopher white,  
44      & in itt shee put a 100<sup>li</sup>

Shee lind the letter with gold soe red,  
& mony good store in itt was found,  
shee sent itt to christopher white  
48      *that* was soe ffar in the Scotts ground.

and bids him  
come to her.

Shee bade him then ffrankely spend,  
& looke *that* hee shold merry bee,  
& bid him come to Edenburrowe  
52      now all the merchants be to the sea.

<sup>1</sup> eye.—P.



But *christopher* came to leue London,  
 & there he kneeled lowly downe,  
 & there hee begd his pardon then,  
 56 of our noble *King that* ware the crowne.

He goes  
 first to  
 London,

and gets the  
 King's  
 pardon.

But when he came to his true loues house,  
 which was made both of lime and stone,  
 shee tooke him by the lilly white hand,  
 60 sais, "true loue, you <sup>1</sup> are welcome home !

Then he  
 comes to his  
 old love.

"welcome, my honey ! welcome, my ioy !  
 welcome, my true loue, home to mee !  
 ffor thou art hee *that* will leng[t]hen my dayes,  
 64 & I know thou art good companye.

She  
 welcomes  
 him,

"*Christopher*, I am a merchants wiffe ;  
*christopher*, the more shall be your gaine ;  
 siluer & gold you shall haue enough,  
 68 of the merchants gold *that* is in Spaine."

promises  
 him as much  
 gold as  
 he wants,

"But if you be a Merchants wiffe,  
 something to much you are to blame ;  
 I will thee reade a loue letter <sup>2</sup>  
 72 shall stu[r]e thy stumpes, thou noble dame."

"Although I be a marchants wiffe,  
 . . . . . shall . . . . . <sup>3</sup>mine  
 . & g . . . . . [page 514]  
 76 into England Ile goe with the."

and declares  
 that she'll  
 elope with  
 him.

They packet vp both siluer & p[late],  
 siluer & gold soe great plentye ;  
 & they be gon into litle England,  
 80 & the marchant must them neuer see.

So they pack  
 up all the  
 merchant's  
 money,  
 and are off to  
 England.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *yo<sup>r</sup>*—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. *lerter*.—F.

<sup>3</sup> The MS. is pared away at the bottom

of p. 513 ; and the writing has perished,  
 and part of the paper is broken away at  
 the top of p. 514.—F.



When the  
merchant  
comes back  
from sea, his  
neighbours  
tell him  
how his wife

And when the merchants they came home,  
their wiues to eche other can say,  
“heere hath beene good *christopher* white,  
84 & he hath tane thy wiffe away;

has run  
away with  
White.

“They haue packett vp spoone & plate,  
siluer & gold great plenty,  
& they be gon into litle England,  
88 & them againe thow must neuer see.”

“Well,”  
says the  
merchant,  
“I don’t  
grieve for  
my gold,  
though I do  
for my wife :

“I care nott ffor my siluer & gold,  
nor for my plate soe great plentye,  
but I mourne for *that* like-some Ladye  
92 *that christopher* white hath tane ffrom mee.

but she gave  
me fair  
notice, so I  
mustn’t  
grumble.”

“But one thing I must needs confesse,  
this lady shee did say to me,  
‘if shee were ffalse to *christopher* white,  
96 shee cold neuer be true to mee.’ ”

*Moral:*  
Young  
women,  
love your old  
loves best!

All young [wo]men, a warning take!  
a warning, looke, you take by mee!  
looke *that* you loue your old loues best,  
100 for infaith they are best companye.

ffinis.



## Queene Dido.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> “A BALLETT intituled ‘The Wanderynge Prince’ was entered on the Registers of the Stationers’ Company in 1564–5. This was, no doubt, the ‘Proper new ballad, intituled The Wandering Prince of Troy : to the tune of Queen Dido,’ of which there are two copies in the Pepys Collection (i. 84 and 548). Of these copies, the first, being printed by John Wright, is probably not of earlier date than 1620 ; and the second, by Clarke, Thackeray, and Passinger, after 1660. The ballad has been reprinted in Percy’s *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, iii. 192, A. D. 1765 ; and in Ritson’s *Ancient Songs*, ii. 141, 1829. Its extensive popularity will be best shown by the following quotations :

You ale-knights, you that devour the marrow of the malt, and drink whole ale-tubs into consumptions ; that sing Queen Dido over a cup, and tell strange news over an ale-pot . . . you shall be awarded with this punishment, that the rot shall infect your purses, and eat out the bottom before you are aware.—*The Penniless Parliament of Threadbare Poets*, 1608. (Percy Soc. reprint, p. 44.)

*Frank*.—These are your eyes !

Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love

With the old footman for singing Queen Dido ?

Fletcher’s *The Captain*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

“Fletcher again mentions it in Act i. Sc. 2 of *Bonduca*, where Petillius says of Junius that he is ‘in love, indeed in love, most

<sup>1</sup> This Song is in Print, and commonly intituled “Æneas the Wandering Prince of Troy.”—P. Printed in the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 240;

not in the first three editions.

<sup>2</sup> From Chappell’s *Popular Music*, i. 370–1. The quotations have been already given by him, p. 260–1.—F.



lamentably loving,—to the tune of Queen Dido.’ At a later date, Sir Robert Howard (speaking of himself) says :

In my younger time I have been delighted with a ballad for its sake ; and ’twas ten to one but my muse and I had so set up first : nay, I had almost thought that Queen Dido, sung that way, was some ornament to the pen of Virgil. I was then a trifler with the lute and fiddle, and perhaps, being musical, might have been willing that words should have their tones, unisons, concords, and diapasons, in order to a poetical gamuth.—*Poems and Essays*, 8vo, 1673.

“A great number of ballads were sung to the tune, either under the name of Queen Dido or of Troy Town.”

Percy gives it in the *Reliques* from the Folio, “collated with two different printed copies both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection.”

This ballad tells, with some trifling variations, the story of Æneas’ visit to Carthage, and Dido’s passion and unhappy end. Pity for his sufferings as he recounted them quickly grew into love, and “this silly woman never slept,” and she “rolled on her careful bed,” and sighed and sobbed, and drove her knife home to her heart. Thus far the ballad follows the famous Roman epic ; afterwards it narrates circumstances uncommemorated by Virgil. Dido’s sister writes to Æneas (the Wandering Prince’s address at this time was “an isle in Græcia”) to inform him of the poor lady’s decease, and how with her last breath she prayed for his prosperity. The perusal of the letter much distresses him. Just as he has completed it, appears before him Queen Dido’s ghost, grim and pale, reproachful, portentous. It bids him prepare his flitting soul to wander with her through the air. The miserable deserter prays for mercy ; he would fain live, he says, to make amends to some of her most dearest friends—offers “damages,” in fact ; but, when he sees her inflexible, he makes a virtue of necessity, and professes himself content to die. His hour comes at once.



And thus as one being in a trance,  
A multitude of ugly fiends  
About this woeful prince did dance;  
He had no help of any friends.  
His body then they took away,  
And no man knew his dying day.

So that even an inquest could not be held over him.

In the *Æneid* the hero does indeed see the ghost of the Carthaginian Queen; but it is because he goes to its habitation, not that it comes to his. When in the sixth book he descends into hell, he sees the hapless Phœnician in the region or quarter of those

Qui sibi letum  
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi  
Projecere animas.

He sees her, and with tears would explain his departure from her arms. He left her, he urges, against his own will, by divine compulsion, and entreats her to stay and converse with him. But she answers him never a word.

Talibus Æneas ardentem et torva tuentem  
Lenibat dictis animam, lacrimasque ciebat.  
Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat;  
Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,  
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.  
Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit  
In nemus umbriferum; confux ubi pristinus illi  
Respondet curis, æquatque Sichæus amorem.  
Nec minus Æneas, casu percussus iniquo,  
Prosequitur lacrimans longe, et miseratur euntem.

Ovid in the third book of his *Fasti* describes an apparition of Dido, but it is revealed, not to Æneas, but to Dido's sister Anna, who is at the time the welcome guest of Æneas in Italy, to warn her of Lavinia's jealousy.

Nox erat; ante torum visa est adstare sororis  
Squalenti Dido sanguinolenta comâ,  
Et 'Fuge ne dubita, moestum fuge,' dicere, 'tectum.'

The door creaked opportunely; and Anna, alarmed, escaped through the window, and finally threw herself into the river Numicius.



After the  
Trojan war,

WHEN <sup>1</sup> Troy towne for ten yeeres warr  
withstood the greekes in manfull wise,  
yett did their foes encrease soe ffast,  
4 *that* to resist none <sup>2</sup> cold suffise ;  
wast ly <sup>3</sup> those wall[s] <sup>4</sup> *that* were soe good,  
& corne now-growes where Troy towne stoode.

Æneas

lands at  
Carthage,  
Dido makes  
him a sump-  
tuous feast,

Æneas, wandring prince of Troy,  
8 when he ffor land long time had sought,  
att last arriued <sup>5</sup> with great ioy,  
to mighty carthage walls was brought,  
where dido queene with s[u]mptuous feast  
12 did entertaine *that* wandering guest.

and at it

And as in hall att meate thé sate,  
the queene, desirous newes to heare  
of thy vnhappy 10 yeeres warr,

asks him to  
tell her the  
story of his  
hard  
fortune.

16 “declare to me, thou troian deere,  
thy <sup>6</sup> heauy hap, & chance soe bad,  
*that* thou, poore wandering prince, hast had.”

This he does,

And then anon this comelye knight,  
20 with words demüre, as he cold well,  
of his vnhappy ten yeeres warr  
soe true a tall <sup>7</sup> begun to tell,  
with words sooe sweete & sighes soe deepe,  
24 *that* oft he made them all to weepe ;

so sweetly  
and patheti-  
cally that all  
weep,

And then a 1000 sighes he ffeiht,<sup>8</sup>  
& euery sigh brought teares amaine,  
*that* where he sate, the place was wett

and at last  
Dido is  
obliged  
to ask him  
to stop.

28 as though he had seene those warrs againe ;  
soe *that* the Queene with ruth therfore  
said, “worthy prince, enough ! no more !”

<sup>1</sup> Although or albeit.—P. now added  
after *when* by P.—F.

<sup>2</sup> nought.—P.

<sup>3</sup> MS. wastly.—F. waste lie.—P.

<sup>4</sup> walls.—P.

<sup>6</sup> The.—P.

<sup>8</sup> fet. olim pro fetcht. vid. Bible.

2 Sam. 9. 5. item 1 K<sup>gs</sup> 9. 28, &c.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Arriuing.—P.

<sup>7</sup> tale.—P.



And then the darkesome night drew on,  
 32 & twinkling starres on skye was <sup>1</sup> spread,<sup>2</sup>  
 & <sup>3</sup> he his dolefull tale had told.  
 euery <sup>4</sup> one were layd in bedd,  
 where they full sweetly tooke their rest,  
 36 saue only didos boyling brest.

At night

all take  
 sweet rest,  
 save Dido,

This sillye woman neuer slept,  
 but in her chamber all alone,  
 as one vnhappye, alwayes wept.  
 40 vnto the walls shee made her moane  
 that she shold still desire in vaine  
 the thing that shee cold not obtaine.

who cannot  
 sleep,

but always  
 weeps and  
 moans,  
 desiring  
 Æneas.

And thus in greeffe shee spent the night  
 44 [Till twinkling starres] <sup>5</sup> in skye were fledd,<sup>6</sup>  
 [And now bright Phebus morn]ing beames [page 515]  
 [Amidst they] clouds appeared redd.  
 [Then tidings] came to her anon  
 48 [How that the] TROIAN shipps we[r]e gone.<sup>7</sup>

In the  
 morning  
 she hears  
 that the  
 Trojan ships  
 are gone.

<sup>8</sup> And then the queene with bloody kniffe  
 did armee, her hart as hard as stone;  
 yett something loth to loose her liffe,  
 52 in wofull wise shee made her mone;  
 then rowling on her carfull <sup>9</sup> bed,  
 with sighes & sobbs these words shee sayd:

She seizes  
 a knife;

but before  
 killing  
 herself,

<sup>1</sup> were.—P.

<sup>2</sup> the skye bespread.—P.

<sup>3</sup> when.—P. <sup>4</sup> then every.—P.

<sup>5</sup> Pared away in the MS. The bracketed parts of the next four lines are torn away.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Till twinkling starres in the skye were fled.—P.

<sup>7</sup> And now bright Phebus morning beames  
 Amids the clouds appeared red,  
 Then tidings came to her anon  
 How that the Trojan Shipps were gone. Qu.—P.

<sup>8</sup> And then the Queen with bloody knife

Did arm her heart &c.

Yet something &c.

In woful wise &c.

Then rowling on &c.

With sighs &c.—P.

<sup>9</sup> care-full, as in *Piers Plowman's Crede*:

And al they songen o songe

That sorwe was to heren;

They crieden alle o cry,

A kareful note.—F.



she laments  
her sad fate.

“ O wretched dido queene ! ” shee said,<sup>1</sup>  
56 “ I see thy end approacheth neere,  
ffor hee is gone away ffrom thee  
whom thou didst loue & hold soe dere.  
what, is he gone, & passed by ?  
60 O hart, prepare thy selfe to dye !

Then she  
calls on  
Death,  
and stabs  
herself.

“ Though reason sais thou shouldest fforbeare,  
to <sup>2</sup> stay thy hand ffrom bloody stroke,  
yett ffancy sais thou shalt not ffeare <sup>3</sup>  
64 who ffettereth thee in cupids yoke.  
come death ! ” quoth shee, “ resolute my smart ! ”  
& with those words shee peerced her hart.

when death had peercet the tender hart  
68 of DIDO, CARTHIGINIAN Queene,  
& bloody kniffe had ended <sup>4</sup> the same,<sup>5</sup>  
which shee sustained in mournfull teene,  
Æneas being shipt & gone,  
72 whose flattery caused all her mone.

Her funeral  
is costly,

Her ffunerall most costly made,  
& all things ffinisht mournfullye,  
her body ffine in mold was laid,  
76 where itt consumed speedilye :  
her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde,  
he[r] <sup>6</sup> subiects greeffe their kindnesse shewed.

and her  
sisters and  
subjects  
bewail her.

Her sister  
writes  
Æneas  
a letter,

Then was Æneas in an Ile  
80 in grecea, where he stayd long space,  
wheras her sister in short while  
writt to him in <sup>7</sup> his vile disgrace ;  
In speeches bitter to his mind  
84 shee told him plaine, he was vnkind :

<sup>1</sup> said shee.—P.

<sup>2</sup> And.—P.

<sup>3</sup> bids thee not to fear.—P.

<sup>4</sup> did [end].—P.

<sup>5</sup> smart.—P.

<sup>6</sup> Her.—P.

<sup>7</sup> to.—P.



- “ffalse harted wretch,” quoth shee, “thou art!  
 & traiterously thou hast betraid  
 vnto thy lure a gentle hart  
 88 which vnto thee much welcome made,  
 my sister deere, & carthage Ioy,  
 whose ffolly bred her deere annoy.
- “Yett on her deathbed when shee lay,  
 92 shee prayd for thy prosperitye,  
 beseeching god that euery day  
 might breed thy great ffelicitye.  
 thus by thy meanes I lost a ffreind :  
 96 heauens send thee such an v[n]timely <sup>1</sup> end !”
- When he these lines, ffull ffraught with gall,  
 perused had, and wayed them right,  
 his Losty <sup>2</sup> courage then did ffall ;  
 100 & straight appeared in his sight  
 Queene didoes Ghost, both grim & pale,  
 which made this vallyant souldier for to quaile.
- “Æneas,” quoth this gastly ghost,  
 104 “my whole delight when I did liue !  
 thee of all men I loued most,  
 my ffancy & my will did giue ;  
 ffor Entertainment I the gaue ;  
 108 vnthankfully thou didst me graue ;
- “Therefore prepare thy fflitting soule  
 to wander with me in the aire,  
 where deadly greeffe shall make itt howle  
 112 because on me thou tookest no care.  
 delay not time, thy glasse is run,  
 thy date is past, & death is come <sup>3</sup> !”

calling him  
a false-  
hearted  
wretch,

saying that  
Dido prayed  
for his  
welfare,

but her  
sister wishes  
him an un-  
timely end.

Æneas, on  
reading this,

is cast down;

and Dido's  
ghost  
appears,

reproaches  
him for his  
ingratitude,

and  
summons  
his soul to  
fly howling  
about the  
air with her.

His death is  
at hand.

<sup>1</sup> untimely.—P.

<sup>2</sup> ? Lusty or Lofty.—F.

<sup>3</sup> thy life is done.—Child's *Ballads*.



Æneas prays  
for a respite,

116 “O stay a while, thou [lovely sprite!] <sup>1</sup> [page 516]  
be not soe hasty to conuay  
my soule into eternall night,  
where itt shall neere behold bright day!  
O doe not ffrowne! thy angry looke  
120 hath made my breath my liffe fforsooke.

but all in  
vain;

“But woe is me! all is in vaine,  
& booteles is my dismall crye!  
time will not be recalled againe,  
124 nor thou surcease before I dye.  
O lett me liue, & make amends  
to some of thy most deerest ffreinds!

and seeing  
she is  
obdurate,

128 “But seeing thou obdurate art,  
& will no pittye to me show  
because ffrom thee I did depart,  
& lefft vnpaid what I did owe,  
I must content my selfe to take  
132 what Lott to me thou wilt partake.<sup>2</sup>”

he is content  
to die.

Ugly fiends  
dance  
around him,

And thus, as one being in a trance,  
a multitude of vglye ffeinds  
about this woffull prince did dance:—  
136 he had no helpe of any ffreinds;—  
his body then they tooke away,  
& no man knew his dying day.      ffinis.

and carry off  
his body.

<sup>1</sup> O stay a while thou gentle sprite,  
Be not so hasty to conuay.  
Query.—P.

MS. pared away.—F. lovely sprite.—  
Child.

<sup>2</sup> to admit, to share: to extend parti-  
cipation. “So Spencer.” see Johns<sup>n</sup>—P.



## Alfonso & Ganselo.<sup>1</sup>

A COPY of this ballad occurs in the *Garland of Good Will*, (reprinted by the Percy Society) to the tune of "Flying Fame"—a tune to which, says Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, "A large number of ballads have been written," one in *Collection of Old Ballads*, and one in Evans's *Old Ballads*.

The ballad celebrates the friendship of the two heroes whose name it bears. These stuck closer to one another than brothers. Such fast friendships between two knights were favourite subjects with the old romance-writers.<sup>2</sup> Every true knight could boast not only of a lady love, but of a "brother sworn." And perhaps the writer of the following ballad does but echo some older poem. The generous eagerness of Alphonso to die for his friend, when overwhelming circumstantial evidence was condemning that friend to death, will remind the reader of the well-known old story *Damon and Phintias*, told by Cicero in his *De Officiis* (III. 10), and by others elsewhere.

|                                                   |                   |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| IN Stately Roome sometime did dwell               | A Roman           |
| a man of worthy <sup>3</sup> ffame,               | gentleman         |
| who had a sonne of ffeatures rare, <sup>4</sup>   | had a son,        |
| 4 Alphonso called by <sup>5</sup> name.           | Alphonso,         |
| when hee was growne & come to age,                |                   |
| his ffather thought itt best                      |                   |
| to send his sonnes <sup>6</sup> to Athens ffaire, | whom he           |
| 8 where wisdomes Schoole did rest.                | sent to<br>Athens |

<sup>1</sup> In the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 1726, Vol. 2, p. 145.—P.

<sup>2</sup> See *Eger and Grime*, vol. i. p. 355, l. 46, and note <sup>8</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Noble.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> seemly Shape.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> was his.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> Son.—O.B.



He sent him vnto Athens towne,<sup>1</sup>  
 good letters for to learne ;  
 a place to boord him with delight  
 12 his ffreinds did well discerne ;  
  
 a noble *knight* of Athens towne  
 of him did take the charge,  
 who had a sonne GANSELO cald,  
 16 iust of his pitch and age.  
  
 In stature & in person both,  
 in ffauor, speech, and fface,  
 in quality & condityon eke,<sup>2</sup>  
 20 thé greed in euery case<sup>3</sup> ;  
 soe like they were in all respects,  
 the one vnto the other,  
 they were not knowne, but by their names,  
 24 of ffather nor<sup>4</sup> of mother.  
  
 And as in ffauor they were found  
 alike in all respects,  
 euen soe they did most deerly loue,  
 28 as proued by good effects.  
  
 GANSELO loued a Lady faire  
 which did in Athens dwell,  
 who was in bewtye peereles found,  
 32 soe ffarr shee did excell.  
  
 vpon a time itt chanced soe,  
 as ffancy did him moue,  
 that hee wold visitt for delight  
 36 his Lady and his loue ;  
 & to his true and ffaithfull ffreind  
 he did declare the same,  
 asking of him if hee wold see  
 40 that ffaire & comely dame.  
  
 and asks  
 Alphonso to  
 go with him.

<sup>1</sup> And when he was to Athens come.  
—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Conditions.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> Place.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> or.—O.B.



Alphonso did therto agree,  
 & with GANSELO went  
 to see the Lady whom <sup>1</sup> hee loued,  
 44 which bred his discontent :  
 ffor when he cast his christall eyes  
 vpon her angells <sup>2</sup> hue,  
 the bewty of *that* Lady bright  
 48 [Did strait] <sup>3</sup> his hart subdue.

Alphonso  
 goes,

and falls in  
 love with  
 the lady,

[His gentle Heart so wounded <sup>4</sup>] was  
 with *that* ffaire L[ady's <sup>4</sup>] face  
 that affterward hee daylye liued  
 52 in sad & woefull case ;  
 & of his greeffe he knew not how  
 therof <sup>5</sup> to make an end,  
 ffor *that* hee knew the Ladyes loue  
 56 was yeelded to his ffreind.

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and becomes  
 very sad,

as he knows  
 she's his  
 friend's  
 sweetheart.

'Thus being sore perplext in mind,  
 vpon his bed hee lay  
 like one which <sup>6</sup> death & deepe dispaire  
 60 had almost worne away.  
 his ffreind GANSELO, *that* did see  
 his greeffe and great distresse,  
 att lenght requested ffor to know  
 64 his cause of heauinesse.

He takes to  
 his bed,

as one like  
 to die.

Ganselo

asks the  
 cause,

with much adoe att lenght he told  
 the truth vnto his ffreind,  
 who did release <sup>7</sup> his inward woe  
 68 with comfort <sup>8</sup> in the end :

and on  
 hearing it,

<sup>1</sup> which.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Angel.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> O.B. MS. pared away.—F.

<sup>4</sup> O.B.

<sup>5</sup> Therefore.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> whom.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> relieve.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> to.—O.B.



at once gives  
his love up  
to his friend,

"take courage then, deere freind!" quoth hee;

"though shee through loue be mine,  
my right I will resigne to thee,

72 the Lady shalbe thine.

tells him to  
put on his  
(Ganselo's)  
clothes,

"You know our ffauors<sup>1</sup> are alike,  
our speech alike<sup>2</sup> likewise;

this day in mine apparrell then<sup>3</sup>

76 you shall your selfe disguise,  
& unto church then shall you goe  
directly in my stead;

and marry  
the lady.

soe<sup>4</sup> though my ffreinds suppose tis I,

80 you shall the Lady wedd."

Next day  
Alphonso  
does marry  
her,

Alphonso was ffull<sup>5</sup> well apayd;

& as they had decreed,

he went next<sup>6</sup> day, & weded plaine

84 the ladye there indeed.

But when the nuptyall feast was done,

& Phebus light<sup>7</sup> was ffiled,

and is taken  
to her bed.

the Lady for GANSELO tooke

88 Alfonso<sup>8</sup> to her bed.

But in the  
morning

That night they spent in pleasing sort,<sup>9</sup>

& when the day was come,

a post ffor ffaire Alfonso came

Alphenso is  
summoned  
to Rome,

92 to ffeitch him home to Roome.

then was the matter plainly proued,

Alfonso weded was,

the  
deception is  
found out,

& [not<sup>10</sup>] GANSELO, to *that* dame;

96 which brought great woe, alas!

<sup>1</sup> Favour.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> also.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> O.B. omits *then*.—F.

<sup>4</sup> Lo.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> so.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> that.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> quite.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> Part of a letter, or an *r*, follows *o* in the MS.—F. Alphonso.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> pleasant Sport.—O.B.

<sup>10</sup> O.B.



Alfonso being gone to Roome  
 with this his lady gay,  
 Ganselos ffreinds & kinred all  
 100 in such a rage did staye  
*that* they deprived [him <sup>1</sup>] of his welth  
 his lands <sup>2</sup> & rich attire,  
 & banisht him their country eke <sup>3</sup>  
 104 in rage & wrathefull Ire.

and  
 Ganselo's  
 friends,  
 enraged,  
 seize his  
 property,  
 and  
 banish him.

with sad & pensiue thought,<sup>4</sup> alas!  
 Ganselo wanderd then,  
 who was constrained through want to begg  
 108 releeffe of many men.  
 In this distresse oft wold he say  
 "to Roome I mean to goe,  
 to seeke Alfonso, my deere ffreind,  
 112 who will releue my woe."

He is forced  
 to beg,

To Roome when pore Ganselo came,  
 & found Alfonsoes place,  
 which was soe ffamous, huge, & faire,  
 116 himselfe in such poore case,  
 he was ashamed to shew himselfe  
 in *that* his poore array,  
 saying, "Alfonso knowes me well  
 120 if he shold <sup>5</sup> come this way ;"

goes to  
 Rome,  
 and finds  
 Alfonso's  
 place so  
 grand that  
 he daren't  
 go there.

wherfore <sup>6</sup> he staid *within* the street.  
 Alfonso then came by,  
 but heeded non <sup>7</sup> Ganselo pore,  
 124 his ffreind *that* stood soe nye ;

So he stops  
 outside.  
 Alfonso  
 passes by,  
 taking no  
 notice of  
 him.

<sup>1</sup> O.B.

<sup>2</sup> Land.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> quite.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Thoughts.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> would.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> Therefore.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> not.—O.B.



This grieves  
Ganselo, so

which greeued Ganselo to the hart :

quoeth hee, " and is itt soe ?

doth proud Alfonso now disdaine

128 his freind in need <sup>1</sup> to know ? "

In desperatt s[ort away he went] <sup>2</sup>

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into a barne hard by,

that he  
draws his  
knife to stab  
himself ;  
but, while  
weeping,

& presently he drew his k[niffe,]

132 thinking therby to dye ;

& bitterlye in sorrow there

he did lament & weepe ;

& being ouerwayd with greeffe,

falls asleep.

136 he ffell full <sup>3</sup> fast asleepe.

A murderer

while soundly there he sweetly slept,

came in a murthering theeffe,

which <sup>4</sup> saw a naked kniffe lye by

140 this man soe ffull of greeffe.

takes up the  
knife,

the kniffe soe bright he tooke vp straight,

& went away amaine,

thrusts it  
into a man  
he has  
killed,

& thrust itt in a murthered man

144 which hee beffore had slaine ;

And affterward <sup>5</sup> hee went with speede,

& put this bloody kniffe

and then  
puts it, all  
bloody, into  
Ganselo's  
hand.

into his hand, *that* sleeping lay,

148 to saue himselfe ffrom striffe.

which done, in hast away <sup>6</sup> he ran ;

& when *that* serch was made,

Ganselo is  
found with  
the knife,

GANSELO with his bloody kniffe

152 was ffor the murther stayde,

<sup>1</sup> indeed.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> O.B.

<sup>3</sup> there fell.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> And.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> afterwards.—O.B.

<sup>6</sup> away in haste.—O.B.



And brought befor the Magistrates,<sup>1</sup>  
 who did confesse most plaine  
*that* hee indeed with that same kniffe  
 156 the murthered man had slaine.<sup>2</sup>

and tried  
 for the  
 murder.  
 He confesses  
 that he  
 committed  
 it.

Alfonso sitting there as <sup>3</sup> iudge,  
 & knowing GANSELOS fface,  
 to saue his ffreind, did say himselfe  
 160 was guilty in *that* case.

Alphonso is  
 the judge;  
 and to save  
 Ganselo,

"None," quoth Alfonso, "killed the man,  
 my lords,<sup>4</sup> but only I;  
 & therfore sett this poore man ffree,  
 164 & lett me iustly dye."

vows that  
 he killed  
 the man.

thus while for death these ffaith-ffull freinds <sup>5</sup>  
 in striuing did proceed,  
 the man before the senate came  
 168 *which* <sup>6</sup> did the ffacte indeed,

Just then  
 the real  
 murderer,

Who being moued with remorse  
 their ffaith-ffull <sup>7</sup> harts to see,  
 did proue <sup>8</sup> before the judges plaine  
 172 none did the deed <sup>9</sup> but hee.  
 thus when the truth was plainly told,  
 of all sids ioy was seene;  
 Alfonso did imbrace his freind  
 176 *which* had soe wofull beene.

struck with  
 remorse,

proves  
 his own  
 guilt.

Alphonso  
 embraces  
 Ganselo,

In rich array he clothed him,  
 as fitted his degree,  
 & helpt him to his lands againe  
 180 & fformer dignitye.

and helps  
 him to his  
 old lands, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Magistrate.—O.B.

<sup>2</sup> flain.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> with the.—O.B.

<sup>4</sup> Lord.—O.B.

<sup>5</sup> One stroke too few in the MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> That.—O.B.

<sup>7</sup> friendly.—O.B.

<sup>8</sup> say.—O.B.

<sup>9</sup> Fact.—O.B.



And the  
murderer is  
pardoned.

the murtherr he<sup>1</sup> ffor telling truth  
was pardoned<sup>2</sup> att that time,  
who afterward lamented much  
184 this<sup>3</sup> foule & greiuous crime. ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> O.B. omits *he*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Had pardon.—O.B.

<sup>3</sup> His.—O.B.

[“*All in a greene Meadowe*,” printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 114,  
follows here in the MS. p. 518-19.]



Balowe :<sup>1</sup>

THIS exquisite song is given in the *Reliques* from the Folio, "corrected by<sup>2</sup> another [copy] in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*," and of course touched up by Percy himself without notice, Scottified throughout. There are many versions of the song; and of them we may particularise seven, in order of date as printed, or copied into manuscripts. On several of these versions Mr. Chappell remarks below :

1. In Brome's comedy of *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, printed in 1632, acted somewhat earlier,<sup>3</sup> occurs a version of two stanzas found neither in our Folio nor Ramsay's *Teatable Miscellany*. They are no doubt an imitation of one of the MS. versions now printed, and which have an earlier cast than Brome's lines.

Peace, wayward barne ! Oh ! cease thy moan !  
 Thy farre more wayward daddy's gone,  
 And never will recalled be,  
 By cryes of either thee or me :  
     For should wee cry  
     Untill we dye,  
 Wee could not scant his cruelty.  
     Ballow, ballow, &c.

He needs might in himselfe foresee  
 What thou successively mightst be ;

<sup>1</sup> This Song is in Allan Ramsays Collection call'd the Tea-table Miscellany, printed at Glasgow, 1753, in 4 Parts. It is there call'd Lady Anne Bothwell's lament.—And consists of 13 Stanzas. Of which only the 1<sup>st</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 3<sup>d</sup> & 7<sup>th</sup> are the same with this:—In the printed copy: the 2<sup>d</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup>, are put 3<sup>d</sup> & 2<sup>d</sup> & the 7<sup>th</sup> comes in 4<sup>th</sup>, the intermediate being omitted:—after which follow 8 other. The last St. of this is something different from the Printed.—P.

<sup>2</sup> "compared with" 2nd and 3rd editions of the *Reliques*; "corrected by" 4th ed.: no notice of any comparison or correction in the 1st ed.—F.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Chambers, in a note to his *Scottish Ballads* (ed. 1829, p. 118), says that it is to be found in *The Northern Lass, or the Nest of Fools*, 1606.—W.C. ? a misprint for 1706, the date of the reprint of Brome's play; we cannot find any notice of a book or play of this name in 1606.—F.



And could hee then (though me foregoe)  
 His infant leave, ere hee did know  
     How like the dad  
     Would bee the lad,  
 In time to make fond maydens glad?  
     Ballow, ballow, &c.

2. Our Folio version, out of the first stanza of which a couplet has disappeared.

3, 4. In John Gamble's book, 1649 A.D., a musical MS. belonging to Dr. Rimbault, is the copy of *Balowe* given in the left-hand column below,<sup>1</sup> which Dr. Rimbault has allowed us to transcribe. By its side, on the right, we put the copy from Elizabeth Rogers's *Virginal Book*, the Additional MS. 10,337, A.D. 1658, to which Mr. Chappell has called our attention.

[*John Gamble's MS. Book*, 1649 A.D.]

[*Addit. MS. 10,337*, p. 6 *from the end.*]

1

Ballowe, my babe, lye still and sleepe,  
 it grieves me sore to see thee weepe!  
 when thou art merry, I am glad;  
 thy weeping makes my hart full sad.  
 ballowe, my boy, thy mothers ioy,  
 thy father breedes thee much anoy;  
     ballow, ballow, ballow, ballow.

2

balow my babe, ly still a while;  
 and when thou wakest, sweetly smile;  
 butt doe nott smille as ffather did,  
 to cozen maidens, god fforbid!  
 butt now I ffeare *that* thou wilt leer  
 thy ffathers fflattringe hartt to bear.  
     balow &c.

1

Baloo my boy lye still and sleepe,<sup>2</sup>  
 itt grieues me sore to see the weepe:  
 Wouldst thou bee quiet ist<sup>3</sup> be as glade,  
 Thy morninge, makes my sorrow sad:  
 Lie still my boy, thy mothers Joy,  
 Thy father Coulede mee great a-noy:  
     La loo, Ba loo, la loo, la loo, la loo,  
     la loo, la loo,  
     Baloo, baloo, Baloo, baloo; Baloo  
     Baloo.

When he began to court my loue,  
 and with his sugard words did moue  
 His flattering face and feigned cheare,  
 To mee that tyme did not appeare,

<sup>1</sup> Pinkerton prints a version in his *Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, vol. i. p. 86, and says:

"In a 4to MS. in the Editor's possession, containing a collection of poems by different hands from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the middle of the last century, when it was apparently written (pp. 132) there are two *Balowes* as they are styled, the first *The Balow Allan*, the second *Palmer's Balow*; this last, is that commonly called Lady Bothwell's Lament, and the three first stanzas in this edition are taken from it, as is the last from *Allan's Balow*. They are injudiciously mingled in Ramsay's edition, and several stanzas

of his own added; a liberty he used much too often in printing Scottish poems."

Pinkerton's MS. (temp. Car. I. 1625-49) is now in the possession of Mr. David Laing, and he has kindly compared it for us with Pinkerton's text. The latter he declares to be "utterly worthless. In the MS. the ballad *Palmer's Balow* consists of six stanzas nearly verbatim with the text you have given from Gamble's MS., 1649."

<sup>2</sup> Stops, hyphens, &c., all in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> I should.—F.



[*John Gamble's MS. Book, 1649 A.D.*][*Addit. MS. 10,337, p. 6 from the end.*]

3

when hee beegan to court my loue,  
 with sugred words hee did mee move,  
 his faineinge<sup>1</sup> fface & fflattringe leares  
 thatt unto me in time apeares;  
 butt now I see *that* crewelty  
 cares neitther ffor my babe nor mee,  
                                 balow &c.

4

I cannott chose, butt euer will  
 bee loyall to thy ffather still;  
 his cuninge hath parlur'd<sup>2</sup> my hartt,  
 thatt I can noe waies ffram him partt;  
 in well or woe, wher-eare hee goe,  
 my hartt shall nere departt him fro.  
                                 balow.

5

ffarewell! ffarewell the ffalsestt youth  
*that* euer kistt a womans mouth!  
 lett neuer maide ere after mee  
 once trust unto thy creuelty!  
 ffor crewell thou, iff once shee bow,  
 wiltt her abuse, thou carstt nott how.  
                                 balow &c.

6

Now by my greifs I uow & sware,  
 thee and all others to fforbeare;  
 ile neither kiss, nor cull, nor clapp,  
 butt lull my younglinge in my lapp.  
 bee still my hartt, leaue off to moane,  
 and sleep secuerly all alone.  
                                 balow &c.

But now I see, that Cruell hee  
 Cares nether for my boy, nor mee,  
                                 Baloo baloo.

3

But thou my darlinge sleepe a while,  
 and when thou wakest sweetlye smile,  
 yet smile not as thy father did  
                                 ozen<sup>3</sup>

To Cusen mads, nay god for-bid

re<sup>3</sup>

But yett i feare that thou wiltt heare  
 Thy fathers face and hart still beare  
                                 Baloo //: //: //:

4

Now by my greifs I vow and sweare  
 the and all others to forbeare  
 I'le neuer kisse nor Cull nor Clapp  
 But lull my youngling in my lapp,  
 Cease hart to moane, leaue of to groane,  
 and sleepe securely hart a-lone.  
                                 Baloo //: //: //:

5. Watson's copy in his *Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, Pt. iii. 1711, p. 79. It is called "Lady Anne Bothwell's *Balow*," and contains 13 stanzas.

6. Allan Ramsay's copy in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724. This is called "Lady Anne Bothwell's *Lament*." It is Watson's version with emendations, and some stanzas transposed. Like Watson's, it consists of 13 stanzas; the Folio of 7. There are, as Percy notes, only 4 stanzas common to both copies; stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 7 of the Folio version occur with but slight variations in the other one.

<sup>1</sup> ? MS. fameinge.—F.<sup>2</sup> ? for purloin'd.—F.<sup>3</sup> So in MS.—F.



7. The version in Evans's *Old Ballads*, 1810. 'The new Balow.'

The *ordinary* account of the original personages of this ballad is that given by Prof. Child in the fourth volume of his *English and Scottish Ballads*.

The unhappy lady (he says) into whose mouth some unknown poet has put this lament, is now ascertained to have been Anne, daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. Her faithless lover was her cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. Lady Anne is said to have possessed great beauty, and Sir Alexander was reputed the handsomest man of his age. He was first a colonel in the French army, but afterwards engaged in the service of the Covenanters, and came to his death by being blown up, with many other persons of rank, in Douglass Castle, on Aug. 30, 1640. The events which occasioned the ballad seem to have taken place early in the seventeenth century. Of the fate of the lady subsequent to this period nothing is known. See Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 105, and *The Scots Musical Museum* (1853), iv. 203 . . . .

But on this statement Mr. Chappell has been good enough to draw up, at some trouble, the following:

"*Baloo* is a sixteenth-century ballad, not a seventeenth. It is alluded to by several of our early dramatists, and the tune is to be found in an early Elizabethan MS. known as William Ballet's *Lute Book*,<sup>1</sup> as well as in Morley's *Consort Lessons*, printed in 1599. The words (see above) and tune are together in John Gamble's *Music Book*, a MS. in the possession of Dr. Rimbault, (date 1649,) and in Elizabeth Rogers's *Virginal Book*, in the library of the British Museum (Addit. MS. 10,337). The last is dated 1658, but the copy may have been taken some few years after. Baloo was so popular a subject that it was printed as a street ballad, with additional stanzas, just as 'My lodging it is on the cold ground' and other popular songs were

<sup>1</sup> This highly interesting MS. which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, (D. I. 21) contains a large number of the popular tunes of the sixteenth century . .

'Queen Maries Dump' (in whose reign it was probably commenced) stands first in the book. Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 86, note b.—F.



lengthened for the same purpose. It has been reprinted in that form by Evans, in his *Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative*, edit. 1810, vol. i. p. 259. The title is 'The new Balow; or, A Wenches Lamentation for the loss of her Sweetheart: he having left her a babe to play with, being the fruits of her folly.' The particular honour of having been the 'wench' in question was first claimed for 'Lady Anne Bothwel' in Part iii. of *Comic and Serious Scots Poems*, published by Watson in Edinburgh in 1713. Since that date Scotch antiquaries have been very busy in searching into the scandalous history of the Bothwell family, to find out which of the Lady Annes *might* have been halla-balooing.

"May we not release the whole race from this imputation? The sole authority for the charge is Watson's Collection!—the same book that ascribes to the unfortunate Montrose the song of 'My dear and only love, *take heed*,' and tacks it as a second part to his 'My dear and only love, *I pray*.' Shade of Montrose! how must you be ashamed of your over-zealous advocate! Let us examine whether the spirit of 'Lady Anne Bothwel' has more reason to be grateful. Among the stanzas ascribed to her by Watson, are the two following, which are not to be found in any English copy:

I take my fate from best to worse  
That I must needs now be a nurse,  
And lull my young son in my lap.  
From me, sweet orphan, take the pap:  
Balow, my boy, thy mother mild  
Shall sing, as from all bliss exil'd.

In the second we find the inducement supposed to have been offered by Lady Anne's lover:

I was too credulous at the first  
To grant thee that a maiden durst,  
And *in thy bravery thou didst vaunt*  
*That I no maintenance should want: [!]*  
Thou swear thou lov'd, thy mind is moved,  
Which since no otherwise has proved.

"Comment is unnecessary. Can any one believe that such



lines were written by or for any lady of rank? <sup>1</sup> Yet they were copied as Lady Anne's by Allan Ramsay, and polished in his usual style. They have been polished and repolished by subsequent editors, but to little avail, for they remain great blots upon a good English ballad.<sup>2</sup> There is not a Scotch word, nor even one peculiar to the north of England, in the whole of Watson's version.

"The remainder of Ramsay's copy will be found in the English ballad reprinted by Evans. Omit stanzas 5 and 7 of Ramsay (which are given above) and compare with Evans in the following reversed order:—Verse 2, 9, 3, 15, 10, 1, 14, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

"The acumen of Scotch antiquaries has rarely been exercised *against* claims that have been once put forth for Scotland. Such matters are left for us lazy Southrons to find out."

The sad lady and her lover are thus still to seek.

Excepting the two stanzas added in Watson's copy, the piece is, we think, singularly beautiful—the work of no common poet, whoever he was. It is marked by a most touching simplicity and truthfulness. The poor forlorn woman speaks from the abundance of a full heart. The words she utters fall as naturally as her tears. Her spirit is of the gentlest and tenderest and she makes her plaint most gently and tenderly. She cannot bring herself to speak bitterly of him who has betrayed and left her. She regards him still with an ineradicable fondness:

<sup>1</sup> The verse is accordingly altered in R. Chambers's *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, p. 135, to

I was too credulous at the first,  
To yield thee all a maiden durst.  
Thou swore for ever true to prove,  
By faith unchanged, unchanged thy love;  
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,  
Thy love's no more, thy promise nought  
Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep!  
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Chambers says that his "copy of the

Lament is composed out of that which appeared in Watson's Collection, with some stanzas and various readings from a version altogether different, which was published by Dr. Percy."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Other portions of the ballad have been treated in the same way. Even the late Professor W. E. Aytoun, not content with such changes as "O gin" for "I wish," (to make it more Scotch) must needs change "With fairest *tongues* are falsest minds," into "With fairest *hearts* are falsest minds."—W.C.



I cannot choose but ever will  
 Be loving to thy father still.  
 Where'er he goes, where'er he ride,  
 My love with him doth still abide.  
 In weal or woe, where'er he go,  
 My heart shall ne'er depart him fro.

What a moving lealty of soul ! What a passing constant loving-ness !<sup>1</sup>

May we do ourselves the pleasure of quoting here an old Greek song, of which "Balow" much reminds us—the Lament of Danaë, written by Simonides? The circumstances are indeed different. Danaë has been sent out to sea in a boat by her father with only her child with her. (Compare Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*.) This aggravation of her sufferings is wanting to the deserted lady in *Balowe*. The father is in one case a god ; in the other a mortal. But each woman's one care and comfort is her child. Each bids her darling sleep as she herself weeps and watches tenderly over its slumbers. Of each the characteristic is a sweet patience, a touching meekness of nature.

ὅτε λάρνακι [δ'] ἐν δαιδαλέῳ ἀνεμος τέ μιν  
 κινηθεῖσά τε λίμνα  
 δείματι ἤριπεν, οὐκ ἀδιάντοισι παρειαῖς  
 ἀμφί τε Περσεΐ βάλλε φίλαν χέρα  
 εἶπέ τε· ὦ τέκος, οἶον ἔχω πόνον·  
 σὺ δ' αὐτῶς γαλαθηνῶ  
 στήθεϊ<sup>2</sup> κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ  
 δώματι χαλκεογόμφῳ νυκτιλαμπεῖ  
 κυανέῳ τε δνόφῳ ταθείς.  
 Αὐαλέαν δ' ὑπερθε τεὰν  
 κόμαν βαθείαν παριόντος  
 κύματος οὐκ ἀλέγεις,  
 οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων,  
 κείμενος ἐν πορφυρέῳ χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.  
 εἰ δέ τοι δεινὸν τό γε δεινὸν ἦν,  
 καί κεν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν ὑπεῖχες οὔας·

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Chambers's opinion, if it be entitled to the name, may be compared: "The editor at first thought of excluding the ballad altogether from his collection, as, although the poetry is exquisitely beautiful, the subject is one which it is

by no means agreeable to reflect upon. He, however, afterwards saw reason to change his resolution, in the fine moral strain which pervades the unfortunate lady's lamentations."—F.

<sup>2</sup> Al. τ' ἤτορι, al. ἤθεϊ, al. μείδει.



κέλομ' εὔδε βρέφος,  
 εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος,  
 εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν·  
 μεταβουλία δέ τις φανείη,  
 Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἐκ σέο.  
 ὃ τι δὲ θαρσαλέον ἔπος εὔχομαι  
 τεκνόφι δίκαν, σύγγνωθί μοι.

Ed. Schneidewin.

Baby, sleep!

BALOW my babe, lye still &amp; sleepe !

itt greeues me sore to see thee weepe.

balowe my boy, thy mothers ioy,

Your father  
has wronged  
me.

4 thy ffather breeds me great anoy.

balow, la-low, la-la-la, ra-row, fa-la, la-la,

la-la, la-la-la, la-low !

When he  
courted me,  
I did not see  
his falseness,

When he began to court my loue,

8 &amp; with his sugred words me moue,

his ffaynings false &amp; fflattering cheere

to me *that* time did not appeare ;

but now I do.

but now I see most cruellye

12 he cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow &amp;c.

Darling,

Lye still my darling, sleepe awhile,

&amp; when thou wakest thoule sweetly smile

don't smile  
like your  
father did.

16 but smile not as thy father did,

to cozen maids : nay, god forbid !

but yett I ffeare thou wilt goe neere,

thy fathers hart &amp; fface to beare.

20 Ballow &amp;c.

But I cannot  
help loving  
him still.

I cannott chuse, but euer will

be louing to thy father still ;

where-ere he goes, where-ere he ryds,

24 my loue with him doth still abyde ;

in weale or woe, where-ere he goe,

my hart shall neere depart him ffroe.

Ballow &amp;c.



- 28 But doe not, doe not, pretty mine,  
to ffaynings false thy hart incline.  
be loyall to thy louer true,  
& neuer change her ffor a new.
- 32 if good or faire, of her haue care,  
ffor womens baninge is wonderous sare.  
Ballow &c.

Only, pretty  
one,  
be true to  
your love;  
never  
change.

- Bearne, by thy face I will be ware ;
- 36 like Sirens words Ile not come neere <sup>1</sup>;  
my babe & I together will liue ;  
heelee comfort me when cares doe greeue ;  
my babe & I right soft will lye,
- 40 & neere respect <sup>2</sup> mans crueltye.  
Ballow &c.

Live and  
comfort me.

- ffarwell, ffarwell, the falsest youth  
that euer kist a womans mouth !
- 44 I wish all maids be warned by mee,  
neere to trust mans curtesye ;  
for if wee doe but chance to bowe,  
theyle vse vs then, they care not how.
- 48 Ballow &c.

May all  
maids take  
warning by  
me, never to  
trust a man.

ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,  
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my  
paine. Percy in *Reliques*.—F.

<sup>2</sup> quite forgeit. Percy in *Reliques*.—F.

[“*Old Simon the King*,” printed in *Lo. & Hum. Songs*, p. 124,  
follows here in the MS. p. 519-20.]



### Gentle Heardsman.

THIS poem is printed in the *Reliques* "from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics." We are not quite sure that the hand of time was always more to be dreaded than the hand of the Bishop.

A lady who has killed her lover with her caprice and boldness, determines to get her to some secret place and fast and pray till she dies. The picture of the forlorn figure—young of years, fair of face, weak (that is, youthful, immature) of wits, green of thoughts—begging her way to Walsingham, remorseful, hopeless, is prettily drawn. Goldsmith has borrowed from her speech in the ballad recited by Mr. Burchell in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. The Stranger, standing "confess'd a maid in all her charms," tells how she had trifled with the affections of her Edwin:

The dew, the blossom on the tree,  
With charms inconstant shine;  
Their charms were his, but woe to me,  
Their constancy was mine.

For still I try'd each fickle art,  
Importunate and vain:  
And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
He left me to my pride;  
And sought a solitude forlorn  
In secret, where he died.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
And well my life shall pay;  
I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
And stretch me where he lay.



And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
 I'll lay me down and die :  
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
 And so for him will I.

There the likeness ends. The eighteenth century poet could not bear to let the poor thing pass away from the scene still dejected and unhoping. The sentimental bosom of his time could not abide such dismal endings. The poet in this case, as his contemporaries in many another, gives it relief and comfort at the expense of probability :

"Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cry'd,  
 And clasp'd her to his breast :  
 The wond'ring fair one turned to chide—  
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,  
 My charmer, turn to see,  
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
 Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
 And every care resign :  
 And shall we never, never part,  
 My life—my all that's mine ?

"No, never from this hour to part,  
 We'll live and love so true :  
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Contrast this gushing *finale* with the concluding stanzas of the older ballad, in their quietness and intensity at the same time :

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,  
 But keepe my secretts, I thee pray.  
 Unto the towne of Walsingham  
 Show me the right and readye way.

Now goe thy wayes, and goe before,  
 For he must euer guide thee still :  
 Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,  
 And soe ffaire Pilgrim ffare the well.

And the contrite pilgrim moves sadly away towards her appointed goal.



“Tell me  
the way to  
Walsing-  
ham.”

“GENTLE : heardsman, tell to me—  
of curtesy I thee pray,—  
vnto the towne of walsingham  
4      which is the right and ready way.’

“It’s bad,  
and hard for  
you to find.”

“vnto the towne of walsingham  
the way is hard ffor to be gon,  
& verry crooked are those pathes  
8      ffor you to ffind out all alone.”

“Not bad  
enough for  
me,

“weere the miles doubled 3<sup>ise</sup>,  
& the way neuer soe ill,  
itt were not enough for mine offence,  
12      itt is soe greuious and soe ill.”

“Thy yeeares are young, thy face is ffaire,  
thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;  
time hath not giuen thee leaue as yett  
16      for to committ soe great a sinne.<sup>1</sup>”

and so you’d  
say if you  
knew my  
sin.

“Yes, heardsman, Yes, soe woldest thou say  
if thou knewest soe much as I ;  
my witts, & thoughts, & all the rest,  
20      haue well deserued for to dye.

I am a  
woman,

“I am not what I seeme to bee ;  
my clothes & sexe doe differ ffarr ;  
I am a woman, woe is me !  
24      [A prey]<sup>2</sup> to greeffe & irksome care,

<sup>1</sup> MS. sime.—F.

<sup>2</sup> MS. torn away here and in the  
following lines.—F.

N.B. Since I first transcribed this

song for the Press, part of the Leaf has  
been worne away. It was once exactly  
as I have represented it in my Book.  
—P.



- “ [<sup>1</sup> For my] beloued & well beloued  
 [My wayward cruelty could kill:  
 [And though my teares will nought avail, [page 521]  
 28 [Most dearely I bewail him still. and was loved
- <sup>2</sup> “ [He was the flower of noble w]ights;  
 [None ever more sincere colde] bee;  
 [Of comelye mien and shape he] was,  
 32 [And tenderlye he lov]ed mee. by a noble youth,
- “ [When thus I saw he loved m]e well,  
 [I grewe so proude his paine t]o see,  
 [That I, who did not kn]ow my-selfe,  
 36 [Thought scorne of such a youth] as hee,<sup>2</sup> whom I tormented and scorned.
- “ And grew soe coy, & nice to please,  
 as womens lookes are often soe;  
 he might not kisse, nor hand fforsooth,  
 40 vnless I willed him soe to doe.
- “ Thus being wearyed with delayes  
 to see I pittyed not his greeffe,  
 he gott him to a secrett place,  
 44 & there hee dyed without releeffe. I wearied him out, and he killed himself.
- “ And for his sake these weeds I weare,  
 to sacrifice my tender age,  
 & euery day Ile begg my bread  
 48 to vndergoe this pilgrimage. For his sake I go this pilgrimage,

<sup>1</sup> This and the following pieces in brackets were supplied by Percy, in the *Reliques* i. 73-4.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> Note by Percy on a separate slip, with an irregular line (but no dots) marking the broken edge of the leaf:

. . . still

. . . oble wights  
 . . . ere . . bee  
 . . . e hee was

. . . e loved mee  
 . . . ned me well  
 . . . me to see  
 . . . know myselfe  
 . . . as hee

and grew so coy & nice to please

N.B. This shows the state of the Leaf as it was at first, before part of it was worn away—i.e. when I first got the Book.—P.



and desire to  
die as he did.

52      "Thus euery day I ffast & pray,  
            & euer will doe till I dye,  
            & gett me to some secrett place;  
            ffor soe did hee, & soe will I.

Tell me the  
way to  
Walsing-  
ham."

56      "Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,  
            but keepe my secretts, I thee pray;  
            vnto the towne of walsingam  
            show me the right & readye way."

"God go  
with youl

60      "Now goe thy wayes, & god before,<sup>1</sup>  
            for he must euer guide thee still:  
            turne downe *that* dale, the right hand path,  
            & soe, ffaire Pilg[r]im, ffare thee well!      ffinis.

Turn to the  
right.  
Farewell!"

<sup>1</sup> See the Glossary for a reference to Mr. Dyce's note on this phrase.—F.

[*"Thomas you cannott," printed in Lo. & Hum. Songs, p. 116, follows here in the MS. p. 521. Part of it is on a fragment apart from the MS., being p. 522. Then follow Percy's "A List of the Ballads & other Pieces in this Book. Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> 1757" on the two fly-leaves, as printed (with additions) in my "Proposal" for the publication of the MS., and the following P.S. and N.B.s at the end of the List:*

P.S.—Properly 191 Pieces or Fragments. See the Additions inserted after N<sup>o</sup> 5, N<sup>o</sup> 9, and N<sup>o</sup> 12, and N<sup>o</sup> 162, which had not been discover'd when the above List was first made in 1757, or 8. (Percy.)

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—I have, since this P.S. was written, found another Fragment in Page 55, which makes the Number 192. Perhaps more Fragments may be yet discovered distinct from the rest.—Yes; 3 more on the Subject of Robin Hood in Pages 7, 13, 20. In all 195. (Percy.)

<sup>2</sup> N.B.—I have drawn a Red Line under such Ballads as I have seen in print. The vols. refer to the printed Collection of Old Ballads, 12mo. 3 vols.<sup>2</sup> A Black Line under such as I printed in my *Reliques of Anc<sup>t</sup>. Poetry*, 3 vols. (Percy.)

*Lastly, inside the back cover of the MS. is Percy's "An Alphabetical List" of the Poems, referring by the numbers 1, 2, &c. to the former Contents-List. The following fragments from the end of the MS., and one complete poem in a different hand, are pinned on a separate piece of paper.—F.]*

<sup>1</sup> This paragraph is written length-  
wise up the inner edge of the last page

of the Contents-List.—F.

<sup>2-2</sup> This paragraph is in red ink.—F.



<sup>1</sup> ¶ am . . .

SAY: what is a wom[ans hart] . . .  
*that* calmes & . . .  
 is itt light he . . .  
 4 & or is itt . . .  
     out alas out . . .  
     my mother h . . .

lay I [h]ome . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .  
 8 . . .  
 . . .  
 . . .

. . . what is a womans hart?  
 . . . has all, yett all has *part*;  
 . [r]ound or square, or soft or hard,  
 12 . itt in the fforging marde  
     [out ala]s &c

[Tell me, my] loue & are all women true?  
 [Some ar]e no doubt, but they are very ffew.  
 [Most think that if their] ffaith & loue last long,  
 16 [Then must t]hey doe all others wronge.  
     [out alas &c]

[Why do] I loue? what are those ffemale sexe  
 [*that*] doth mankind soe much perplex?  
 is itt water, ffire, earth, or aire,  
 20 *that* makes these creatures seeme soe rare? ffinis.

<sup>1</sup> This follows "Thomas you cannot," on a fragment of p. 522 of the MS.—F.



## Coridon

[On p. 522 of the MS.]

. ly shepard swaine  
 . vpon the storadyan plaine  
 . ent to keepe his fflockes of sheepe  
 4 . hts he did obtaine  
 . his eye he did espye  
 . wlyous traine to passe  
 . [a]fter a deere *which* ffollowed neere  
 8 *which* they had hard in chase.  
 after them came amaine a faire mayd,  
     *which* did moue corydon through the sun for to  
     run,  
 thinking to haue stayd her: but he frained<sup>1</sup> her  
 12 & still prayd her, but dismaid her,  
     & shee thought his sight to shunn.  
  
 Ere they ended had their race, they came vnto a  
     place  
 where Pann did sitt his ffitt in a garland made of  
     bayes;  
 16 but when the godds perceiued the maid,  
     thé tooke her ffor diana;  
     both ffor bewty & attire the like was neuer any;  
     *which* did moue him to loue her to follow,  
 20 att *which* sight, in a ffright backe againe rann the  
     swai[n,]  
     where his fflockes were grazing, Pann sate praising,  
     but still gazing and amazing,  
     ffearffull to behold the mayd.

<sup>1</sup> frayed, qu. P. frained = asked.—F.



- 24 ffrom his fface shee fled with feare lest the godds  
 shold find her th[ere]  
 with ffootmanshipp shee him out steppe, till shee  
 came to riuer cleer[e] . . .  
 but when shee see shee cold [n]ot fflee  
 nor cold no ffurther sc[ape] . . .
- 28 but *that* shee [might] . . .  
 to . . .  
 . . .



## [Siege] off Rouen.

[On page 523 of the MS.]

THIS is a fragment of a late copy of the old poem on Henry V.'s famous siege of Rouen, which was begun on July 30, 1418, and ended, after a most gallant defence, by Henry's triumphal entry into the city on January 16, 1419. The poem professes to be, and no doubt is, by an eyewitness, l. 21-3.<sup>1</sup> The first part of it was first printed by the Rev. J. J. Conybeare in vol. xxi. of the *Archæologia*, p. 48-78, from an incomplete MS., Bodley 124 (where Mr. G. Parker says he cannot now find it), and the second part was afterwards printed (with a portion of the first part, that is, from l. 636) by Sir F. Madden in *Archæol.* vol. xxii. p. 361-84, from a complete MS., Harl. 2256, the prose chronicle of *The Brute*, collated with a rather older but less accurate MS., Harl. 753. Other MSS. are Bodley 3562 (formerly E. Musæo 124), and Lord Leicester's MS. 670 at Holkham (*Madden*, p. 351). The fragments of our Folio are here completed from a late MS., Egerton 1995, bought at Lord Charlemont's sale in August, 1865, "supposed to be in the hand of Gregory Skinner, Lord Mayor of London in 1451."<sup>2</sup> The poem, says Mr. Hazlitt in a note, "must have been written about two years after the battle, as the author speaks throughout of Thomas Earl of Dorset as Duke of Exeter, to which dignity he did not attain till 4 Henry V." But as the 4 Henry V. was March 21, 1416, to

<sup>1</sup> It will be admitted, I believe, by all who will take the trouble to compare the various contemporary narratives of the siege of Rouen, that in point of simplicity, clearness, and minuteness of detail, there is no existing document which can compare with the poem before us. Sir

F. Madden in *Archæol.* xxii. 353.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Sotheby's Catalogue, referred to by Mr. Hazlitt, *Early Pop. Poetry*, ii. 92. The reader will perceive that the Charlemont or Egerton MS. is not unique, as Mr. Hazlitt supposed it was.—F.



March 20, 1417, it is clear that Mr. Hazlitt was induced to attribute the date of Rouen to Agincourt by his prior erroneous statement that the Charlemont or Egerton MS. exhibited a different narrative of the same event which is commemorated in the ballad he reprints of "ye batayll of Egyngecourte & the grete sege of Rone by kynge Henry of Mon-mouthe"; for the writer of that ballad wisely says,

. . in this boke I cannot comprehende  
 The greatest batayll of all, called y<sup>e</sup> sege of Rone;  
 For that sege lasted .iiij. yere and more;  
 And there a rat was at .xl. pens,<sup>1</sup>  
 For in the Cytte the people hongered sore;  
 Women and chyldren for faute of mete were lore,  
 And some for payne bare bones were gnawynge,  
 That at her brestes had .ii. chyldren soukyng.  
 Of the sege of Rone it to wryte were pytye,  
 It is a thing so lamentable . .

*E. Pop. Poetry*, ii. 107-8.

As the poem is printed from the best MSS. in the *Archæologia*, as above-said, and as the Early English Text Society have a new edition of it in their list, I have not thought it worth while to complete the Folio late copy by printing all the long late Egerton MS. here.—F.

[GOD that dyde a-pon A tre<sup>2</sup>]  
 [And boughte vs with hys blode so]e ffree,  
 [To hys blys tham] bringe  
 4 [That lystenythe vnto my] talkinge!  
 [Oftyn tymys we] talke of diueres trauells,<sup>3</sup>  
 [Of saute, Sege, and of grete ba]ttells<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> And flesche, save horseflesche, hadde they none:  
 They ete also bothe dogges and cattes,  
 And also bothe myse and rattes,  
 And also an hors quarter lene other fat,  
 And a hundrede schyllynges hyt was worth at;  
 And also a hors hede at halfe a pownde,  
 And a dogge for ten schylynge of mony sounde:

*For fourty pens they solde a ratte,  
 And for two nobels they solde a catte:  
 And for six pens they solde a mowse,  
 ffull few was lefte in any howse.*

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 63.

<sup>2</sup> From Egerton MS. 1995, fol. 87.—F.

<sup>3</sup> of trauayle.—Eg. MS.

<sup>4</sup> batayle.—Eg. MS.



- [Bothe in Romans and in rym]e,  
 8 [What hathe ben done be-fore thys tyme ;  
 [But y wylle telle you nowe pre]sent—  
 [Vnto my tale yf ye] take tent<sup>1</sup>—  
 [Howe the v. Harry oure leg]e,  
 12 [With hys ryalte he sette a sege  
 [By-fore Rone, that ryche Cytt]e,  
 [And endyd hyt at hys o]wne to bee<sup>2</sup> ;  
 [A more solempne sege was n]euer sett ;  
 16 [Syn Ierusalem and Troy] were gett,<sup>3</sup>  
 [So moche folke was neuyr] seene<sup>4</sup>  
 [One kynge with soo many vndyr heuyne :  
 [Lystenythe vnto me A lytylle space,  
 20 [And I shalle telle you howe hyt was ;  
 [And the better telle I may,]  
 ff[or at that sege with the kyng I lay,]  
 & [there to I toke a-vyse]  
 24 [Lyke as my wyt wolde suffyce,  
 [Whenne Pountlarge with sege was wounne  
 [And ouyr sayne, then enter was be-gunne.]  
 the duke of [Exceter, that hende,]  
 28 to Rowne the king [yn sothe hym sende,]<sup>5</sup>  
 & Herrotts with him, to *that* Citye  
 to looke if itt wold yeeleden bee,<sup>6</sup>  
 & alsoe ioy to looken the<sup>7</sup> ground  
 32 all<sup>8</sup> about the Citty round,  
 & how they might best lay a seege ;  
 but they wold not obey their leege.  
 when the duke of great renowne  
 36 was come before *that* royall towne,  
 he displayd his banners great plen[tye,]<sup>9</sup>  
 & herotts into the citty sent hee,

<sup>1</sup> wylle tent.—Eg. MS.<sup>2</sup> owne volunte.—Eg. MS.<sup>3</sup> was gotte.—Eg. MS.<sup>4</sup> sene.—Eg. MS.<sup>5</sup> To Rone yn sothe oure kyng hym sende.—Eg. MS.<sup>6</sup> yf that they yoldyn wolde be.—Eg. MS.<sup>7</sup> alle soo for to se that.—Eg. MS.<sup>8</sup> That was.—Eg. MS.<sup>9</sup> baners on A bent.—Eg. MS.



- to warne them on paine of death  
 40 ' *that* they our king shold not greenu[e,]  
 nor [be] with-standing of his might,  
 but deliuer this citty soone in his sight.  
 & soe hee told them withouten bad,  
 44 he wold no ffurther till hee *that* hadd;  
 ffor ere hee went ffarr ffrom this place,  
 hee wold itt winne by gods grace.'  
 but *that* they ffrenchmen make no answer,  
 48 but bade them on their wayes to ffare,  
 & made assignment with their hand  
*that* he shold there no longer stand,  
 & shotten out ordinance with great en[vye,]  
 52 & maden ware dispiteously.  
 then came fforth *Knights* keene  
 on horsbace with armour sheene,  
 & there mustered the Duke againe.  
 56 on both *partyes* many were slaine,  
 & this was done without delay;  
 to pont large the duke tooke the way,  
 & told the *Knight* of *that* citty  
 60 how itt stode, & in what degree.  
 to my talking &<sup>1</sup> you will take heede,  
 I shall tell you of accursed deede,  
 & how sinfully<sup>2</sup> the ffrenchmen did thore<sup>3</sup>  
 64 or our king came them before,  
 ffor all the suburbs of *that* ffaire towne,  
 both kirkes & houses, droue them downe,  
 & att port Hillary the hend,  
 68 a *parish* church they all to-rend;  
 of St. Hillary was the same  
*that* after the port bare the name;  
 and att the same port<sup>4</sup> downe thé drew  
 72 a church *that* was of S<sup>t</sup> ANDREW,

<sup>1</sup> for *an*, if.—F.<sup>2</sup> MS. *sufully*; and it transposes lines 62 and 63.—F.<sup>3</sup> *Nota de malicia eorum*, says the Egerton MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> At porte Causses.—Eg. MS.



- & alsoe an abbey of S<sup>t</sup>. GERUAIS,<sup>1</sup>  
 for there the duk[e o]f Clarence lodged was  
 att the port d[e Pounte] downe thé beate  
 76 [A] c[hyrche of oure la]dy [swe]te,  
 [²And othyr of Synt Kateryn, that maydyn meke, [last line of  
 [And of Synt sauyoure a nothyr eke; which any  
 [And of Seynt Mathewe they drewne downe one, part is  
 80 [And lefte there-of stondyng neuyr a stone; visible on  
 [At Martyrvyle a-doune they mynde p. 523 of  
 [Of Synt Mychelle a Chyrche fynde, MS.]  
 [And of Synt Povle a nothyr thoo,  
 84 [And mynede³] down [a nothyr a lytylle fro.] [page 524  
 the hedges, garden[s and streys, of MS.]  
 [They drewe hem in-to the Cytte euery pece,]  
 bushes & bryars both the[y brende,]  
 88 & made them bare men [as⁴ my honde.]  
 & yett there was a proud a[raye]  
 round about the Cittyte gay;  
 well was itt ordered ffor the [warre]  
 92 with all the defence *that* might [darre;]  
 for the walls all were able,<sup>5</sup>  
 & the diches deepe, defencab[le;]⁶  
 the diches *that* were the walls [a-boute,]  
 96 all the lands sayd there about,<sup>7</sup>  
 hitt was deepe, & therto w[yde,]  
 with a strong trench o[n euery syde,]⁸  
 [A trenche hyt was *with* a depe dyssende,]  
 100 *that* was made the diche to de[fende,]  
*that* no man shold come them [nere]  
 but in their danger hee [were;]  
 ffor who soe come the [trenche *with*-yn,]  
 104 harmelesse they might [not oute wyne.]

<sup>1</sup> Iamys.—Eg. MS.<sup>2</sup> Supplied from Eg. MS.—F.<sup>3</sup> Bodl. MS. ? onynde, Eg. MS.—F.<sup>4</sup> made hyt as bare as.—Eg. MS.<sup>5</sup> fulle varyable.—Eg. MS.<sup>6</sup> depe and fensabyll.—Eg. MS.<sup>7</sup> The londe syde whythe ovte.—Eg. MS.<sup>8</sup> A trenche sewynge in euery syde.—Eg. MS.



- & all the ditches through <sup>1</sup> . . . . .  
 pittffalls were then b <sup>2</sup> . . . . .  
 & euery pittfall a s[pere hyghthe,]  
 108 for therin shold sta[nde noo man to fyghte,]  
 & all was for to [make hem clere]  
 that no gunnes <sup>3</sup> [a-boute them were ;]  
 & ffrom the p[yttefalle vnto the walle]  
 112 that was high [and stowte with-alle,]  
 itt was a[s thycke of caltrappys sette] <sup>4</sup>  
 as m[eyshys be yn a nette.]  
 within the [Cytte after the walle] [l. 119 Eg. MS.]  
 116 mortar <sup>5</sup> . . . . .  
 with carts . . . . .  
 as a . . . . .  
 that . . . . .

[Gap: of 52 lines in the Egerton MS., of 50 in the Bodley MS.]

- 120 [ <sup>6</sup> Of pryncemode and no]blé the flow[r]e <sup>7</sup> [page 525 of  
 Percy Folio ;  
 [Thoughe alle pryncys of hon]our are sett, l. 176 of Eg.  
 MS.]  
 [Nexste the beste he myghte] be sett. [l. 178 Eg. MS.]

<sup>1</sup> And alle that dyche thorowe oute  
 by-dene,  
 Pytfalldde hyt was evyr-more bytwene,  
 And every pytfalldde of a spere of heyth,  
 For no man therin scholde stond to fyzt  
 in fethe.—Bodley 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 51.

<sup>2</sup> The Diche was brode and depe  
 And fewe myghte fro many man hyt  
 kepe ;  
 The bottom of the Diche with-yn  
 Was pyttefallyd ij. fote euyr by-twyn.  
 —Eg. MS.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *mn* for *nn*.—F. noo man.—Eg.  
 MS.

<sup>4</sup> As thycke of caltrappys hit fulle  
 was sette.—Eg. MS.

<sup>5</sup> With-yn the Cytte after the walle  
 Welle countymuryde hyt was welle  
 with-alle,

With erthe soo thyke and so brode  
 That a carte myghte go þer vppon lode  
 That poynt they made in there werre

That noo gvnne shulde not hym  
 derre. [l. 124].—Eg. MS.

Then follow 52 lines more in the Eg.  
 MS.—F.

<sup>6</sup> And at the ende then towarde the  
 Weste,

The Dewke of Clarence toke there hys  
 reste,

Fore at an abbey there he gan lende  
 That was beten downe and sore schende,  
 At the Porte Causes that gate byfore,  
 And kepte inne the Frenschemen wyth  
 grete power :

There wanne he warschippe and grete  
 honowre,

Off pryncemode he myzte be called a flowre,  
 For when alle prynces are ymette,  
 Next to the beste lete Clarence be sette.

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 53.

<sup>7</sup> Of pryncemode he may bere a floure ;  
 Thoughe alle pryncys were I-mette.  
 Lines 176 and 177 of Eg. MS.—F.



- [At the northe syde by-t]weene,  
 124 [There was loggyd Excetyr þe ke]ne,  
 [And at the Porte Denys] he lay,  
 [Where freynysche men yssuy]n out ouery day.  
 [He bet hem in at euery sch]amffull brunnt,<sup>1</sup> [l. 183 Eg. MS.]  
 128 [And wanne worschyppe] as hee was woont  
 [Of alle pryncys manhode to] report,  
 [Set hym for on of] the best sort.  
 [Bytwyne hym and Claren]ce then,  
 132 [Erle Marchalle, a man-]full man,  
 [Loggyd hym next the castell]e gate,  
 [And kepythe hyt bothe erly] and late.  
 [And forthe in the same] way,  
 136 [The lorde Haryngton] here he lay.  
 [Talbot, from deumfrount] when he come,  
 [He loggyd hym next] that<sup>2</sup> groome.  
 [The Erle of Vrmounde] then lay hee  
 140 [Next Clarence *with* a grete meanye,  
 [And Cornewale, that comely knyghte,  
 [He lay with Clarence bothe day and] night,<sup>3</sup>  
 [And many knyghtys in a froun]t  
 144 [Thatnowe comenot] in<sup>4</sup> [my mynde to counte.] [l. 202 Eg. MS.]  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . uze

[Gap: 56 lines in Bodley MS. 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 55-6.]

5. w en . w . . [p. 526 of Folio MS. l. 267 Eg. MS.]  
 148 & he gran[te]d them comp[assyon,<sup>6</sup>]

<sup>1</sup> at euery brounte.—Eg. MS.

<sup>2</sup> ? MS. thy. that gome, Eg. MS., and adds two lines.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. might.—F.

<sup>4</sup> ? MS. in t.—F.

<sup>5</sup> But be-lyve comawndede owre Lege, For to go to Caudybeke and sette ther a sege.

And when he come the towne before,  
 They bygan to trete wythout eny more;  
 And as Rone dyde, so thay wolde done,

And grantede hyt in compocyssyone,  
 And selyde hyt uppe-on thys condissione,  
 That in the water of Sayne wythouten lette

Owre schyppis to passe forth wyth here frette.

Bodley MS. 124, *Archæol.* xxi. 56.

<sup>6</sup> That he that dede wolde doo  
 He grauntyd hem in compassyon.  
 —Eg. MS. l. 266, 267.



- soe that then without lett  
 our shippes might passe with our [frette.]  
 then passed our shippes forth in [fere,]  
 152 & cast their Anchor Rowne fu[lle nere,]  
 as thicke in soyne as they neu[er did stonde;]<sup>1</sup>  
 then were the beseege by watter and by londe.]  
 & when *that* warwicke *that* end [hadde made,]  
 156 then to the king againe hee ro[de,]  
 betwixt St. Katherins & the [kynge]  
 there he ordered his lodgin[g.<sup>2</sup>]  
 well entred the Abbey w[as,]  
 160 & soone yeelded, by gods gr[ace;]  
 & after within a litle space<sup>3</sup>  
 he lodged att the port M[artynvace,<sup>4</sup>] [l. 280 Eg. MS.]  
 there as spitefull warr[e there was.]  
 164 euer they came forth o[wte in pat place,]  
 but then be dreueth [hem yn a-gayne]  
 manfully with migh[te and mayne;<sup>5</sup>]  
 & Salsbury was fain<sup>6</sup> [to ryde,] [l. 283 Eg. MS.]  
 168 & yett hee turned<sup>7</sup> [and dyd a-byde,  
 [By Huntynghdon there lende]  
 till the seege wa[s at an ende,]  
 & the Gloster, *that* [gracyus home,]<sup>8</sup>  
 172 from the [sege of Chirboroughe when he [l. 288 Eg. MS.]  
 come]

[Gap: of about 70 lines in the Egerton MS., of 55 in the Bodley.]

<sup>1</sup> in sayn as they myghte stonde.—Eg. MS.

<sup>2</sup> He loggyd hym and was byggyng.  
—Eg. MS.

<sup>3</sup> whyle.—Eg. MS.

<sup>4</sup> Martynvyle.—Eg. MS.

<sup>5</sup> Lines 163–166 occur two pages back in the Egerton MS. For them here, Eg. has:

Moche worschyppe there-fore to hym was,

And soo hathe ben in euery place.—F.

<sup>6</sup> Saulsby that was synyde.—Eg. MS.

<sup>7</sup> Yet he returnyde.—Eg. MS.

<sup>8</sup> So in Eg. MS., but read *gome* as in Bodley, 124,

And then Glowsetre that worthy gome.—F.



- . . . . . warryour aght<sup>1</sup> [p. 527 of MS.]  
 . . . . . Knight  
 . . . . . t noble Knight  
 176 . . . . . he was full right  
 [Mon senoure P]ewnes, this<sup>2</sup> was hee, [l. 353 Eg. MS].  
 [Captayne of the p]ort of St. Hillarye ;  
 [The Bastard of Teyn]osa,<sup>3</sup> a warryour wight,  
 180 . . . . . tive of much might,  
 [And of alle the] men<sup>4</sup> *that* were without  
 [Of alle the Cytte ro]und about ;  
 [And euery on of the]se Captaines had  
 184 [V. M<sup>l</sup> men and moo in l]ade ;  
 [And they nomberyd] were within,<sup>5</sup>  
 [Whenn oure sege] did begin,  
 [To .iiij. CCC. M<sup>l</sup> an]d ten,  
 188 [Of wymmen, chyldryn,] and men ;  
 [Of pepylle hyt was a gr]eat rowte,<sup>6</sup>  
 [A kynge to lay a se]ge about.<sup>7</sup>  
 [And there-to they were fulle] hardy indeede<sup>8</sup>  
 192 [Bothe in foote and eke in] steede [l. 372 Eg. MS.]  
 . . . . . er<sup>ty</sup> men<sup>9</sup>  
 . . . . . did know

<sup>1</sup> Mon senyour Antonye A werryour  
 wyghte, [l. 347]  
 He was leuetenaunt to that knyghte  
 Herre Ehanfewe was captayne  
 Of the porte de pount de sayne; [350]  
 Iohan Mawtrevers that man,  
 Of the porte of castelle was captayne.  
 —Eg. MS.  
 And Mowne-Syr Antony, a werryour  
 wy3te,  
 He was levetenawnte under that kny3te.  
 And Hery Camfewe, he was captayne  
 Of the Porte de Pownte of Sayne.  
 And Johan de Matreways, that nobylle  
 man,  
 Of the Porte of the Castelle he was  
 captan.

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. 59.

<sup>2</sup> Pennewys thenne.—Eg. MS.

<sup>3</sup> The Bastarde of Teyne in that  
 whyle [l. 355]

Was captayne of porte Martynvyle

And gaunt Iaket or Iakys of werrys  
 wyse

He was captayne and alle so the  
 pryce.—Eg. MS.

<sup>4</sup> skarmoschys.—Eg. MS.

<sup>5</sup> And whenn they wolde rayse alle the  
 comynalte

Many a thousande myghte they be ;  
 Men nomberyd them *with-yn*.—Eg.

MS.

<sup>6</sup> a proude store.—Eg. MS.

<sup>7</sup> a sege be-fore.—Eg. MS.

<sup>8</sup> MS. ded indeede.—F. hardy in dede.  
 —Eg. MS.

<sup>9</sup> And als prowde men as euyr I saye,  
 And poyntys of warre many one dyd  
 shewe.

Whenn they yssuyd owt, moste co-  
 mynly

They come not owte in one party ;

At ij. gatys, or iiij. or alle, [l. 377]  
 Sodynly they dyd owte falle.—Eg.



. . . . . to come out  
 . . . . . e port

MS. There are 33 pages more in the Egerton MS.

Men nombred of hem that were withinne,  
 Ffurste when owre Sege gan to beginne,  
 Unto four hundred thewsande and ten,  
 Off wymmen, off chyldren, and also off  
 men :

Off peple that was prowde store,

A kynge to lay a Sege tofore.

And therto they war fulle hardy in dede,  
 Bothe on fote, and also on stede,

And the prowdest men that ever y  
 knewe,

And many poyntes of werre they wolde  
 shewe.

But when they wolde come owte comenly,  
 They came nott owte alle on a party,  
 Nother at two gates, nor at thre, but at  
 alle

Sodaynly they wolde out falle :

Bodley MS. 124, in *Archæol.* xxi. p. 59-60.

There are above 18 pages more in  
 vol. xxi., in all 946 lines ; the rest, up to  
 l. 1312, are (with the prior lines from  
 l. 686) in *Archæol.* xxi. p. 371-384.—F.



[Such a Lover am I<sup>1</sup>]

THIS song declares that the speaker is a lover of such a temper that he varies, to use a mathematical phrase, directly as his mistress; whereas lovers, for the most part, vary inversely as their idols. If she smiles on him, he is delighted; if she refuses him, he ejects her from his thoughts. He is no woman's slave. Of lovers, as of the Jews, it may be said that sufferance is the badge of all their tribe. This gentleman tears off and throws away his badge. Should Cupid and Venus trouble him,—

Mandaret laqueum mediumque ostenderet unguem.

Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, are far superior divinities, to his thinking.

We have seen no other copy of this song.

I shan't die  
for a girl's  
refusal.

SUCH a Lover am I :

'Tis too late to deny

That for a refusall I never can dye;<sup>2</sup>

4 Yet my Temper is such,

And that's very much,

My Passion Re-Kindles at every Touch ;

If once my  
mistress is  
unkind,

But if once I doe find

8 My *Mistress* vnkind,

I forget her.

Why then her past favours are quite out of mind.

I don't cry  
and bother  
myself.

My Courage Il'e Keepe,<sup>3</sup>

'Tis Childish to weepe ;

12 I'le not be disordered, awake nor a-sleepe ;

<sup>1</sup> This song is written in a different and later hand. It has initial apostrophes, and some commas. Though it is with the fragments, it was never part of

the MS.—F.

<sup>2</sup> Line 3 is written as two in the MS.—F.

<sup>3</sup> ? MS. ILeepe.—F.



- 16      ffor if like a fond Swaine  
          I should pine & complaine,  
          She'l scornfully Trivmph, & laugh at my payne,  
          Or if I shold crave  
          In Revenge the Cold Grave :  
          He that Dyes for a woman, can nere be that brave.  
          Hang Cupid and Venus ! nere mencion them  
          more !
- 20      Such pitifull Powers I scorne to adore !  
          Since I by Kind Nature my Libertye have,  
          'Twere base that such Bugbares should make me  
          their slaves :  
          I manfully acknowledge my selfe farr above  
 24      That childish Idolety, miscalled Love.
- Mars, Baccus, Apollo, are much more divine,  
          Theire Biusinesse farr Nobler, much brisker their  
          wine.
- A wedded Condicion contributes noe ease ;  
 28      Wife, Children, and Servants, disorder their  
          peace.  
          When heartye ffreinds fayl, my true Comforts of  
          Life,  
          I then may turne desperate, & thinke of a Wife.

If I did pine,

she'd laugh  
 at me.  
 Only  
 cowards  
 crave death  
 for a  
 woman.  
 [back.]  
 Hang  
 Cupid !

If I'm free,  
 why should  
 I make  
 myself  
 Love's  
 slave ?  
 I'm above  
 that  
 nonsense.

Bacchus  
 before  
 Venus !

When my  
 friends fail,  
 then I'll turn  
 desperate  
 and marry.



## Appendix.

### I. LEOFFRICUS.

[Bodl. MS. 240, p. 359, col. 1, by John of Teynemouth.]

Item de euentibus illius temporis cap. 99.

<sup>1</sup>Haraldus et tostius filij godwini dum apud Windesoram vinum regi propinassent. capillis et manibus mutuo confligebant. quorum infortunium venturum statim prophetauit rex edwardus. Haraldus comes uolens visere fratrem suum et nepotem qui apud <sup>2</sup>Willielmum ducem normannie obsides erant tempestate actus delatus est pontunium. Quem consul terre tradidit duci Willielmo. Haraldus antequam euadere posset. iurauit duci quod filiam eius duceret. et Angliam ad opus eius seruaret. <sup>3</sup>Mortuo Henrico .2. imperatore. successit Henricus <sup>3</sup>us qui regnauit annis 50. Stephanus .9. abbas de monte cassino. sedit post victorem mensibus .8. Benedictus .10. sedit papa mensibus .9. qui violenter intrusus postmodum cessit. <sup>4</sup>Circa hec tempora godiua comitissa, couentriam a graui seruitute liberare affectans, leofricum comitem assiduis precibus sollicitauit ut sancte trinitatis dei quod genitricis intuitu villam a predicta seruitute absolueret. Prohibuit comes ne de cetero rem sibi dampnosam inaniter postularet. Illa autem virum indesinenter de petitione premissa

exasperans. tale ransom extorsit ab eo "Ascende," inquit, "equum tuum nuda a ville inicio usque ad finem, populo congregato. et cum redieris postulata impetrabis." Genere godiua deo dilecta. equum ascendens nuda crines capitis et tricas dissoluens. corpus totum preter crura inde velauit. Itinere completo. A nemine visa ad virum gaudens reuersa est. Leofricus uero couentriam a seruitute liberauit. cartam suam inde factam sigilli munimine roborauit. et cito post obiit. et apud couentriam, in monasterio quod ipse construxerat, sepultus est. <sup>5</sup>Vbi et brachium sancti Augustini doctoris habetur, argentea techa inclusum. quod egelnothus Archiepiscopus rediens a roma apud papiam urbem aliquando emit .100. talentis argenti. Hic leofricus reparauit et ditauit monasteria leonense iuxta Herefordiam. <sup>6</sup>Wenelocense et in Legecestria sancte Werburge. sanctique iohannis. Wigornense quoque et euisham[ense] In Alamannia scotorum monasterium combustum est. quod quidem incendium. quidam monachus paternus nomine diu ante predixerat <sup>7</sup>. Hic propter propositum reclusionis exire nolens. se comburi passus est.

### II. NUT-BROWN MAYD.

COMPARE with this the Carol on the Virgin Mary, No. VIII. in the Sloane MS. 2593, leaf 5, printed by Mr. Wright in his *Songs and Carols* for the Warton Club, 1861, p. 11.

<sup>1</sup> 1620. 1056. 14.

<sup>2</sup> infra cod. libro. c. 110.

<sup>3</sup> 1621. 1057. 15.

<sup>4</sup> Flores historia.

<sup>5</sup> cum brachium sancti Augustini magni doctoris.

<sup>6</sup> nota de Leomenstria iuxta Herefordiam.

<sup>7</sup> 16. 1058. 1632.



Wommen be boþ<sup>e</sup> good *and* trewe,  
Wytnesse of marye.

Of hondes *and* body *and* face arn clene,  
Wommen mown non beter bene,  
In euery place it is sene,  
Wytnesse of marie.

It is knowyn, *and* euere was,  
þer a womman is in plas,  
Womman is þ<sup>e</sup> welle of gras,  
Wytnesse [of Marie.]

þey louyn men *with* herte trewe,  
Ho wyl not chaungyn for non newe ;  
Wommen ben of wordys ffewe,  
Wytnesse [of Marie.]

Wommen ben trewe *with*-out lesyng,  
Wommen be trewe in alle þing,  
*And* out of care þey mown ys bryng,  
Wytnesse of marie.

There are several satirical songs against women in Mr. T. Wright's *Carols and Songs* for the Percy Society, 1847, in his *Ballads temp. Philip and Mary* from a MS. at Oxford, for the Roxburghe Club, and in vol. iv. of Mr. Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England*. Mr. Hazlitt notices songs in praise of women. There is one in *Reliq. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 275 ; and as Roberd of Brunne says,

. . no þyng ys to man so dere  
As wommanys loue yn gode manere.  
A gode womman ys mannys blys  
þere here loue ryȝt and stedfast ys :  
þere ys no solas vndyr heuene  
Of alle þat a man may neuene,  
þat shuld a man so moche glew  
As a gode womman þat loueth trew.  
Ne derer ys none yn Goddys hurde  
þan a chaste womman wyþ louely wrde.

*Handlyng Synne*, p. 62, l. 1904-13.



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## GLOSSARY.

*Almost all the words are explained in the notes where they first occur. The meanings are therefore put shortly here. Generally, only one reference is given. The French words are from COTGRAVE, except where another authority is named.*

## ABO

*abone*, i.364/307, above, outside  
*abotts on you!* ii.155/186  
*accompackement*, i.430/249, a compact  
*acton*, i.358/127; i.359/173, a wadded or quilted tunic worn under the hauberk.—*Planché*, i.108  
*aduanting*, i.155/342, boasting  
*afterclap*, ii.399/184; *afterclappe*, i.435/429  
*againne*, i.93/85, gain, get to  
*agoe*, iii.26/215; 46/819, gone  
*agazed*, iii.154/70, agast  
*agramed*, ii.489/2036, angered  
*agrise*, i.469/1515, frighten, terrify  
*a-know*, i.450/901, acknowledge, confess  
*all in ffere*, iii.281/103, together. Perhaps *all on fire*.—*P.*  
*alle*, i.362/247, ale  
*allyance*, ii.58/7, aliens  
*allyants*, iii.241/146, aliens.—*P.* *Alliant* or *ally*, one that is in league, or of kindred with one.—*Blount*, 1656  
*alner*, i.143, purse, money-bag  
*alyant*, i.215/61, alien  
*ancetrye*, iii.240/127, ancestry  
*ancyent*, i.303/77, ensign, flag  
*ancyents*, ii.480/1789, heroes of old  
*and*, iii.63/171, an  
*&*, i.367/405; ii.44/1, an  
*and*, i.96/159, if  
*& . . &*, i.369/463, if . . and  
*&*, i.450/899, that, who  
*-and*, imp. part., i.26/5  
*ane*, i.101/305, one  
*anonwright*, i.152/241, at once  
*apayd*, ii.559/49, pleased  
*aplight*, i.428/187; 472/1602, at once  
*aply*, i.153/287, bend, yield  
*appay*, ii.568/274, own estimation?  
*applied*, i.191/263, bent to, performed

## AXS

*apud*, ii.265, in  
*archboarde*, iii.407/91, ship, or side of a ship  
*arkward*, i.386/1029; 387/1055, ? awkward, ugly  
*armin*, ii.476/1678, ermine  
*arming*, i.517/18  
*array*, ii.570/305, armour  
*arsoone*, ii.434/516, saddle  
*arsowne*, ii.429/363, Fr. *arçon*, saddle-bow  
*as*, iii.286/252, thus, like  
*aslake*, i.152/247, slacken, stop. A.-Sax.  
*aslacian*, to slacken, loosen  
*assignment*, iii.535/49, signs  
*assise*, ii.439/651, measure, manner, way  
*assoyled*, iii.101/674. *assoil*, to acquit, clear, or pardon: to absolve.—*Bul-loukar's Dict.*  
*a-steere*, i.357/112, astir, on the *qui vive*  
*astyte*, i.108/193, at once, quickly  
*astyte*, or *tyte*, ii.430/379, quickly  
*att*, i.391/1173, from  
*attdevice*, i.158/435, elegantly, splendidly  
*attild*, i.228/318, prepared, made ready  
*attilde*, i.221/180; 228/318, made ready  
*attilde*, i.385/992, dealt, struck  
*auant*, i.150/192, boast. Fr. *avancer*  
*avant*, iii.71/366, boast. "I avaunte or bostemyself," *je me vante*.—*Palsgrave*  
*avanted*, iii.253/481, advanced, raised  
*avanting*, i.160/506, boasting  
*avayle*, iii.226/279, pull down, from Fr. *à val*.  
*avoyde*, I go out of a place, I avoyde out of it. *Je vuide*.—*Palsgrave*  
*awise*, i.233/410 ? miswritten for "a noise."  
*awondred*, i.466/1412, astonished  
*axsy*, i.143, ask, A.-Sax. *acsian*



## BAC

*bacheeleere*, iii.6/61, knight  
*bachelours*, iii.59/78, knights  
*badgers*, ii.205/31, corn-dealers  
*baile*, i.161/534, bale, sorrow  
*baine*, i.94/108, ready  
*bale*, Prov.: when bale is att hyest,  
 boote is at next, i. 171/133  
*ball*, ii.229/43, bale; iii.57/21, sorrow,  
 misery  
*ban*, i.96/158, curse  
*band*, i.81/26, bond, agreement  
*bandog*, i.30/58  
*bandshipp*, ii.564/177, ?bondship, villen-  
 age, or fellowship. Sc. *band*, bond,  
 obligation.—*Jamieson*.  
*bane*, iii.21/53, perhaps lane.—*P*.  
*banely*, iii.66/247, kindly  
*bann*, i.55/31, curse  
*barathron*, iii.76/406, the Latin *bara-*  
*thrum*, an abyss, used to signify hell.  
 —*Dyce*  
*barme*, ii.438/629, bosom  
*barnes*, iii.59/81, children, human crea-  
 tures.—*P*.  
*barrison*, ii.580/561, for *warrison*, gift,  
 reward  
*barronrye*, i.158/442, collection, or jury,  
 of barons  
*barronrye*, i.277/118, baronry  
*basenett*, ii.435/545, iii.45/788, a light  
 helmet, like a scullcap. Fr. *bassinet* . . .  
 the scull, sleight helmet or headpiece,  
 worne in olde time, by the French men  
 of armes.—*Cotgrave*, 1611  
*bashed*, i.225/252, abashed  
*battell*, iii.439/47. Column, military  
 formation  
*baylye*, ii.367/717, district  
*baysance*, i.159/476, obeisance, bow,  
 salutation  
*beads*, gold, for prayers. i.365/331  
*beanes*, iii.413/208, beams.—*P*.  
*bearing* (arrow), iii.98/601; 413/211,  
 ? well-feathered for far-shooting, like  
 a "good carrying cartridge."  
*bearne*, iii.56/14; 73/407, child, human  
 creature, man, &c.  
*be deene*, ii.224, Dutch, *bij dien*, forth-  
 with  
*bedone*, ii.305/8, done over, ornamented  
*beene*, ii.583/625, baine, ready  
*beeten*, i.227/304, lighted  
*began*, i.448/843, grow, swell  
*begin the dais*, ii.379/1028, take the first  
 place at it:

## BID

Qwene Margaret *began the deyse*;  
 Kyng Arthus, wyth-owtyn lees,  
 Be hur was he sett.  
*Syr Tryamour*, ed. Halliwell, Percy  
 Soc. 1846, p. 55, l. 1636-8  
 Two kyngys the deyse began,  
*Syr Egyllamour* and *Crystyabelle*  
 than  
*Sir Eglamour*, p. 173, l. 1259-60  
*begon*, i.115/595, gone over, done over,  
 dressed  
*begon*, i.394/1279, covered, ornamented  
 with  
*behappned*, i.356/73, happened to  
*beheard*, i.236/23,31. *heard*, i.309/229  
*bekoues*, iii.25/165, is of use to  
*beleue*, ii.71/355, be leal, loyal, true  
*beliue*, i.21/48, suddenly; 223/212 quickly  
*belyeth*, i.458/1177, belies, tells lies,  
 against  
*benbow*, i.36/21, 54/20, bend bow, bow  
 that will bend  
*benche*, iii.329/209, ?  
*benefize*, ii.573/367, benefice  
*bent*, iii.59/63, bent, where rushes grow,  
 the field. *bent*, ii.341/20, dwelling ?  
*beraye*, iii.24/138, bewray  
*bere*, i.383/924, noise. cp. *bray*, iii.62/144  
*beronen*, i.213/31; iii.63/172, run over  
 with, covered  
*beseeke*, i.163/596, Northern form of  
*beseech*, i.162/554  
*besene*, well bysene, *bien accoustré*.—  
*Palsgrave*, p. 844, col. 1.  
*besett*, i.445/745, charged, exhorted  
*besids*, i.379/802, from off  
*bespake*, i.175/11, spoke to  
*besprent*, ii.184/5, besprinkled  
*bethought*, *were*, i.460/1226; i.463/1317,  
 thought  
*bethought*, *was*, i.486/2056, had planned  
*betide*, "Baillez luy belle, Goodly betide  
 him; some bodie spit in his mouth,  
 for now he hath it sure.—*Cotgrave*  
*betraïne*, i.459/1185, betrayed  
*bett*, i.361/238, remedied, relieved  
*bett*, ii.485/1928, beat, *perfect*  
*bett*, iii.36/490, better, larger  
*bett*, i.168/53, lighted, A.-Sax. *bétan*, to  
 light a fire  
*bettell*, ii.574/408, tell of, betray  
*bewept*, ii.373/858, lamented, wept for  
*bickered*, i.213/27, fought, Welsh *bicra*,  
 to fight  
*biddon*, i.356/79, stayed; 368/455; 440  
 /580, remained



## BIG

*bigged*, iii.72/383, built  
*bigglye*, iii.72/390, mightily  
*biled*, ii.306/34, drew near  
*billaments*, ii.330/66, ornaments?  
*bine*, iii.67/254, ? for pyne (see *byne*); or  
 trick, slaughter  
*birth*, iii.66/231, bulk, burthen  
*birtled*, ii.310/173, cut up  
*bisse*, iii.428/119, white silk; *bissus*,  
 qwhite silke. Gloss. in *Reliq. Ant.*  
 i.7, col. 1. "Pure white sylke, soye  
*bissine*."—*Palsgrave*. *bissines*, silken  
 words.—*Cotgrave*  
*bitter*, iii.28/255, A.-S. *bitel*, beetle  
*blacke*, ii.403/54, ? blacking  
*blanchmere*, iii.41/652, ? a kind of fur  
*blanke*, ii.164/12, a half-sous, half-penny  
*blanked*, i.228/328, pierced point blank  
*blarked*, iii.326/132; 337/412, blanked;  
*blank*, pale and won, that is, out of  
 countenance.—*Phillips*  
*blaundemere*, ii.420/129, a kind of fur  
*bled*, i.362/246, bled dry, bloodless  
*blee*, ii.306/50, colour, hue  
*blee*, iii.59/65, complexion; S. *bleoh*, color  
*blenched*, iii.57/32, shrunk, started, leaned  
 towards  
*blend*, i.236/30; 134/18, mixed  
*bleeue*, i.162/555, believe  
*blinn*, iii.67/254; *blinne*, i.175/7; 248  
 /10, A.-S. *blinnan*, to cease  
*blood-irons*, i.56/53,59, lancets  
*blushe*, iii.72/388,  
*blushed on*, ii.72/382, blushed at  
*blythe*, iii.38/551, A.-S. *bliðe*, glad  
*board*, ii.298/69, lodge and feed  
*bole*, iii.57/32, (country word) the main  
 Body, or Stock of a Tree.—*Phillips*  
*bombard*, iii.253/491. Fr. *Bombarde*. A  
 Bumbard, or murdering peece.—*Cot-*  
*grave*  
*bondsman*, ii.557, note. See Essay on  
*Bondman* in vol. ii.  
*bone*, i.381/881, village, Flemish *bonne*,  
 Sw. *boning*, Du. *wooning*, Germ. *woh-*  
*nen*. From the same root as *waine*.—  
*Brockie*. ? like *bane*, i.377/749, A.-S.  
*bana*, *bona*, 1. a wound-maker, a killer,  
 manslayer; 2. destruction.—*Bosworth*  
*bookes-man*, i.237/39,43; cp. *kookes-*  
*man*, l. 55  
*book-oth*, i.232/395, book-oath  
*boolish*, iii.58/58, perhaps tumid, swel-  
 ling, rounded  
*boome*, i.66/122, I suspect "lodly boome"

## BRE

is an error of the copyist for "lodly  
 loone."—*Brockie*. log?, dwarf  
*boote*, i.47/6, compensation, A.-S. *bót*  
*bord*, i.93/83, table  
*bord*, ii.372/837, side  
*bore*, i.213/27, boar, Richard II.'s badge  
*bore*, i.452/967, ? *lore*, lost  
*borrowe*, i.472/1612, surety  
*borrowed*, ii.532/161, rescued  
*bote*, i.474/1661, bit  
*bourd*, i.379/811, jest  
*bourde*, ii.557/10, merry tale  
*bouted*, i.374/651, bolted, sprang  
*bowles*, i.98/220, knobs  
*bowles*, iii.287/293, bowls of wine  
*bowne*, i.218/113, prepare, address; ii.  
 298/57, dress; i.384/948, prepared;  
 iii.65/216, ready, prepared  
*bowned*, i.396/1325, made ready  
*bowneth*, i.219/145, goes, journeys  
*bowsing*, ii.54/61, free-drinking  
*bradd*, i.221/176, moved quickly, flew  
*bradd*, iii.63/175, to draw, to pull  
*bradde*, i.453/989, broadened, spread  
*bradden*, i.228/312, flew  
*braggatt*, ii.563/141, honey and ale fer-  
 mented. See a recipe from the *Haven*  
*of Health* in Nares  
*braid*, ii.381/1090, dropt, fell; ii.65/  
 188, leapt  
*brake*, ii.119/1112, cut up  
*brake of fearne*, i.27/11, in bracken or  
 fern  
*brasyd*, i.115/655, embraced  
*brawders*, iii.59/63, embroideries  
*bray*, i.97/192, move quickly  
*brayd*, i.222/191, attack  
*brayd*, iii.360/1002, ? flourished about  
*brayd*, i.495/2349, instant, (on a) sud-  
 den  
*brayde, att a*, iii.90/366, suddenly  
*bread*, ii.105/740, breadth  
*breade*, ii.533/187, pulled  
*breaden*, ii.329/35, braided?  
*break*, ii.358/486, cut up; see *brake*  
*bred*, i.213/24, spread out  
*bredd*, i.229/332, attack  
*breme*, i.92/36; iii.57/34, fierce  
*breemlye*, iii.71/364, fiercely, furiously  
*brest, speares in*, ii.240/63? not for *rest*  
 but up to the breast; so in *Maleore's*  
*Mort Darthur*  
*brether*, ii.206/56, brethren  
*breuelye*, iii.68/283, bremely.—*P.*? brief-  
 ly.—*F.*



## BRE

*brewice*, ii.574/389, broth, pottage  
*bringer-up*, i.332/332  
*broche*, iii.60/94, an ornament, jewel, clasp.—P.  
*brodinge*, iii.6/63, *brode*, to prick. G.D.—P. ? breadthe : cp. l. 76.—F.  
*broked*, i.356/82, rejected, lost ?  
*brooke*, ii. 388/1279, enjoy, possess  
*brooke*, iii. 13/167, broke, i.e. enjoy.—P.  
*brotherlinge*, i.426/134, nincompoop : *britheling*, worthless, a rascal. Cp. O. Eng. *brothel*.—H. Coleridge  
*bruche*, i.184/58, brooch  
*brushed*, i.388/1075, spouted. Cp. the complaint *water-brush*, a vomiting of watery fluid  
*bryar*, iii.26/188. Pronounced *brere* : see *Levins*, col. 209, l. 15  
*bryke*, i.232/401, ravine, fissure, breach or break in the surface, Dan. *bræk* : or, unploughed land, Du. *braak*.—*Brockie*  
*buchett*, iii.345/634, budget  
*buff*, i.517/14, a leather coat  
*buffe*, i.83/76, ? for buske, arm  
*builded*, i. 27/11, beilded, sheltered : Old Norse *bæli*, place of shelter or refuge  
*burgen*, iii.59/71, burgeon, the same as *bud*  
*burne*, i.91/12, man  
*burnet*, ii.569/284. Fr. *brunette*, fine blacke cloth, whence, *Aussi bien sont amourettes soubz bureau que sous brunettes* : Prov. Loue playes his pranks as well in Cotes as Courts.—*Cotgrave*  
*busk*, i.91/9; iii.47/843, to prepare, dress ; a simple adoption of the deponent form of the Icelandic verb *bua* ; *at buast* for *at buasc* contracted from *at bua sig*, to make oneself ready, dress oneself.—*Wedgwood*  
*busked*, iii.97/575. Scot. *buskit*, dress'd, decked  
*busled*, ii.122/1202, hurtled. *buslery*, a tumult.—*Halliwell*  
*but if*, iii.67/254, unless.—P.  
*butt*, ii.232, note <sup>8</sup>  
*by*, iii.3/5, of ; iii.27/242, about, concerning  
*by*, shold by, should go by, hold to, i. 157/405  
*bydeene*, i.472/1614, at once, forthwith  
*bye*, iii.56/16, abye, A.-S. *abigcan*.  
*bygan the dese*, i.115/602, took the

## CHA

highest place at the table. See *began byne*, ii.86/160, pyne, punishment  
*cainell bone*, i.387/1041, the clavicle or neckbone. See *cannelle-boon* in *Babees Book Index*  
*caltrappys*, iii.537/113, Fr. *chaussetrape* : f. A Caltrop or iron engine of warre, made with foure pricks or sharp points, whereof one, howsoever it is cast, euer stands vpward.—*Cotgrave*  
*can*, i.455/1049, knowest ; ii.429/353, know. "I can skyll of a crafte or science. *Je me congnois*. . Thou cannest skyll of cranes dyrte, thy father was a poulter."—*Palsgrave*, p. 475, col. 1  
*candle*, i.248/4, ? caudle  
*cankred*, i.48/33, ill-tempered  
*cantell*, ii.430/388, corner, piece  
*capull*, i.214/33 ; ii.562/130 ; 567/234, W. *keffyl*, a horse  
*carded*, i.125/9, played at cards  
*carfull*, iii.503/53, care-full  
*carle*, ii.559/47, churl, peasant  
*carles*, ii.576/452, churl's  
*Carlist*, i.117/183, ?  
*carpe*, i.212/5, tell  
*carped*, i.216/83, uttered ; iii. 66/231, complained  
*carued*, iii.71/347, pierced  
*cast*, i.369/491, device, trick  
*causye*, ii.428/320, causeway. Fr. *chaussée*, a woman that wears breeches, also, the causey, banke or damme of a pond or of a riuier  
*cease*, iii.36/494, seize, give possession  
*cercott*, ii.421/138, surcoat  
*certe*, ii.428/335, certes  
*chaffe*, iii.103/42, ? for *chuffe*, a term of reproach  
*chaffing*, i.56/55, heating  
*chalengeth*, iii.132/123, Fr. *challenger*, to claime, challenge  
*chalishing*, i.389/1116, bother, fuss. "Sir Gray-Steeles desired that there should be 'noe *chalishing*' for his death, that is, no procession of priests at his funeral, no religious rites. *Chalice*, the communion cup. He did not want to be chaliced."—*Brockie*  
*champaind*, i.158/458, ? ornamented in some way  
*chandlers*, ii.70/311 ; *chandlours*, ii.567/248, candlesticks  
*chape*, ii.582/606. "I *chape* a sworde, or dagger. I put a *chape* on the shethe.



## CHA

‘Je mets la bouterolle.’ What shall I gyve the to *chape* my dagger.”—*Palsgrave*  
*charke-bord*, iii.409/114, ? same as *arche-bord*, l. 91  
*cheape*, ii.539/369; *cheepe*, i.179/102, A.-Sax. *ceáp*, a bargain  
*cheere*, i.446/768, state, condition  
*cheeve*, ii.563/152, thrive  
*chest of tree*, ii.461/1263, chestnut tree?  
*chiualrye*, i.494/2314, chiualrous, magnificent, fighting  
*choppes*, ii.570/314, blows?  
*christall*, iii.75/446, kyrtle. ? petticoat  
*christendome*, i.452/962; ii.369/753, christening  
*Christentie*, i.45/139, Christendom  
*chune*, ii.537/314, chin  
*churle*, iii.33/402, a slave, a vassal.—*P.*  
*clemmed*, i.225/258, starved: *clem* or *clam*, the latter is in Staffordshire the more common, the former considered the more correct. *Clam'd* is very hungry; *Starved*, very cold; the two are never confounded, and *starve* is never used in connection with hunger.—*E. Viles*  
*clergye*, i.365/350; ii.488/2020, learning  
*cliitt* or *clutt*, i.15/18, clouted: see i.48/12  
*clippeth*, i.153/272, A.-Sax. *clypian*, to call  
*close*, i.225/249, clewes, valleys  
*clothes*, ii.134/1568, tablecloths  
*clouted*, iii.225/241, patched  
*clowes*, i.232/391, clefts in the sides of hills  
*coate-armor*, ii.192/50, tabard  
*cockebotte*, iii.160/99, kockebotte for a shyppe, *cocquet*.—*Palsgrave*. *Nassellette*: f. A small skiffe, scull, or cocke-boat. *Nasselle*: f. A skiffe, wherrie, or cock-boat.—*Cotgrave*  
*cockward*, i. 65/94, 106, cuckold  
*coice*, iii.97/564. Qu. chose.—*P.*  
*cold*, i.70/198; 457/1125, knew  
*cold*, i.111/89; 385/980, did  
*colled*, ii.493/2151, curled  
*colour*, iii.60/89. Qu. collar  
*combrance*, i.448/825, encumbrance, ill-doing, stratagem  
*comen*, i.220/150, coming  
*comment*, i.29/47, read conuent, convent, lot  
*comunye*, i.66/125, communing, consultation

## CUM

*confounde*, ii.386/1213, perish  
*contrition*, ii.547/585, lamentation  
*cooasten*, i.224/235, marched  
*coparsonarye*, i.275/64, coparceny  
*coppe*, i.28/20, head  
*cordiuant*, i.185/91, of Cordovan leather  
*coste*, ii.558/38, province?  
*couer*, ii.543/467, recover  
*couett*, ii.67/235, courtt?  
*countenance*, grimace, “Wrinkled as ones face is by makynge of a *countenance*, m. et f. *froncé*.—*Palsgrave*, p. 330, col. 2  
*counter*, vb. i.358/144, encounter, fight  
*counter*, sb. i.382/895, attack  
*countred*, iii.255/545, encountered  
*course*, *corpes*, i.462/1295, 1297, corpse  
*course of warr*, a, ii.292/49, tilt, joust  
*courtnolls*, ii.151/80, courtiers  
*couthe*, i.433/339, known  
*cowle-tree*, ii.440/680, cowlstaff, a big pole. Fr. *tiné*, a Colestaffe or Stang; a big staffe whereon a burthen is carried betweene two on their shoulders.—*Cotgrave*  
*cowthe*, ii.557/14, knew  
*coye*, i. 233/414, man  
*coyfe*, ii.430/394, hood of mail  
*coyle*, ii.52/2, fuss. Fr. *carymari*, *carymara*. Fained words expressing a great *coyle*, stirre, hurlyburly, or the confused muttering of a rude companie.—*Cotgrave*  
*coyse*, ii.53/29, ? coyle, fuss, or Fr. *cause*, chat, and thence carouse  
*creame*, iii.74/438, chrism, sacred oil  
*creepers*, ii.151/68, lice  
*cricke*, ii.323/12, louse  
*crinkle*, ii.308/114  
*cristinty*, i.41/48, Christendom  
*croche*, i.514/155, crouch  
*crowde*, ii.422/149, a kind of fiddle  
*crownackles*, ii.451/983, note; spearheads  
*crownall*, ii. 451/993, coronel; see note <sup>1</sup>, p. 451  
*crownalls*, ii.477/1712, spearheads  
*crope*, i.360/188, crept  
*crowt*, ii.308/114, curl up  
*cryance*, iii.7/82; MS. *cryamce*, fear; Old Fr. *criente*, crainte  
*cth* for *tch*, i.23/73; ii.139/76, macth, i, 228/316  
*cuchold*, ii.310/150,161, cuckold  
*cumber*, i.197/416, distress, torture



## CUR

*cursing*, i.435/415, state of excommunication, heathenness

*cut-tailed dog*, i.20/17, note <sup>2</sup>

Whistles *Cut-tayle* from his play,  
And along with them he goes.

1627.—*Drayton's Shepheards Sirena*.

*cutted*, i.27/10; i.29/44, short-frocked, generally *curtal*. Fr. *Roussin*: A *Cur-tall* or strong German horse.—*Cot*.

*dain*, i.366/371, ? corner, or hole, spying-place

*dained*, iii.66/226, ordained, bade.—*Sk*.  
The context wants the meaning—was told to.—*F*.

*dale*, ii.76/482, share

*dange*, i.359/166, dashed, struck

*danger*, ii.566/207, endanger

*danger*, i.472/1611, power

*danger*, i.471/1598, difficulties, hesitation

*daredst*, iii.74/419

*darr*, ii.73/395, hurt

*daynty*, iii.68/281, delight

*dead*, i.100/258, death. Mr. Peacock says, a Lincolnshire woman told him that she "would rather be nibbled to *dead* with ducks, than live with Miss —; she is always a nattering."—*Mirk*, p. 73

*deane*, i.444/693, injury ?

*deared*, iii.69/312, destroyed, injured

*dearfe*, i.213/25; fierce, 'great, bold, O.N.

*diarfr*, Sw. *djerf*, strong, bold.—*Morris*

*dearne*, i.464/1356, A.-S. *dearn*, secret

*decke*, ii.403/58, pack of cards

*deede*, iii.134/184, death

*deene*, ii.559/48, e'en, evening

*deere*, i.364/320; iii.238/79, A.-S. *dar*,

*daru*, destruction, injury

*deere*, i.481/1879, injure

*degree*, i.369/478; ii.103/674, the *pas*, place of honour

*delay*, ii.382/1107, an appearance: Fr. *delay*, in Law, a day given for appearance, or for the bringing in or amending of a plea.—*Cotgrave*

*delfe*, i.445/732, delven, buried

*delicates*, ii.285/145, delicacies

*deliuerlye*, i.358/135, nimbly

*demeaning*, ii.442/727, walk or ride; Fr.

*demener*, to stirre much, mooue to and fro, remoue often

*derfe*, i.228/329, fierce; i.213/32, hard; iii.70/325, cruel

*desease*, ii.561/106, harm

## DRA

*device*, *at*, i.159/485, elegantly; ii.240/125, neatly, correctly

*deske*, i.427/148, dais

*desoures*, ii.451/989, disours, tellers

*desse*, iii.40/629, dais, the upper part of the Hall, where the high table stood.

—*P*.

*difformyd*, i.117/700, misshapen, put out of shape

*dight*, i.466/1434, make ready

*dight*, iii.44/736, deck'd, dressed

*dight*, i.355/54, conditioned

*dight*, ii.543/468, used up

*dild*, iii.107/122, yield it, requite

*dilffull*, iii.257/603, doleful

*dill*, iii.4/22, grief, A.-S. *déol*, deceit, trouble ?

*ding*, ii.361/537, batter

*dinge*, i.236/22, beat, knock

*dint*, ii.423/183, 192, charge, thrust

*dint*, iii.34/436, *dent*, impression, mark.

—*P*. *Dint*, an impression or mark.—

*Phillips* (by Kersey); and so Shakespeare:

His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,

As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any *dint*.

*Venus and Adonis*, l. 53-4.—*E.V.*

*discreeme*, iii.495/7, ? *discreeue*

*discreeue*, iii.4/19, describe, discover

*dish-meate*, ii.576/463, sweets; 'peire

*dischmetes* ar dressid with hony not claryfied.—Russell in *Babees Book*, 150/514

*dispen*, i.286/392, dispensation

*distance*, ii.115/996, dispute, difference

*distayned*, i.357/89, worsted, vanquished

*distere*, ii.456/1107, destrier, war-horse

*disworship*, i.156/392

*doe*, i.449/877, put

*doe away!* ii.569/297, go along with you!

*dole*, i.428/181, sorrow, misfortune

*donge*, ii.361/531, battered

*donge*, ii.384/1172, dashed, charged

*dop*, iii.103/21; *dope*, i.e. do open.—*P*.

*doubt*, i.48/14; iii.74/439, fear

*doubtfull*, iii.259/649, fearful, dreadful

*dought*, ii.332/122, enjoyed

*doughtilye*, iii.75/447, valiantly, resolutely, undauntedly

*downe*, iii.25/183, perhaps *done*.—*P*.

*doxie*, Fr. *Gueuse*: f. A woman begger, a she rogue, a great lazie and louzie

queane; a *Doxie* or Mort.—*Cotgrave*

*drayned*, i.221/174, dawned



## DRE

*dreadfullye*, i. 470/1563, in great dread  
*dree*, iii.73/397, endure, hold out, A.-S.  
*dreogan*, Goth. *driugan*, to serve as a  
 soldier, fight, to hold out in fighting.  
*dright*, iii.57/38, great, noble, fine, A.-S.  
*driht*  
*droughten*, i.214/35, A.-S. *drihten*, the  
 Lord, God  
*drouyers*, ii.8/32, drivers of the deer  
*druryes*, iii.60/87, lovelinesses, graces  
*drye*, iii.67/263; *dry*, *drien*, o[ld] w[ord],  
 suffer, Coles's Eng. Dict. 1677.—*V.*  
*dunge*, iii.65/211, dang  
*dungen*, i.213/32, beaten, Scotch *ding*,  
 to beat, Isl. *daengia*.—*Jamieson*  
*dunish*, iii.133/160. ? *dunny*, deaf, stupid  
*dunned*, i.228/329, resounded

*easing*, iii.267/113. See note  
*easmend*, i.361/222,230, attention, doc-  
 toring  
*easments*, i.362/260, attentions, care  
*eft*, iii.434/75, quick, ready  
*eke*, for 'epe,' bold, i.226/282  
*elke*, i.226/282, ilke, same  
*elkes*, ii.577/468, wild swans, or? omelettes  
*emes*, ii.431/434, uncle's, A.-S. *eain*, uncle  
*enfante*, i.443/669, get with child by  
*enginy*, ii.29/36, scheming  
*epe*, i.223/220; 229/340; 231/371, bold  
*error*, ii.423/196, running, haste; or  
 anger?  
*-es*, 2nd pers. sing. 'slayes thou' i.20/21;  
 see *gables*  
*ethe*, i.396/1352, easy  
*euereche*, i.486/2070, every  
*eues*, ii.437/601, eaves, overarching trees  
*euyes*, ii.75/450, ivies  
*examiter*, iii.318/39, hexameter  
*eze[n]*, i.28/39, hose?

*faikine*, i.43/90  
*faine*, iii.79/69, glad  
*faire*, iii.75/450, fair thing  
*falling*, iii.197/5. This transitive sense  
 of the verb to fall is common in Staf-  
 fordshire, where people always speak  
 of *falling* a tree instead of *felling* it.  
 —*V.*  
*fame*, ii.80/12, evil report, disrepute  
*famed*, ii. 100/570, defamed  
*fane*, ii.383/1137, vane, weathercock  
*farden*, iii.63/165, i. e. fared, passed,  
 went, were.—*P.*

## FFO

*fare*, ii.355/402, went  
*fare*, i.472/1608, doing, business, object  
*farr*, i.232/404, ? fare, go  
*farren*, i.391/1165, fared  
*fate*, *fute*, i.30/51, whistle  
*faugh*, i.228/315, fallow ground. Scotch,  
*fauch*, "Tenants' fauch gars lairds  
 lauch."—*Brockie*  
*fay*, i.94/92, faith, Fr. *foi*  
*fayrye*, ii.472/1540, enchantment  
*feare*, i. 158/454; 178/72, company  
*feared*, i.378/756, frightened  
*felly*, i.325/123, savagely  
*fend*, i.21/32, ward off; ii.61/78, defend  
*fended*, i.365/346, guarded, fought  
*fettle*, i.221/163, in constant use in Staf-  
 fordshire, 'to prepare or get ready.'—  
*E.V.*  
*fere*, i.355/41, mate, lover  
*ferle*, i.233/413, wonderful; or *ferse*,  
 fierce  
*fet*, i.149/166, fetch  
*fett*, ii.328/19, fetch  
*fettled*, i.221/183, set to work quickly  
*fettled*, i.231/388, prepared  
*fettlen*, i.227/304, get ready  
*few*, i.213/17, ? for *fele*, many  
*ffaine*, iii.31/340, glad  
*ffaley*, ii.588/766, ? ferley, wonderful  
*ffare*, ii.547/583, going-on, grief  
*ffarley*, ii.229/36, wondrous  
*ffarrand*, ii.572/353, 358, looking  
*ffaxe*, iii.326/121, faxe, hair. A.-S.  
*feax*  
*ffayre*, iii.59/64, i. e. fair thing, fair crea-  
 ture, see l. 450.—*P.*  
*ffeald*, iii.285/239, a truss of straw.—*P.*  
*ffeareth*, iii.68/282, frighten  
*ffate*, ii.545/533, natty, handy  
*ffere*, in, iii.44/763, together  
*ffeiht*, iii.502/25, fet, fetched  
*ffeley*, ii.451/994, savage?  
*ffelled*, ii.435/548, feelled, felt  
*ffere*, iii.77/20, companion  
*ffetteled*, ii.230/60, made ready  
*fflax*, iii.266/93. A.-S. *feax*, hair of  
 the head  
*ffleeringe*, iii.73/412, ? fleinge  
*fflome*, ii.425/251, river  
*fflomes*, ii.577/468, cheesecakes  
*fflourished*, ii.485/1913, ornamented  
*ffome*, iii.263/5, sea, qu.—*P.*  
*ffood*, ii.385/1195, lady, dame  
*ffoode*, i.456/1084, imp, child  
*ffootmanshipp*, iii.531/25, running, speed  
*ffor*, iii.291/420, through



## FFO

*fforbott*, iii.113/313, see Vol. I. p. 18, note. "I fende to Goddes forbode it shulde be so: a *Dieu ne playse qu'aynsi il aduiengne*."—*Palsgrave*, p. 548, col. 1  
*fforceth not*, iii.370/29, doesn't mind  
*ffore*, iii.285/228, fared  
*fforfare*, ii.459/1200, destroy  
*fforlore*, iii.45/790, lost  
*fforthinketh*, iii.96/548, repents. "I repente me, I forthynke me. *Je me repens*."—*Palsgrave*, p. 686, col. 2  
*Forthink*, o[ld], to be grieved in mind.—*Coles's Eng. Dict.* 1677  
*fforthought*, iii.333/304, repented of  
*fforward*, agreement, ii.461/1271  
*ffounded*, ii.544/493, tried  
*ffraine*, iii.61/130, to ask or desire.—*Phillips*  
*ffrankish*, ii.590/826, ? liberal, or French  
*ffreake*, iii.62/157, freke, *homo*, a human creature.—*Lye*  
*ffreane*, ii.534/224, ask  
*ffreeledge*, ii.564/176, condition?; but *freelage*, an heritable property as distinguished from a farm.—*Jamieson*  
*ffreelye*, ii.385/1195, A.-S. *frēolic*, noble, lordly  
*ffrom*, iii.265/76, ? frame: cp. *ffrane*, l. 153  
*ffroterye*, ii.577/468, fritters  
*ffrowte*, ii.588/771, hit, punch  
*fil'd*, i.441/594, defiled  
*filinge*, ii. 276/118, 124, defiling, dirtying  
*flaugh*, i.71/227, flew  
*fleame*, i.472/1624, A.-S. *flyman*, banish  
*fleamed*, i.435/426; ii.133/1526, banished  
*florences*, i.393/1232; 396/1350; ii.89/238, florins  
*flyte*, ii.322/9; 324/41, 57, scold, quarrel  
*fooder*, i.172/160, German *fuder*, a wine-tun. l. 162, "God will send to us auger" = God will enable me to tap you, draw your life blood.—*Blackley*. *Ein fuder oder stückfass rheinischen weins, so sechs ohm oder zwey hundert und vierzig stübchen hält*, a tun of Rhenish wine; a great fat containing two butts or 240 gallons.—*Ludwig*  
*fooder*, i.216/94, A.-S. *foðer*, a mass, load  
*force*, i.100/266, matter, consequence  
*force*, i. 288/455; need, necessity  
*fordoe*, i.157/408, destroy  
*forefend*, i.100/277, forbid

## GAR

*forefendant*, i.150/191, forfend, forbid  
*forefore*, i.91/33, vanquish?  
*forfowhte*, iii. , ? see notes, tired out with fighting  
 Thus lasted longe that ilke Melle be-twene hym and Me full Sekerle, tyl that I was so *forfowhte* that non lengere stonden I Mowhte.  
*Seynt Graal*, ii. 208, l. 765  
*forlaine*, i.464/1369, lain by, violated  
*forlaine*, ii.86/168, lain with, adulterated with  
*forlore*, i.150/194, entirely lost  
*formen*, i.213/30; i.220/167; 369/492, foemen  
*forshapen*, i.117/752, misshapen  
*forth of*, i.356/80, from  
*forth-wise*, i.444/714, forthwith  
*forward*, i.229/335, ? advance, attack; or, as in note <sup>a</sup>  
*forwardes*, i.114/536, agreements; A.-S.  
*foreweard*, an agreement  
*forward*, ii.192/43, foreguard, advance-guard  
*fosters*, ii.116/1037; ii.117/1058, for-esters  
*fowle*, i.223/231, bird  
*fox*, ii.54/43, make drunk  
*fraye*, that, i.365/341, at that seizure  
*freake*, i.214/50, warrior  
*frened*, ii.385/1201, frained, asked  
*fronse*, iii.366/last line, a sore in a hawk's mouth  
*frythes*, i.357/105, fords, passages, Germ. *furth*, *furt*; Scan. *förd*; Swed. *färj*. —*Brockie*. cp. *ryding places*, i.383/937. *Vadum* a forthe, *Rel. Ant.* i.9, col. 1.  
*furbrished*, i.391/1192, sorely bruised  
*furley*, ii.68/280, wonder  
*furley*, i.384/974; ii.68/275, wondrous  
*fute*, i.30/51, whistle, cp. *Cleveland*, *whewt*, *whewtle*, to whistle; to pipe as a bird does.—*Atkinson*  
*futing*, i.30/54, whistling  
*fyle*, i. 445/727, defile  
  
*gables*, i.454/1027, gabblest, talkest stuff and nonsense  
*gainest*, iii.65/208, *gain*, clever, handy, ready, dextrous.—*Johnson*  
*gallyard*, ii.579/530, a lively dance  
*garr*, i.91/23; ii.564/173, make, cause  
*garrison*, i.484/1998, reinforcement?  
*garsowne*, ii.474/1607, boy, youth



## GAT

*gate*, ii.206/58, ford  
*gate*, iii.279/38, begat  
*gates*, ii.229/46, ways, paths  
*gaule*, ii.306/41, gules, red  
*gauelocke*, i.489/2138, staff, an iron crowbar or mace. Gothic *gaflack*, weapon, club.—*Brockie*  
*gaynest*, iii.73/412, quickest  
*gengells*, ii.288/213, gentle folk  
*gent*, i.160/500, gentle, gracious  
*gentles*, ii.573/382,385, gentlefolk's  
*gentrise*, ii.559/65, gentlemanlike behaviour  
*gentryes*, i.159/461, gentrise, grace  
*ghesting*, i.64/66,68, lodging, entertainment  
*giffe*, i.169/85, if  
*gilt*, i.450/907, sinned: A.-S. *gyltan*, to make or prove guilty  
*ginne*, i.239/88, trick  
*girthers*, i.385/995, girding leathers, straps  
*giue*, i.519/81, if  
*gladedd*, i.357/111, became glad, rejoiced  
*glased*, ii.538/326, glanced, struck  
*glashet*, ii.333/137, glanced, sprang  
*glawe*, i. 57/75, sword  
*gleads*, ii.568/264, kites  
*gleed*, i.65/113; iii.252/477, live coal  
*glented*, iii.72/384, glanced  
*glenten*, i.215/71, went quickly  
*glode*, iii.57/28, glided  
*gloring*, i.217/103, shining  
*gnew*, iii.334/328, gnawed  
*godly*, i.215/55, goodly, well  
*godsmen*, ii.543/484, almsmen  
*gods-penny*, i.176/20, 179/105, earnest-money  
*gogled*, i.16/26, waggled; iii.62/147, joggled, wagged, shook  
*gold chaines*, i.509/13, servants who wore gold chains  
*gone*, ii.373/859, dead  
*good*, i.251/82, truly  
*gorgere*, ii.478/1726, throat-armour  
*graine*, ii.323/29, crimson  
*graine*, i.75/12, fork of a tree. See Mr. Peacock's note, i., see Notes  
*graines*, ii.570/319, prongs  
*gramarye*, ii.604/144, 164; 607, 265, magic  
*grame*, i.441/614, get angry  
*grame*, ii.72/386, vexation, ii.448/893, torture

## GRY

*granado*, ii.41/16, fire grenades into;  
*granado sb*, l. 20  
*grange house*, i.338/482  
*grantesse*, ii.346/163, agreement, pledge?  
*grasse*, iii.279/64, fat  
*graunt*, i.114/531, agreement  
*greathes*, i.215/55, makes ready  
*greawe*, ii.91/311; 440/661, grove  
*gree*, i.380/833; ii.346/154; first place, prize  
*greece*, iii.92/421. Fr. *graisse*, fat  
*greete*, i.58/100, grit; i.357/109, gravel  
*green* (applied to a man's face), i.356/69  
*grett*, iii.343/579, greeted  
*griffon*, ii.370/776; 371/800,805; see *gripe*  
*grill*, ii.487/1995, fierce  
*grinde*, ii.336/25, polish  
*gripe*, i.148/105, γρυψ, *gryps*, a griffin. A gryphe hyghte *Griphe*s, and is accounted amonge volatiles, Deuteronomi, xiiii. And there the Glose saythe, that the grype is foure fotedde, and lyke to the egle in heed and in wynges. And is lyke to the lyon in the other parte of the body, and dwelleth in those hylles that ben called Hyperborei, and ben mooste enemyes to horses and men, & greueth them mooste, and layeth in his neste a stone that hyght *Smaragdus* agaynste venemous beastes of the mountayne.—*Trevisa's Bartholomæus*, bk. xii, ch. xix, leaf 171, col. 2, ed. 1535. See Mr. Ruskin's contrast of the ancient and modern sculptured griffin in his *Modern Painters*, iii. 106  
*grise*, ii.439/648, horrible  
*grislye*, i.467/1468; 469/1505,1510, 1513, A.-S. *grislic*, horrible, dreadful  
*grisse*, i.391/1179, A.-S. *agrysan*, fear, *gryre*, horror, terror  
*griste*, ii.540/389, ? power, A.-S. *grist*, grinding  
*grith*, i.230/266, protection  
*groomes*, i.93/85, men; iii.26/204, 60/84  
*growden*, iii.256/578, ? fighting  
*grounding*, i.57/75, ground, sharpened  
*gryme*, iii.65/225. ? *foregrim*, i.e. very grim; A.-S. *grim*, fury, rage; *grymetan*, to rage  
*grype*, i.169/73; iii.63/173, griffin, see *gripe*



## GRY

*gryse*, ii.448/902, grey fur?  
*guests*, i.232/402, Scotch, *guest*, *ghaist*, English, ghost.—*Brockie*  
*guilt*, i.172/168,170, guilt  
*gurde*, i.216/93; Sc. *gird*, to move with expedition and force.—*Jamieson*  
*gurdung*, i.228/323, letting fly, shooting  
*gynne*, i.480/1854, engine; i.491/2223, wile, device  
*gysarmes*, ii.457/1166, "guisarme, a lance with a hook at the side."—*Planché*

*habergion*, i.358/128; i.364/309, dim. of *hauberk*, the little throat-guard.—*Planché*, i.110  
*hailow*, i.150/173, A.-S. *halig*, holy  
*halch*, i.110/65; iii.284/190, salute, O.N. *heilsa*, say "hail" to. *hay'se*, or greete, *je salue*. I halse one, I take hym aboute the necke, *Jaccole*.—*Palsgrave*, p. 577  
*halched*, i.217/98; i.301/27; i.306/146-7; 372/581, saluted  
*haled*, ii.13/180, drew  
*handfasted*, i.394/1274, betrothed  
*hansell*, ii.192/37, greeting, gift  
*happen*, i.359/146, fall, strike  
*harbarrowes*, ii.71/342, lodges  
*harbor*, ii.560/78; 581/573, lodging, entertainment  
*harborrowe*, ii.69/294,300, lodging  
*harke*, ii.482/1851, hearken to  
*harllot*, i.152/260, scamp, worthless fellow  
*harlotts*, i.445/726,737, loose fellows, scamps  
*harold*, i.304/106, herald  
*harrowed*, ii.349/241, broke open and despoiled  
*harrowes*, ii.73/414, breaks open and despoils  
*hart*, tooke his owne to him, i.163/606, took courage  
*harvenger*, i.38/5, harbinger, courier, "one sent on to prepare harbourage or lodgment for his employer."—*Wedgwood*  
*hattell*, i.224/237, nobleman  
*hawe*, ii.579/530, hay, a winding country dance, a reel. It was also a winding in-and-out figure in a round country dance.—*Chappell*  
*hawere*, i.149/150, Fr. *avoir*, possessions  
*hawtinge*, i.92/56, halting?

## HYN

*he*, i.477/1757, they  
*head*, *give one's horse his*, i.358/124  
*head*, iii.192/75, A.-S. *heafðian*, to behead  
*headed*, iii.321/8, beheaded  
*heare*, iii.63/158, hair  
*heate*, ii.305/18, a promise  
*heathennest*, i.63/56; *heathinnesse*, ii.184/125; *heathynesse*, i.498/3, heathendom  
*hecke*, iii.285/232, the lower half of a stable door  
*hee*, i.92/56; 147/102, high  
*heede*, iii.24/134, perhaps keep.—*P.*  
*heese*, iii.139/63, he will be, or must be  
*heire*, i.97/179, higher  
*hend*, ii.345/120, bid  
*hend*, i.152/244, gentle  
*hendlye*, i.427/147, gently  
*hent*, i.100/263, seized; i.28/29,35, caught, took  
*herrott*, i.230/353, herald  
*hett*, iii.355/877, promise; i.443/666, 671, promised  
*highinge*, ii.110/876, haste  
*hight*, i.439/558, was named  
*hind*, i.159/463; i.162/577, hend, gentle  
*his*, i.387/1042, i.390/1153, ii.375/921, is  
*hoe*, ii.489/2058, hold, stop  
*hoglin*, ii.360/529, dear little hog  
*hold*, iii.25/161, to its . . . hold, i.e. held.—*P.*  
*hollen*, i.109/55, A.-S. *holen*, holly  
*holte*, iii.58/55, a wood, a rough place.  
*Holt* (Sax.) a small Wood, or Grove; whence the Street call'd *Holborn* in London had its Name.—*Phillips* (by Kersey). Fr. *Touche de bois*. A houl; a little thicke groue or tuft of high trees, especially such a one as is neere a house, and serues to beautifie it, or as a marke for it.—*Cotgrave*  
*home*, iii.28/258, on whom  
*homly*, i.67/153, home, close, tight  
*hony*, i.151/203, love, sweetheart  
*hore*, ii.473/1585, mud, dirt  
*hose*, i.67/153, cuddle  
*houed*, ii.383/1151, iii.31/358, halted  
*houzle*, sb. i.57/88; *houzle*, vb. i.172/178, to administer the Sacrament: A.-S. *hūselian*  
*hurt*, i.67/153, heart  
*hyde*, i.362/263, a lady's skin  
*hynd*, iii.61/107; *hynde*, iii.70/340, hend, gentle  
*hyndes*, iii.68/279, servants



## IAC

*iacke*, iii. 415/255, leather tunic over the armour  
*ierffaucon*, ii. 451/977, gerfalcon  
*iest*, ii. 549/632, story  
*ietted*, i. 42/71, marched showily  
*ietters*, ii. 568/275, strutters  
*if*, iii. 203/174, even if  
*ilke*, i. 56/52, same (time); i. 73/278 time  
*Imupetelasze*, iii. 300/118, qu. MS.—*F.*  
*himpettelaze*, corruptly written for *immortalize*.—*P.*  
*incontinent*, i. 286/384, forthwith  
*inde*, ii. 455/1105, Fr. *indé*, m. *Indico*; light Blue, Blunket, Azure  
*inestimable*, i. 288/461, not to be estimated or valued  
*ingling*, iii. 314/15, perhaps jingling  
*inholder*, i. 283/78, innkeeper  
*inne*, ii. 563/136, house  
*insame*, ii. 434/501, together: A.-S. *sám*, together  
*intertalked*, ii. 35/2  
*iollye*, ii. 295/130, pleasure  
*ioyinge*, i. 230/352, joining  
*irke*, i. 177/54, angry, A.-S. *yr*  
*irke*, i. 361/232, dread  
*is*, ii. 423/188, are  
*is*, i. 155/341, his  
*is* (for the possessive 's) i. 161/548  
*ishueles*, i. 290/513, issueless  
*ishulese*, i. 274/31; i. 290/496, issueless  
*Isl*, iii. 45/780, I'll, I shall  
*ist*, ii. 218/2; 219/30; 223/145, I'll  
*it* and *itt*, as genitives, for *its*, ii. 248/34 ii. 251/131  
*Iudaslye*, ii. 258/96, Judasly, traitorously  
*iumpe*, iii. 369/13, Iust. . . . due, right, even, *jumpe*, levell, straight.—*Cotgrave*. See *Othello*, A. ii. s. 2.  
*iuster*, ii. 292/62, joust  
*I-wis*, i. 19/10; 333/343, &c.: every *I* is hyphenated to its *wis* wherever this word is printed, under the belief that it stands for the A.-S. adverb *gewis* certainly; but in the passage where it is used with *as*, "as I wis," ii. 583/627, the words are of course separate, a pronoun and verb  
*i-wis*, i. 146/59, A.-S. *gewis*, certainly. But see "as I wis" ii. 583/627  
*iwitt*, i. 453/981, A.-S. *gewitan*, understand  
*iacke*, iii. 415/255, leather tunic over the armour

## KYT

*jack*, i. 311/296, a sleeveless tunic  
*jig*, ii. 334  
*jolly*, ii. 422/155, merry  
*journey*, iii. 239/88, a day's work  
*jousts and tournaments*, i. 85/9, note <sup>1</sup>  
*jury*, i. 196/397  
  
*kayred*, ii. 62/117, passed over  
*keere*, iii. 74/436, turn  
*keered*, i. 229/333, turned; A.-S. *cerran*  
*kell*, ii. 67/255; 502/12; 503/44, a net for a lady's hair, for Bredbeddle's wife  
*kempe*, ii. 606/219, *kempere man*, ii. 605/215, magician?  
*kempes*, ii. 527/5, warriors  
*kempys*, i. 90/6, A.-S. *kempa*, *cempa*, a soldier, warrior  
*ken*, iii. 62/131, to inform. See *Witt*, l. 120  
*kend*, ii. 457/1152, taught, showed  
*kere*, i. 229/347, return  
*kered*, i. 222/192; iii. 61/118, turned  
*ketherinckes*, i. 219/131, 135; 230/351, Cateranes, Katheranes, Highland robbers; Gael. and Ir. *caetharnach*, a soldier.—*Jamieson*. Highland or Irish soldiers. Gaelic, *cath-fheara*, fighting-men, warriors, Scotch caterans, kerne.—*Brockie*  
*kin*, ii. 233/143, relation  
*kindle care*, ii. 539/360  
*kirtle*, iii. 180/100. Kyrtille is not upper petticoat, but our modern gown, a waist and petticoat. A kyrtille and mantle completed a woman's dress.—*Crit. Rev.* Jan. 1795, p. 49  
*kissed*, i. 449/857, the whore's euphuism for having connection with her, current in London as well as in the North.—*Atkinson*.  
*kithe*, ii. 233/143, acquaintance  
*kithe*, iii. 74/436, A.-S. *cyð*, a region; *cyððe*, a home, native country  
*kithen*, iii. 73/392  
*knaue*, i. 438/511, male  
*knaue*, iii. 23/97, a boy, a male child; ii. 547/573, page, lad  
*knouledge*, i. 163/585, acknowledge, confess  
*kut*, iii. 130/77  
*kyreth*, iii. 66/230, A.-S. *cýrran*, to turn  
*kythe*, iii. 58/47, region, A.-S. *cyð*



## LAB

*labordd*, ii.69/301, worked, travailed  
*labored*, ii.85/134, toiled through, performed  
*labored*, i.307/185, sailed  
*lach*, iii.69/303 ; *lacheth*, iii.69/298, A.-S. *læccan*, *gelæccan*, to take, catch, seize  
*laine*, iii.190/26, conceal  
*laine*, ii.75/469, concealment  
*laine*, i.452/970, lay ?  
*lake*, i.300/7, fight  
*lake*, iii.69/302, play, sport. To *lake*, to play.—*Ray's North Country Words*, 1674  
*lake*, i.363/281, fine linen. *Laecken* is said to be Flemish for a kind of fine linen used for shirts, bleached very white, perhaps milk-white. The German *lei-laken*, Dan. *leie-lagen* (*leie* = bed), Swedish *bädd-lakan* = bed-sheet. Dutch and German *laken*, cloth in general.—*Brockie*  
*lambes woole*, ii. 152/105, a drink of ale and roast apples  
*land*, ii.226/214, lord, like *state*, noble  
*lanke*, i.226/269, ? lean, thin, poor (is their praise)  
*largnesse*, iii.293/478, largesse  
*lase*, i.451/934, lies  
*laten* ; Cornish dial. *lateen*, tin, iron tinned over :  
 “ Well then, down a great shaft goes the man in *lateen*,”  
 the ghost of Hamlet's father in armour.—*Spec. of Cornish Dialect*, p. 18  
*lathe*, ii.593/896, barn ; not A.-S. *Læð*, Lathe, district or division peculiar to Kent  
*lauding*, ii.593/895, praise  
*laueracke*, i.383/922, lark  
*lauge*, ii.532/155, laugh  
*launche*, ii.427/311, lance, thrust ; ii.430/386, rush  
*launderer*, ii.450/965, washerwoman ; Fr. *lavandiere*, a laundresse or washing woman  
*laus*, ii.37/5,6, ?  
*lawnde*, iii.92/419, a clear space in a forest.—*F. Lawne*, a plain, untilled ground.—*Bullokar's Dict.* 1656. Not far from here—just on the border of Shropshire in fact, is a considerable tract of waste land. It is very rugged and uneven, with pits or pools here and there, some containing water. It is studded with gorse bushes and other prickly shrubs : a more *unlevel*

## LEE

place you could scarcely find, yet this tract is called Oaken *Lawn*. Oaken is the name of a village not far off. The old dictionaries define *lawnd* “ a piece of ground that never was tilled,” some add (in a forest). I was much surprised when I first saw the place and heard its name—nothing more un-lawnlike in appearance could be conceived.—*Viles*  
*lay*, iii.9/115, law  
*layeth*, iii.66/228, loathsome, deadly  
*layine*, ii.436/575, concealment, reservation  
*layke*, i.231/380, A.-S. *lác*, play, sport  
*layne*, i.493/2282, concealment  
*lazar*, *lazer*, i.167/11,13, leper  
*layned*, ii.277/139, leaned  
*lead*, i.197/412 ; *leade*, i.99/239,255, cauldron, copper ; Gaelic *luchd*, a pot, kettle.—*Morris*  
*lead*, ii.375/921 ; *leade*, i.359/162 ; 388/1069, leaved, left  
*lead*, ii.528/47, carry as a load  
*lead*, ii.585/671, swear  
*leadand*, i.393/1253 ; i.397/1362,1372, leading  
*leaetenant*, i.319/27, lieutenant  
*leake*, iii.67/249, A.-S. *lác*, play, sport  
*leame*, ii.546/546 ; *leames*, i.228/309, A.-S. *leoma*, ray of light, beam, flame  
*leane*, iii.214/74, Old Norse *leina*, to conceal. *Leane* is a Cheshire pronunciation for *layne*, conceal.—*Dr. Robson*  
*learing*, i.182/5, A.-S. *lær*, *lár*, lore, learning ; *læran*, to teach  
*lease*, ii.504/69, ? leash, thong, cord. Bowe, arrowes, sworde, bukler, horne, *leishe*, gloues, stringe, and thy bracer. (‘ Gere ’ that ‘ a Gentylmans Servant ’ is not to forget. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, 1767, p. 87)  
*leasinge*, i.439/547, iii.96/528, lying, lies  
*leath*, ii.297/10, soft, supple  
*lee*, i.92/47, ? lea, meadow  
*leeches*, i.361/224, doctors  
*leeching*, iii.5/38, from the French *alleger*, to assuage, mitigate, allay, solace  
*leed*, i.318/10 ; 319/26 ; iii.69/315 ; *leede*, i.215/58, A.-S. *leód*, a man  
*leefe*, iii.95/514 ; Fr. *Cher* : m. Deare, leefe, well-beloved  
*leete*, i.149/140, let go, lose  
*leeue*, i.370/514, dear



## LEE

*leeve*, i.56/58, believe  
*leggs*, ii.154/158, curtseys, bows  
*lemman*, i.152/235; ii.299/88, love, sweetheart; i.444/713, mistress, concubine  
*lene*, i.305/120, 134, conceal; Old Norse *leyna*, to hide  
*lenge*, i.361/221, linger, delay  
*lenging*, i.369/463, ? delaying, wanting, refused  
*lent*, ii.388/1268, ? landed, or remained  
*lent*, iii.64/188; 239/97, short for *lenged*; thus *were lent* = abode, dwelt; *lend*, to dwell, remain, tarry.—*Halliwell*  
*lerd*, ii.424/211, learnt; A.-S. *læran*, to teach, instruct  
*lere*, iii.63/170, countenance, complexion  
*lesse*, i.439/558, lies  
*lett*, ii.377/984; iii.245/256, hinder. I *let*, I forbyd, or stoppe one to do a thinge. *Je cohibe*.—*Palsgrave*  
*lett*, i.359/151, leave; i.365/334, left  
*letted*, i.158/446, hindered  
*leuer*, i.94/95, liefer, rather  
*liddy*, iii.67/249, A.-S. *lǣðre*, *lǣðer*, bad, wicked  
*liggand*, i.365/334, lying  
*light*, i.171/150, alighted  
*lightfoote*, ii.151/85; 152/89; 156/208, venison  
*lighted*, ii.283/95, alighted, dismounted  
*light att a lott*, i.219/139, determined by lot  
*light woman*, i.443/660; 444/722, prostitute  
*lightt*, ii.60/54, for *lythe*, joint  
*lin*, i.55/40, cease, A.-S. *linnan*. If Wantonis knew this, she will neuer *lin* scorning.—*Wit and Wisdome*, p. 30, l. 30  
*lin nor light*, i.373 597, limb and lith (joint, and then body?) *lin nor light* = lung nor light. *Lungs an' lights* are a common term in Scotland for what butchers call the pluck, the other intestines being comprehended under *gut and ga'*. But the true reading here appears to have been *limb nor lith*.—*Brockie*  
*lind*, ii.455/1099, lime-trees; Fr. *Til*: m. The Line, Linden or Teylet tree.—*Cotgrave*  
*line*, i.362/251, linen, petticoat  
*line*, ii.580/555, linen

## LOS

*list*, i.38/1, A.-S. *hlýstan*; lithe, Icel. *hlýða*, to listen  
*list*, iii.57/37, ? for lift, left, left alone  
*list*, i.149/164, desired; A.-S. *lȳstan*, to desire, covet, list  
*lite*, i.212/9, few  
*lith*, i.479, *ym and lith*, a common expression in Scotland, in speaking of full-length statues or portraits,—“Of gude free-stane, in limb an' lith.” It is literally limb and joint = bone and sinew. From *lith* come the English words *lithe*, *lither*, &c. The root signifies smooth, supple.—*Brockie*  
*lithe*, ii.373/872, A.-S. *liðe*, mild, gentle  
*lithe*, iii.77/17, attend, hearken, listen  
*lither*, i.249/33, 250/47, wicked  
*liuer*, i.17/46, and note<sup>1</sup>, nimble. Quicke or *delyver* of ones lymmes, *agil*, *deliure*.—*Palsgrave*. I foote a daunce or morisque, I shewe myselfe to be *delyver* of my lymmes in daunsyng.—*Ibid.* p. 553, col. 2  
*liuerance*, ii.219/31, pay  
*liuerness*, ii.532/170, nimbleness  
*liverr*, i.432/306, wages, pay, Fr. *livrée*  
*liuerye*, ii.545/536, allowance of food  
*liueryes*, ii.580/552, allowances of meat and drink for the night  
*liues*, iii.9/115, leeves, i.e. believes  
*liuings*, i.370/508, properties  
*liuor*, ii.219/36; 220/53, deliver  
*lode*, on, ii.11/123, heavily  
*lodly*, i.66/122; *lodlye*, iii.63/162; 283/182, loathly  
*lodlyest*, i.154/324, most loathly or ugly  
*lome*, i.168/47, man, object  
*longe of*, iii.325/116, cp. Cotgrave's “*A toy n'a pas tenu*. Thou wert no hindrance . . it was not *long of* thee.”  
*longed*, i.226/280, iii.73/394, belonged  
*longed*, i.144. We talk in Cleveland thus: not only “a dog *belonging* his master,” but his master “*blonging*, ‘*longing* his dog.” “And with him the dog *belonging* him” would be every day Cleveland. I believe there is also a form *leng*, tarry, stay.—*A.*  
*longed*, iii.58/60 62/136, abode, dwelt; A.-S. *lengian*.  
*loofe*, i.229/336, A.-S. *lof*, praise  
*lope*, i.17/43, 44, leapt  
*losse*, i.226/269; iii.69/305; ii.85/132, 443/719, *los*, praise, fame; ii.416/23, reputation



## LOS

*losty*, iii.505/99, ? lusty or lofty  
*lote*, i.471/1567, lighted, alighted  
*lothelich*, iii.69/303, loathsome  
*louge*, ii.374/883; *lough*, ii.384/1163;  
*lought*, i.190/215, laughed  
*lout*, i.95/142, blow  
*loved with*, for *loved by*, i.153/265  
*low*, i.78/70, hill  
*lowde and still*, ii.114/990  
*lowe*, ii.235/186, hill  
*lowte*, i.102/316, A.-S. *hlutan*, to bow;  
 ii.75/456, stoop; *lowted*, ii.460/1243,  
 iii.59/70. *A capo chino*, with head  
 bending, that is, reverently stooping  
 or *louting*.—*Florio*, p. 4  
*lowte*, i.375/672, abuse, blackguard  
*lowtest*, i.162/562, most humble  
*lucett*, ii.402/38, ?  
*lumpryd*, i.114/555, lolling  
*lurden*, iii.85/242. *Lourdant*: m. A sot,  
 dunce, dullard, grotnoll, jobernoll,  
 blockhead; a lowt, lob, lusk, boore,  
 clown, churle, clusterfist; a proud,  
 ignorant, and unmannerly swaine.—  
*Cotgrave*  
*lyed*, i.151/217, lay  
*lyer*, ii.448/903, shoulders, body; A.-S.  
*lira*, the flesh, muscles  
*lynde*, iii.90/376. *Lynde*, tre. *Tilia*.  
*prompt. parv.*—*Tilia*, a tree bearing  
 fruit as great as a bean, round, and  
 in which are seeds like to anise seeds.  
 Some call it linden or teil-tree.—  
*Gouldman's Dict.* 1664  
*lyne*, a, ii.228/6; of *Lyne*, ii.231/88, of  
 the line or linden tree  
*lyre*, ii.493/2151, 568/255, body  
*lyte*, i.434/385, little  
*lythe*, listen to, ii.527/3  
*lythe*, i.480/1860, A.-S. *lið*, a limb,  
 joint

*magre*, iii.367/9, Fr. *malgré*, illwill  
*maidenhead*, ii.343/74, maiden state  
*mailes*, i.386/1009, plates of mail  
*maisterye*, ii.382/1104, being the best  
 jousting  
*make*, ii.274/74, 82, mate, match, love  
*makeles*, i.214/46, matchless; A.-S. *maca*,  
 a mate  
*maklesse*, i.227/292, matchless  
*mammetts*, ii.466/1383, images of idols  
*man*, iii.144/213; 238/82, maun, i.e. must  
*margarett*, ii.449/941, pearl  
*mangerye*, iii.268/168, eating, feasting

## MIS

*manhood*, i.450/883, a man; i.457/1121,  
 reputation  
*manner*, ii.585/678; 590/802, dwelling-  
 place  
*margarett*, ii. 449/941, pearl  
*marx men*, i.233/415, men of the March  
 or Border  
*masked*, i.212/3, ? maked  
*mastery*, i.99/226, superiority; or for  
*mystery*, trade, tricks of trade, Fr.  
*mestier*  
*masterye*, ii.133/1538, power, sove-  
 reignty  
*masteryes*, ii.116/1026, conquering; ii.  
 232/107, game?  
*may*, ii.387/1237, A.-S. *mæg*, son, kins-  
 man  
*may*, iii.254/524, me. In and near  
 Newcastle, Staffordshire, *me* is to-day  
 pronounced *may*.—*V.*  
*meane*, i.102/332, make mention, tell  
*meanye*, iii.60/98. Fr. *Mesnie*: f. A  
*meynie*, familie, household, household  
 company, or servants.—*Cotgrave*  
*meate*, ii.545/528, food  
*meate-fellow*, i.393/1256; ii.572/347,  
 companion at table  
*meaten*, ii.353/328; iii.99/633, measured  
*meete*, iii.225/242, A.-S. "*micle* and  
*mæte*," great and small  
*meetter*, i.361/222, more need  
*mele*, ii.86/180, mingling, adultery  
*mell*, ii.59/37, meddle, speak  
*meny*, i.222/194, following, host, army  
*merke*, ii.561/103, dark  
*merke*, i.93/69, A.-S. *mirc*, darkness  
*merlion*, i.169/82; 171/128, merlin, the  
 smallest kind of hawk  
*met-yard*, i.58/104, measuring-rod  
*midd*, iii.89/343, middle, midst  
*middlearth*, i.92/40, earth, this world  
*Millaine*, i.359/169, Milan steel and work  
*min*, iii.282/140, mention  
*mind*, i.227/292, remembrance  
*mine*, i.214/34, mention  
*minge*, i. 319/23, mention, say  
*minged*, iii.7/94, mentionedst  
*minion*, i.63/45, spruce  
*minned*, iii.71/349. The alliteration and  
 sense both show it should be *nemned*.  
*nem* is miswritten *min*.—*Sk.*  
*mint*, ii.130/1444, minded, aimed  
*mise*, iii.340/493: Fr. *mise*, expense, dis-  
 bursement  
*misken*, ii.324/39, forget  
*misnurtured*, ii.569/301, ill-bred



## MIS

*missaide*, i.446/778, abused (her sister like mad)  
*miste*, i.76/25, miss, omit  
*molatt*, iii.279/57, mullet  
*monand*, ii.277/156, moaning  
*mood*, i.57/85, help  
*moods*, ii.11/123, for *woode*, wild  
*moone*, ii.381/1096, month  
*more*, i.232/398, hill  
*mores*, iii.57/40, moors. *Mores* or *maurs*, a word used in the northern parts of England for high and open places; in other parts, it is taken for low and boggy grounds.—*Phillips* (by Kersey)  
*morespikes*, iii.253/493, a large pike.  
*mote*, i.222/199, may  
*mould-warpe*, i.303/79, mole. See that there be no *mouldye warpes* castyng in the medowes. 1539, *Fitzherbert's Surveyenge*, chap. xxv. p. 78, ed. 1767  
*mountenance*, i.373/620, amount, quantity  
*musters*, iii.68/277, devices, tricks  
*myn*, i.231,295, say; i.328/231, mention  
*myny*, i.386/1025, ? for *many* (and *many* for *mail*)

$\bar{n} = m$ , ii.65/note <sup>1</sup>  
*naked*, iii.432/14, unarmed  
*narr*, ii.538/339, nearer  
*nay*, i.427/142; 449/880, ne, not  
*neave*, i.30/56, fist, O.N. *hnefi*  
*nebb*, iii.63/169. The whitish horn-like knob at the tip of the beak of a duck or goose is, in Staffordshire, called the neb.—*V*.  
*neere-hand*, i.362/246, nearly, almost. *hand* is the corruption of an old termination.—*Morris*  
*neere hand*, i.359/158, close  
*new-fangle*, ii.306/35  
*nicked*, i.215/53, refused  
*nille*, ii.402/37, needle  
*nithing*, ii.593/880, niggardly  
*noblé*, iii.537/120, nobility  
*nomen*, i.362/255, maimed, deprived of one finger  
*nomm*, iii.32/399, taken, undertaken, or taken upon him  
*nones*, iii.34/443, ffor the nones, made on purpose for this adventure.—*P*.  
*note*, ii.484/1897, ? for *rote*, 'dulcimers or dowble harpe called a roote, *barbitos*.'—*Huloet*, 1552, in *Halliwell*

## PAL

*num*, 156/363, dazed, stupified, slow; "a *num* hand" = a slow, fumbling workman: "noo, *num* heead, wherestee gannan?" = Now, stupid, &c. Cleveland dialect.—*A*.  
*nume*, i.480/1853; iii.23/110, took; Sax. *niman*, to take  
*nursery*, ii.450/966  
*nurterye*, ii.96/466, nurture, training, good manners

*obaid*, i.149/163. Fr. *obeïr*, to yeeld vnto submissiuely, to be subiect vnto.—*Cotgrave*.  
*obayd*, i.162/577; i.163/603, bowed  
*of*, iii.61/112, by; ii.422/169, for; i.148/134, ii.267/35, 369/485, on; i.362/243, off  
*on*, i.387/1049, an, if  
*on live*, iii.292/454, alive  
*opposed*, i.437/496; 444/718; 448/848 and note <sup>4</sup>, apposed, questioned  
*or*, i.163/590; iii.22/72; iii.71/367, ere, before  
*ordinance*, ii.41/21; iii.253/487. Fr. *Artillerie*, f., *Artillerie*, *Ordnance*.—*Cotgrave*  
*ore*, ii.468/1445, mercy  
*oste*, iii.58/57, host  
*ostler*, i.382/910; i.389/1124, ? chamberlain, or horse-keeper  
*other*, iii.6/65; iii.289/361, next.  
*ouerfrett*, ii.68/272, studded  
*ouerhand*, ii.427/293, upper-hand, victory  
*ought*, iii.391/11, out, *interj*.  
*out-&-out*, i.155/336, extremely  
*outbraved*, ii.10/81  
*outcept*, ii.563/156, except  
*out-horne*, iii.89/345, ? *nouthorne*, a neat's horn. *Nowt* cattle. *Wright's Gloss*.—*Sk*.  
*outrage*, i.422/655, copulation, rape. Fr. *müiere*: Malapert, outrageous, euer doing one mischiefe or other.—*Cotgrave*  
*outrake*, ii.222/129, excursion  
*outsyde*, iii.143/172, on one side: the expression is still used in Northamptonshire.—*P*.  
*owne*, (he is in *owne*), iii.373/41, ?

*paine*, ii.94/389, pains, endeavour  
*pale*, i.93/81, pall, hangings. L. *pallium*



## PAL

*pallett*, ii.582/594; 588/750, scull-cap  
*pane*, ii.370/793, skin  
*pannell*, ii.155/174, the treeless pad or pallet, without cantle, with which an ass is usually rode. "Pannell to ryde on, batz, panneau." Palsgrave. See Tusser, p. 11.—*Halliwell*  
*paramour*, i.149/142, ii.60/47, in love, in affection, as a lover  
*parle*, i.502/120, parley  
*part*, iii.292/454, depart  
*partake*, iii.506/132, to admit, to share: to extend participation  
*patten*, i.513/136; *patent*, 514/153, grant by letters patent  
*pattering*, ii.307/82, mumbling  
*pay*, i.66/129; 96/165, pleasure; ii.476/1668, satisfaction  
*payment*, ii.575/428, spiced  
*paynture*, ii.476/1681, painting  
*pee*, i.81/33, piece  
*peece*, iii.42/700, a cup. I don't like to be too positive about anything; but, with respect to "*a piece of wine*," I still believe that "*piece*" in that connection means—if not a cask (its proper meaning)—at least a vessel of greater capacity than what we now understand by cup.  
*"Une pièce de vin, a piece—a cask—of wine."* Tarver's [excellent] *Dict. Phraseol.*, &c.  
*"PIECE.* s. for cask, or vessel of wine. The expression is borrowed from the French, in which language it is still used in that sense.  
*'Home, Lance, and strike [i. e. tap] a fresh piece of wine.'* B. and Fl. *Mons. Thom.* v. 8." Nares's Glossary.—Dyce  
*peeces*, iii.327/149, cups:  
 The keruer anon withouten thouȝt  
 Vnkouers þe cup at he hase brouȝt.  
 Into þe couertoure wyn he poures owt.  
 Or into a spare *pece*, withouten doute  
*Boke of Cortasye*, in *Babees Book*, p. 325, l. 792  
*peere*, iii.4/16, peer, equal, mate, match  
*peertly*, i.218/126, quickly, readily;  
*peart*, brisk, lively.—*Halliwell*. It's not *pertly*, but boldly, straight-forwardly. "A bonny, pawky, *peert*, lahtle chap," said a regular Yorkshireman to me one day about my eldest child, a baby boy of 10 or 12 months, who crowed, and chuckled, and laughed at the speaker's homely good-humoured-

## POT

looking face, "a handsome, lively bold little fellow,"—not afraid of strangers, in other words.—*Atkinson*  
*penman*, i.312/316, secretary, scribe  
*pentarchye*, iii.125/12, pentateuch  
*perish*, ii.460/1247, pierce  
*pertlye*, i.222/198, quickly  
*pesanye*, ii.478/1726, gorget?  
*peytrelle*, i. 351, horse's breastplate  
*picke*, i.332/316, pitch  
*picklory*, i.36/16, a colour  
*pight*, i.147/102, pitched  
*pight*, i.284/332, planted, fixed  
*pight*, iii.35/458, struck. *Porre*, to put, to set, to lay, to place, to pight.—*Florio's Ital. Dict.* 1611  
*pikefforke*, ii. 570/319, pitchfork. And if the grasse be very thycke, it wolde be shaken with handes, or with a shorte pykforke. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, p. 25, ed. 1767  
*pinder*, i. 32/1. And if thy horse breake his tedure, and go at large in euery man's corne and grasse, then commeth the *pynder*, and taketh hym, and putteth hym in the pynfolde, and there shall he stande in prison, without any meate, vnto the tyme thou hast payde his raunsome to the *pynder*, and also make amendes to thy neyghbours for distroyenge of theyr corne. *Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 95  
*pine*, ii.297/31; 298/51, difficulty, trouble  
*pinn*, i.249/38; 250/64, boss or knob  
*pinn*, ii.331/98; 297/35; 298/54; 299/93, ? high point, or fancy, humour  
*pith*, i.359/149, strength, vigour  
*planere*, iii.31/363, full  
*play*, i.150/183, copulation  
*play*, i.443/683; 444/703, fornicate  
*pleasure*, ii.336/34, give pleasure to  
*plee*, i.386/1025, fold  
*plewed*, iii.223/195. Fr. *plier*, to plait, plie, bend, turne, wrie.—*Cotgrave*  
*pockye*, ii.45/35, very  
*polaxis*, ii.245, note, col. 2, ? tax-collectors: "And have wynked at the *pollyng* and extorcion of hys unmeasurable officers."—*Hall's Union*, 1548, in *Halliwell*.  
*pomell*, i.147/103, knob, apple-like ornament  
*posstee*, ii.490/2063, power  
*potewer*, ii.305/21; ? bag, case, or—iii. 47/866—a pocket or pouch. It may



## POU

be from *poke*, or *palk*, both forms of *pouch*. See note in *Piers Ploughman's Crede* on *Powzhe* in the glossary.—*Sk.*  
*pouthered*, iii.126/50, salted  
*poynt of time, in*, i.387/1060, near time's up, nearly done for  
*poyntment*, ii.533/200, pledge  
*praisment*, i.153/289, praise, bragging; i.162/561, boast  
*praty*, i. 115/616, very, extremely  
*present*, i.62/72, present himself to, see note.<sup>4</sup>  
*prest*, i.485/2032, quickly  
*prestlye*, iii.64/203, readily  
*price*, i. 485/2021, ? prize or praise  
*prick*, iii.97/582, ? the wooden pin in the centre of the target  
*prickes*, ii.232/114, long-range targets? In shooting at butts, or broad arrow marks, is a mediocrity of exercise of the lower part of the body and legs by going a little distance a measurable pace. At rovers or *pricks*, it is at his pleasure that shooteth, how fast or softly he listeth to go: and yet is the praise of the shooter neither more nor less, for as far or nigh the mark is his arrow when he goeth softly, as when he runneth.—*The modernised 1834 edition of Sir Thomas Elyot's Book named the Governour*, 1564, A.D. p. 91  
*prime*, ii.529/61; iii.87/286, four A.M. in summer, 8 in winter  
*priuitye*, i.461/1252, secret  
*prize*, ii.352/299, the call blown when a hart was killed  
*proched*, i.228/325, progged, jobbed, pricked  
  
*quarrell*, i.511/78, questions  
*quell*, i.438/499; 453/994, A.-S. *cwelian*, to kill  
*quell*, i.472/1601, killed  
*queme*: I queme, I please or I satysfye. (Chaucer in his *Caunterbury tales*.) This worde is now out of use.—*Palsgrave*, 1530 (ed. 1852)  
*querry*, ii.8/41, quarry  
*quest*, i. 196/393, jury; iii.86/275, search; searchers collectively, also an impanel'd jury. See Johnson.—*P.*  
*quicke*, i.443/659, alive  
*quilletts*, ii.187/80, quibbles  
*quintfull*, iii.62/155, quaint?

## REU

*quitt*, iii.251/443, quite, requite.  
  
*race*, i.231/385, rush; if it is not a misreading for *care*  
*radd*, iii.288/327, furious, O. Fr. *roide*, fierce  
*radlye*, i.221/179, A.-S. *hrædlice*, immediately, speedily  
*railinge*, iii.72/376, gushing  
*Raines*, i.364/305, fine linen or cloth made at Rennes in Brittany  
*raines*, i.384/975, reins  
*raked*, i.221/168, Sc. *raik*, to move expeditiously.—*Jamieson*  
*random*, iii.34/445, precipitation  
*randome*, i.478/1820, violence  
*range*, i.381/856, wrang, wrung  
*ranger*, i.338/475  
*rasen*, i.398/1422, overthrew, destroyed  
*rason*, i.364/212, arson, bow (of a saddle)  
*ratch*, ii.454/1076, 1081, a sporting dog  
*raught*, i.385/978, reached, handed  
*rave*, iii.27/219, rathe  
*rawnke*, iii.219/94. (See note.)  
*rawstye*, ii.236/224. ? Sc. *rawlie*, moist, damp  
*rayed*, ii.531/145, arrayed  
*rayled*, i.93/8, decked, i.213/26, adorned, A.-S. *hrægel*, a garment.  
To a chamber she led him vp alofte,  
Ful wel beseine, there-in a bed ryzt softe,  
Rychly abouten apparailled  
Withe clothe of golde, all the floure irailed  
Of the same, bothe in lengthe and brede.  
*The Story of Thebes*, quoted in *Domestic Architecture*, v. iii, pt. 1, p. 111  
*rayling*, iii. 57/24, decking, glorious  
*reacheles on*, ii.234/151, careless of  
*reade*, i.232/404, ordered  
*rebound*, ii.108/812, blow, thrust  
*recreate*, ii.564/161, home  
*reede*, i.157/411, counsel, A.-S. *ræd*  
*reeme*, i.467/1466, A.-S. *ream*, *rem*, cream  
*religious*, ii.542/438, monks  
*renegatoe*, ii.45/25, renegade  
*renisht*, ii.601/29, 30, got ready, harnessed, arrayed  
*repayre*, ii.564/164, dwelling, abode  
*esse*, i.446/780, rush, violence  
*retyre*, i.518/53, retreat  
*reuarted*, ii.548/605, recovered



## REW

*reward*, iii.366/3 (from bottom), look  
*ribble*, ii.422/151, a small fiddle played by a bow  
*riche*, iii.75/455, ? rule, control. A.-S. *ricsian*. Or, *riche*=*rithe*, *rihte*, set right.—*Sk*.  
*ridge*, ii.359/493; 367/708, back  
*riggs*, i.219/143, ? rinckes, men; Scotch  
*rinks*, *rings*, ranks, Germ. *reih-en*.—*Brockie*  
*right*, i. 389/1103, righted  
*right-wise*, iii.236/8, righteous, A.-S. *rihtwis*  
*ring*, i.227/303, man  
*rise*, ii.464/1340; iii. 189/8, branch, bough, A.-S. *hris*, the top of a tree, a thin branch; iii.59/66, a twig—Germ. *reis*  
*riue*, ii.460/1231, rife, frequent  
*riued*, i.62/32, arrived, travelled  
*rocher*, i.233/412, rock  
*rockett*, ii.40/6, outer coat  
*roken*, iii.336/399, revenged  
*romans*, ii.366/684; 380/1066, romance  
*rooke*, iii.290/370, a ruck, a heap  
*rookes*, i.383/923, reeks, mists, vapours, Scotch, *rooks*, thick mists, (*Jamieson*), from Dutch, *rook*, Scotch, *rook*, *reek*, Swedish, *rök*, *riuk*, Danish, *rög*, *ryg*, A.-S., *rec*, *reoc*, Icelandic, *reik*, Germ. *rauch*.—*Brockie*  
*rote*, "An instrument of the harp kind, resembling in form an ancient lyre. See one in *Popular Music*, ii. 767." *Chappell*  
*rothe*, i.370/513, wroth  
*roughe*, ii.560/70, rough, stormy  
*rought*, ii.441/701, reached, hit  
*rought*, ii.67/236, reached, took in, understood  
*rought*, i.384/966, wrought, ii.374/878; iii.66/239  
*round* (bowstrings), iii.86/270  
*rounded*, i.44/107, whispered, A.-S. *runian*, to whisper  
*rouse*, ii.64/160, boast  
*rowe*, iii.142/139, row, roll  
*rowe*, ii.548/606, be at peace  
*rowed*, i.391/1181; 392/1217, redness, gore  
*rowne*, ii.561/99, whisper  
*rowned*, i.321/77, whispered  
*rowning*, ii.578/494, 497, 501, whispering  
*rowte*, ii.583/619, blow, crack: cp. *rowte* as a verb:

## SCA

Fresly smyte thy strokis by-dene,  
 And hold wel thy lond that hyt may be sene;  
 Thy rakys, thy rowndis, thy quarters abowte,  
 Thy stoppis, thy foynys, lete hem fast rowte.  
*On Fencing with the Two-handed Sword*, *Rel. Ant.* i. 309  
*rowze*, i.154/304; 155/358, boast  
*rud*, i.361/217; 379/795, ruddy cheek  
*rudd*, ii.306/51; iii.59/66, complexion, A.-S. *rudu*, ruddiness  
*rudlie*, i.221/172, radlie, quickly  
*rudlye*, i.382/899; iii.71/355, radlye, quickly; ii.63/147, readily  
*rule*, i.155/334, measure, disposition  
*run*, ii.557/14, round?  
*ryalte*, iii.534/12, royal host, army  
*ryke*, ii.568/263, kingdom  
  
*sacring*, i.161/526, consecration of the elements at the mass  
*sadd*, ii.532/168, firm, fixed  
*sadd att assay*, iii.244/233, stedfast in trial  
*saddest*, i.215/59, most stable, trustworthy  
*sadlye*, ii.380/1050, firmly; iii.70/322, seriously, composed, still.—*P*.  
*safteye*, iii.128/32, reward promised  
*said*, ii.92/336, essayed, tried  
*saine*, iii.79/74, said: common in Staffordshire, but pronounced more as if written *sen*.—*V*.  
*sail*: *were* sailed, for *had* sailed, i.95/120  
*salle*, i.385/996, saddle  
*salt*, ii.181/4, salt-cellar  
*sand*, i.160/518, went  
*sandall*, i.146/69, thin silk or linen  
*sarazen*, i.425/73; 479/1829, Saxon  
*sarke*, i.359/174, shirt  
*sarpendines*, iii.253/489, Fr. *serpentine*, the artillerie, called a serpentine or basiliskoe  
*saute*, iii.533/6, assault  
*sawes*, i.109/225, sayings  
*say*, ii.276/128, essay, try  
*say*, iii.45/774, saw  
*sayke*, iii.105/75, such  
*scaclech*, i.221/170, ? destructive, harmful, but see i.224/243  
*scantlye*, ii.197/184, scarcely  
*scarlotts*, i.223/210, for 'harlots,' rascals



## SCA

*scarsnesse*, i.307/178, scarcity, want  
*scattered*, i.224/243; see 221/170  
*scorke*, ii.12/143, struck  
*scrike*, iii.159/81, shriek  
*scot*, i.242/9, misprinted with a capital letter for "scot," *scat*, shot, rate, tax, tribute, money. "Scot and lot;" Matt. xxii. 19, "*soont mij den schatting-penning*." "Show me the tribute penny." "Pay your shot, gentlemen!" *Brockie*  
*scott*, i.112/477, witch?  
*scray*, i.20/14, leafage?; *scray* is *scrub* = shrub, A.-S. *scrobb*, a shrub. There is a piece of land near here (Brigg, Lincolnshire) called Corringham *Scroggs*: in the 6th Henry VIII. it was spelt "Scrobsse." In John Leyden's ballad of L<sup>d</sup> Soulis (Scott's *Border Minst.* vol. 4. p. 253) we have  
 "And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,  
 A *scrog* bush there beside."  
*schrobbe*, a busshe, *arbrisseau*.—*Palsg.*  
*seale*, ii.221/96, sail  
*sealed*, ii.85/142, sailed  
*sealing*, i.302/56, sailing  
*seasens*, iii.318/40. Beyond all doubt an error for *scazons* (the well-known verses, called also *chol-iambics*).—*Dyce*  
*securly*, i.114/520, certainly  
*seeding*, ii.150/38, boiling  
*sea*, i. 282/264, ? fee  
*seed*, i.447/811, *semen*  
*seege*, i.228/313; i.220/163, A.-S. *secg*, a man  
*seege*, i.216/84, besiege  
*seeth*, i.87/56, sith, since  
*seile*, ii.578/502, bliss  
*seized*, iii. 30/330, put into possession  
*sekyr*, i.114/528, sure  
*selcamar*, i.351/41; *selcamoure*, i.384/971, an Indian stuff; ? *serica mori*, mulberry silk.—*Brockie*  
*selcoth*, i.449/875; 451/931, strange; *selkoughth*, iii.60/96, *Sa.* seldom known, *Coles's Eng. Dict.* 1677  
*selcothes*, iii.64/181, rarities  
*selfeer*, i.177/49, ? seller, cf. l. 53. Prof. Child reads "landles feer." See Notes, vol. i.  
*sellcoth*, i. 215/72, strange; A.-S. *selcuð* for *seld-cuð*, seldom known, rare, wonderful  
*sensyng*, ii. 165, incense-burning

## SHO

*sent him*, i.240/121, betook himself  
*sented*, i.355/38, consented  
*sercote*, iii.41/651, sur-coat  
*sermocination*, ii.525, col. i.  
*serrett*, iii.11/126, ? closed fist  
*serued*, i.450/906, deserved  
*served*, ii.435/547, ? for "greeved"  
*servelle*, i.106/47, perhaps the Old French *cerveller* = cut the throat, sever the cervical veins.—*Brockie*  
*sett*, i.216/86, ? for *hett*, promise  
*shadding*, ii.31/39, lying in the shade  
*shake*, i.111/441, pace  
*shales*, ii.227/1, husks; not Elyot's *shayles*. The good husband, when he hath sown in his ground, setteth up clouts or threads, which some called *shayles*, some blenchars, or other like shews, to frighten away birds which he foreseeth ready to devour and hurt his corn.—*Elyot's Governour*, ed. 1834, p. 75  
*shame*, in, ii.439/646, insame, together  
*shamefully*, ii.456/1158, shamefully  
*shames*, i.228/320. *shalms*, a wind instrument, from Lat. *calamus*, a reed. The Musicians . . At great feasts, when the Earles service is going to the table, they are to play upon Shagbute, Cornett, *Shalmes*, and such other instruments going with winde.—*R. Braithwait's Rules and Orders for the House of an Earle*, ed. 1821, p. 44. Shalms are now called Clarionets. See *Popular Music*, i.35, note b.—*Chappell*  
*share*, ii.540/384, shearing; A.-S. *scear*, sheared  
*shawes*, i.228/322, groves, woods  
*sheer*, iii.58/59, pure, clear  
*sheild*, ii.576/460, ? a broad piece of pork or bacon  
*shent*, iii.29/293, marred, spoiled, &c.; 72/370, destroyed  
*shimered*, iii.58/59, glimmered; A.-S. *scymrian*, to shine, glitter  
*shimmer*, ii.108/807, shiver  
*shire*, i.229/330, Cheshire  
*shivers*, *went all to*, ii.535/243  
*shoggs*, i.218/118, moves, goes; Fr. *berser*, to rocke, in a cradle; to *shog*, or swing up and downe.—*Cotgrave*. To *shog* is to trot. in Staffordshire: "Let me see her *shog*," said the *vet.* who came to see my lame mare the other day. The groom changed her pace from a walk to a trot.—*E. Viles*



## SHO

*shogged*, iii.191/56, moved. See vol. i. p. 218, note <sup>5</sup>  
*shontest*, ii.75/460, flinchest  
*shooters*, i.46/141  
*shoots*, i.332/323, shots (with arrows)  
*shop*, i.57/73, ? shot, with a slip shutter before it  
*shope*, iii.241/155, shaped  
*shotten*, i.54/25; 55/39, went quickly  
*shoure*, i.375/665, scold, threaten; Scotch  
*shore*, to threaten.—*Brockie*. ? show of fight, bravado.—*F*.  
*shower*, ii.112/929, A.-S. *scúr*, battle, fight  
*showing horne*, iii.227/311  
*shradd's*, ii.227/1, twigs  
*shread*, ii.585/672, cut, crack, hit  
*shroggs*, ii.232/111, stunted shrubs. See *scray*  
*sib*, i.355/45; *sibb*, ii.379/1030, related  
*sibb*, iii.36/508, kin, relations  
*side*, ii.566/223, broad, or long; iii.63/176, long. And also to see mens seruantes so abused in theyr aray: theyr cotes be so *syde* that they be fayne to tucke them vp whan they ryde, as women do theyr kyrtels whan they go to the market or other places, the whiche is an ynconuenient syght.—*Fitzherbert's Husbandry*, ed. 1767, p. 96  
*sigh*, ii.323/30, sorry, miserable?, straining (cloth), says Mr. Dyce. See Notes  
*siked*, i.356/60, sighed; ii.68/263, ? sickened or sighed  
*siking*, i.363/272, sighing  
*silly*, ii.283/75, poor  
*siluen*, ii.502/1, silver; see 503/29  
*sinne*, i.364/314, since  
*sirrupps*, ii.578/507, syrups  
*sist*, i.236/27, sighed  
*sithe*, i.151/228, afterwards; ii.480/1781 ? for *swithe*, quickly  
*sithe*, i.438/521, either *sithe*, since, afterwards, or *swithe*, quickly  
*sithe*, iii.24/130, time; i.149/162, iii.30/324, times  
*skill*, i.116/168, feint; Old Norse *skil*, reason; i.163/611, reason, cause  
*skye*, i.438/508, 518, cloud; Old Norse *sky*, (but see Professor Child in Notes); i.470, 471. I feel almost sure it is connected with or corrupted from *scin*, *scine*, or some cognate word, a phantasm, vision, spectre.—*Atkinson*  
*slade*, ii.229/50, an open place

## SOW

*slake*, i.238/76, assuaging  
*slauen*, ii.542/448, Fr. *esclavine*, a pilgrim's cloake or mantle  
*slawish*, ii.136/12, of slaves  
*slawe*, iii.97/562, slain  
*sleight*, i.366/386, skill, cleverness  
*slode*, iii.8/99, slid, went  
*sloe*, ii.588/754, slow, stupid  
*slopps*, ii.257/66, breeches  
*slowe*, i.429/203, slain  
*slowen*, i.428/174, slain; 428/190, slay  
*smire*, i.113/129, ? for *swire*, neck  
*smocke*, ii.329/51, chemise: "Neare is mypeticoate, but nearer is mysmocke. *Ma chemise, m'est plus près ke ma robe*."—*Holyband's French Littelton*, 1609, p. 76-7  
*snapped*, i.229/336, for swapped; iii.50, swept off  
*snell*, ii.342/34, active; 546/557, quickly  
*soft*, i.364/328, soften  
*soine*, ii.38/22, ?  
*sond*, i.426/119; 433/337; 439/536, message  
*sonde*, ii.430/389, attack, blow  
*sonse*, i.227/286, soul  
*soonde*, i.154/314, swoon  
*sooned*, i.396/1347, swooned  
*soones ffell*, iii.46/833, *sansfaile*, without fail, see l. 841  
*sooth*, iii.61/120, truth  
*sore*, i.93/60, A.-S. *sorh*, sorrow; 364/318, pain; 380/821, sorrowful, pained, grieved  
*souce*, ii.150/38, pickled pig's head and trotters  
*sound*, ii.101/624, swoon  
*sounde*, i.443/679, try, pat, stroke  
*sounded*, i.361/234, made sound, relieved  
*souse*, iii.367/1, ? death  
*souter*, i.362/265, psaltery  
*sowle-knell*, i.232/409, funeral knell  
*sowre*, i.358/116, sorrel-coloured horse  
*sowte*, iii.244/222, assault  
*sowter*, i.381/853, 861; *sowtrye*, ii.422/149, psaltery.—*De Psalterio*, ca. cxliiii. The Sawtry hyghte *Psalterium* and hath that name of *psallendo*/singyng: for the consonant answerethe to the note therof in syngyng. The harpe is like to the sawtry in sowne/but this is the dyuersytee & discord bytwene the harp & the sawtri: in the sawtry is an holowe tree/and of that same tree the sowne cometh vppewarde; And the stringes ben



## SPA

smytte dounward/and sowneth vpwarde. And in the harpe the holownes of the tree is byneth. . . Stringes for the sawtry ben beste made of laton, or ells those ben good that ben made of syluer.—*Trevisa's Bartholomæus*, lib. xix. leaf 383, col. 1, ed. 1535

*sparhawk*, i.160/517, sparrow-hawk

*sparkells*, ii.459/1223, sparks

*sparred*, i.447/815, shut, barred

*spartle*, ii.440/675, sparkle, spark

*speere*, i.178/80, ? hole in the wall for enquiries to be made through

*sperred*, ii.528/31, enquired

*spill*, i.236/18, kill

*spilt*, iii.326/124, ? splent (cf. splinter)

*spiritualty*, i.96/160, spiritual or clerical lords

*spite*, i.77/54, respite, grace

*splents*, i.384/959, see note <sup>1</sup>

*spole*, iii.415/251, Fr. *espaule*, a shoulder

*spousage*, i.442/656, wedlock

*spousing*, i.443/688, marriage

*spowted*, i.374/652, shot, rushed

*sprent*, ii.65/194; 532/167, sprang

*springalls*, iii.256/573: *springal*, an ancient military engine for casting stones and arrows.—*Halliwell*

*spurred*, i.446/759, sparred, shut

*spurred*, i.394/1259, asked

*spyrrynng*, i.109/223, enquiring; A.-S. *spirian*, to enquire

*squires*, i.229/337, for *swyres* (cp. *sweere*, l. 345), see iii.11/132; not A.-S. *swira*, *sweora*, a neck, but *squire*

*squier*, ii.373/876, baby boy

*srow*, i.460/1221, shrew

*-st*, i.20/28 (see note <sup>4</sup>), shalt, must; *youst*, ii.219/47, you shall. See *Ist*, *thoust*

*stackered*, i.388/1076, staggered

*stage*, i.376/713, time

*stake*, ii.538/342, ? stuck, or for *strake*

*staleworth*, iii.27/235; 60/105, stout, lusty, strong

*states*, iii.251/442, nobles

*statuinge*, ii.563/155, ordinance

*staunche*, ii.427/308, resist, stop

*steade*, iii.24/142, place

*steale*, i.147/98, stalk

*steddie*, i.99/238, ? *stede*, place; *stithy* is a smith's anvil

*steere*, i.357/112; i.363/298, stir, the move

*stent*, ii.475/1654, stint, stop

## SWE

*stent*, ii.461/1267, portion, property; *stente*, or certeyne of valwe, or deede, and oþer lyke (of value or dette).—*Taxecio*. Promptorium

*sterne*, iii.158/49, A.-S. *steór-ern*, the steering-place, the stern

*steuen*, i.148/135; ii.236/208; iii.73/408, voice, A.-S. *stefn*

*steuen*, i.395/1310, ? stuffs, garments, &c.

*steven*, ii.232/110, time. See *vnsett*

*stint*, i.439/538, stay, stop; A.-S. *stintan*, to be weary

*stond*, i.98/201; iii.21/45; A.-S. *stund*, a short space of time; Du. *stond*, Dan. and Sw. *stund*, Germ. *stunde*

*stonde*, iii.86/272, time, moment

*store*, ii.559/55, Sc. *stoor*, strong, rough

*store*, ii.579/536, big

*stoure*, ii.420/115, space of time

*stower*, i.96/149, stir, fight

*stoure*, i.365/352, battle; iii.89/356, fight, conflict; ii.299/97; 300/107, hurry, rush

*stowre*, i.96/151, strong; A.-S. *stór*, great vast; ii.484/1885, strong, fierce

*strand*, i.360/187, shore, *met.* stream; i.367/413, ? the 'riuere' of l. 415; ii.534/209, stream or sea. *Strand*, 1. a rivulet.—*Douglas*; 2. a gutter.—*Wallace*. *Jamieson*

*stranger*, i.182/13, extraordinarily gifted person

*stray*, i.385/1001, his saddle

*strayned on*, ii.286/184, sang

*strond*, i.426/111, land, country

*strond*, ii.85/144, sea. See *strand*

*studd*, iii.370/28, a thorn

*sumpter-man*, ii.568/271

*sunne*, iii.481/ ?

*surbat*, iii.366/17 . . . *surboted* or riven of their skin.—*Topsell*. *Hall*.—*surbating*, f. a galling or over-heating the soles of the feet.—*Coles's Eng. Dict.* 1677.—*V*.

*swaine*, i.185/100, thread or ornament

*swapt*, i.311/289, struck

*swarned*, iii.413/209, swarmed, i.e. climbed.—*P*. MS. may be *swarued*.—*F*.

*swee*, iii.256/575, qu. perhaps flee.—*P*. Sway (and fall).—*F*. In Stafford and its vicinity *ay* is continually pronounced like *ee*, e.g. *pee* for *pay*, *dee* for *day*, *lee* for *lay*, *bull-beeting* for *bull-baiting*, &c. At Newcastle, however, a few miles off, the very oppo-



## SWE

site prevails, *may for me, hay for he*, &c.—*V.*  
*sweeres*, iii.58/54, squires  
*sweeuens*, ii.228/13, dreams  
*swelt*, iii.70/337, to die  
*swicke*, ii.537/297; A.-S. *swican*, to deceive  
*swilled*, i.73/278, shook  
*swire*, ii.467/1432; iii.70/337, neck  
*swithe*, i.102/314, quickly  
*swiue*, i.130/7, copulate with  
*szt*, ii.524, *scilicet*, namely

*tables, take up the*, iii.97/569  
*takells*, iii.125/23, tackle, qu.  
*talke*, iii.65/225  
*tame*, ii.417/36, dead  
*tane*, i.152/253, taken, come  
*tane sworne*, i.192/289 (taken) sworn  
*tap*, iii.297/47, top  
*taughe*, iii.30/320, tough  
*teddar stakes*, iii.283/185, tethering stakes  
*teemed*, iii.221/144, A.-S. *teám*, issue, offspring, anything following in a row or team: *teámian*, to produce, propagate  
*teene*, i.153/274, A.-S. *teóna*, injury, wrong, insult; iii.83/192, vexation  
*teene*, ii.471/1524, vex, trouble  
*teene*, ii.92/336, ? for *keene*, as in l. 342, or *teen*, angry.—*Halliwell*  
*teenful*, iii.63/174, full of injury, destruction  
*teenously*, i.321/88, grievedly  
*temporalitie*, i.96/161, lay lords  
*tenants to the booke*, i.223/228, ? copy-holders  
*tent*, ii.208/111, take charge of  
*tented*, i.363/278, plugged up, dressed  
*tenting*, i.363/283, plugging, dressing  
*tenting*, i.187/139, tending, taking care of  
*tents*, i.363/277, plugs of silk in wounds  
*ter*, ii.466/1381, tar  
*thakked*, ii.164, thwacked, beat  
*thee*, ii.346/150, thrive  
*there*, ii.424/213, where  
*therfore*, iii.349/712, on that account  
*thick*, iii.106/113, that  
*thinke*, i.451/928, things, necessities  
*thinke*, ii.425/238, fume, fret: cp. *thought*, anxiety  
*tho*, iii.28/263; 61/115; 108/175, then  
*tho*, i.97/195, the, thrive

## TOT

*thoe*, i.359/119, suffer  
*tholed*, iii.56/1, qu. *tholedst*, sufferedst  
*thore*, iii.22/68, there  
*thought*, i.157/425, anxiety  
*thouse*, ii.324/54, thou art  
*thoust*, i.77/59, 81/27, 150/188-9, 168/52, 187/130; ii.205/24, ii.218/16, 329/32, 331/102, 291/13-15 (3 times), thou shalt  
*thratt*, ii.565/181, threatened  
*thraw*, i.92/34, bold  
*thraw*, ii.251/106, throe, pang  
*threape*, ii.324/61, strive  
*threw*, i.99/251, wriggled about  
*thrild*, i.249/38; 250/54, knocked  
*thringe*, iii.253/494, A.-S. *bringan*, to rush  
*throe*, i.358/144, fierce; ii.75/461; iii.282/151; A.-S. *þrá*, bold  
*throstlecocke*, i.121/19, thrush, merle  
*throw*, i.463/1328, A.-S. *þrah*, time, space  
*throwe*, ii.72/364, eager  
*thrub-chadler*, i.66/123; *trub-chandler*, i.68/172, a tub or barrel? It may be *tuba ciadlaigh*, Irish, tub used in giving milk to calves.—*Brockie*. I have met with *trubchandlers*, but have searched for it now successlessly. I take it to mean some kind of shallow tub, from *trub*, squat (v. *Littleton*) and *chandler*, a kind of vessel used perhaps by candle-makers, a kind of vat, but I cannot in any dictionary I have here (about 100) find the word *chandler* thus used.—*E. Viles*  
*thytille*, ii.570/322, thwitle, knife  
*tike*, i.30/66, dog, O.N. *tlk*  
*tilden*, i.216/91, pitched (tents)  
*tint*, ii.490/2066, lost  
*tinye*, i.192/272, bit  
*tipen*, iii.64/194, dip  
*tise*, i.440/587, entice  
*to*, i.226/276, too  
*to-brast*, ii.429/362, burst in pieces  
*toke[n]inge*, i.461/1254, a token  
*too-too*: excessively. See Mr. Halliwell's collection of examples in his edition of *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom* (Shakespeare Soc.) p. 71-6  
*toote*, ii.535/235, to it, to fight  
*top (on a mast)*, i.302/60, and note  
*topcastle*, iii.408/106. *Topcastles*, ledgings surrounding the mast head.—*Hal.*  
*toting*, ii.53/16; *tote*, to bulge out (Somerset), large, fat (Glouc.)—*Halliwell*



## TOT

*totorne*, i.436/464, torn up  
*toward*, ii.422/163, going on, that has happened  
*towne*, ii.564/178, tone, the one?  
*trace*, ii.579/531, ? proper step  
*traine*, i.447/806, embryo. Comp. ordinary expr. "put in train" = "trained him on," provincial, and other like.—*A.*

*traine*, i.214/52, harass  
*traitorye*, ii.218/7; 267/43, treachery  
*tranckled*, i.62/33, went slowly  
*transpose*, ii.60/52, transfigure  
*trauncell*, ii.94/410, travail, childbearing  
*trattle*, iii.133/142?  
*tree*, ii.221/88, suffering  
*tree*, ii.559/54, wood  
*treene*, ii.181/1, wooden  
*trinde*, ii.117/1073, tind, branch of a deer's antler  
*trothelesse*, ii.240/45, untrusty  
*truce*, take, ii.114/972  
*trumpetts*, ii.474/1604, trumpeters  
*truncheon*, i.356/57, a broken shaft (of a spear)  
*truse*, iii.56/11, trusse, package  
*trusse*, i.482/1931, pack  
*trustilie*, i.149/155, faithfully  
*turke*, i.91/14, and note <sup>2</sup>, a dwarf  
*turnamentrye*, ii.342/41, tourneying  
*turtle*, ii.81/21; 84/104, turtle-dove  
*twatling*, ii.156/215, peddling, pottering  
*twinke*, iii.339/461, a wink; see *Shak.*  
*Temp.* Act i. Sc. 2.—*V.*  
*tydand*, iii.217/36; 353/880, tidings  
*tydants*, i.232/404, tidings  
*tyke*, ii.541/407, tick, dog-louse  
*type*, ii.293/70, ? separate  
*tyred*, i.146/71, attired, dressed, adorned  
*tyte*, i.458/1167, quickly

*uglyest*, iii.62/152, most fright-causing  
*vmstrode*, ii.61/75, bestrode; iii.238/68.  
 Umstrid, astride, astridlands. *Ray's Words not generally used*, 1674.—*Viles*  
*vnbethought*, i.76/35; 177/62; 236/17, bethought  
*vncoth*, i.367/405, unknown  
*vncouthe*, ii.378/991, strange  
*vndertane*, i.368/446, undertake  
*vndernome*, i.477/1780, understood, perceived  
*vndight*, i.150/178-9, undressed  
*vne*, i.64/66, one

## VIS

*vnfaine*, i.93/88 unfain, sorrowful  
*vnfolded*, i.366/379, closed  
*vngracious*, i.224/246, difficult of access  
*vnheld*, ii.492/2130, open  
*unmackley*, iii.11/133, ill-shapen, clumsy in appearance, *unmake like*. *Brocke's North Country Words*.—*Viles*  
*vnnetthes*, ii.478/1721, hardly, scarcely  
*unrid*, iii.63/171, large.—*Halliwell*  
*vnryde*, i.468/1501, "unrude, vile."—*Jamieson*  
*vnsett steuen*, ii.386/1230, and note; ii.232/110; ii.561/192, unappointed time  
*vnsett*, i.331/292, umsett, surrounded  
*vnskill*, ii.558/41, senselessly  
*vnskillfullye*, ii.560/84, without reason  
*vnsoughte*, i.111/435, A.-S. *unseht*, unhappy  
*unsteake*, iii.265/73, unfasten, open  
*untill*, i.75/6, unto  
*vnyeeld*, ii.530/106, unwieldy?, or unyielding, stiff  
*upbraided* with (for *by*), i.331/308  
*upon*, i.185/83, to  
*upon, be*, iii.129/53, cp. our "I'll be down upon you"  
*vttered*, i.228/324, pulled

*vai[r]*, *you*, 53/12, read "your vaines"  
*vacand*, ii.545/523, empty  
*valoure*, ii.422/168, worth  
*valours*, ii.368/739, skill, worth  
*vaward*, i.215/68, van, leading division of an army  
*venere*, i.106/20, deer  
*venison*, iii.13/165, all for his warryson, i.e. reward.—*P.*  
*ventale*, ii.132/1498; *ventayle*, ii.478/1726, face armour of different shape and material to the visor.—*Planché*  
*venturer*, i.308/216  
*verditt*, i.155/351, verdict  
*verome*, i.470/1535, (? randome, see 478/1820,) pace, rush; ? *gyrum*, circuit, veering.—*Brockie*  
*vew*, ii.324/47, ?  
*vew-bow*, i.58/103, yew-bow  
*vewe*, i.332, note <sup>5</sup>; *veiwe*, ii.230/59; iii.256/572, yew.—*Wilbraham's Cheshire Glossary*  
*vice*, i.148/116, devices  
*vile*, ii.462/1319, ? for "fele," numerous  
*vis*, iii.78/51, ? MS., for *vus* or *vs*, us  
*vised*, i.447, taught, advised



## VIS

*visor*, ii.478/1724  
*vuulye*, iii.58/45, fortè *winlye*, i.e. pleasantly, jucunde. Lye.—*P.* ? *viewlye*.—*F.*

*waches*, i.383/944, watchers  
*waile*, i.163/615, weal  
*waite*, ii.94/388, expected; *waiteth*, iii.67/250, is used for *waitest*; this agrees with *tholed* for *tholedst*, in l. 1.—*Sk.*  
*wake*, iii.268/144, A.-S. *wæccan*, to watch  
*waken*, ii.331/96, ? watching or waking  
*waleth*, iii.69/296, afflicteth, A.-S. *wælan*, to afflict, vex  
*walker*, ii.306/53, fuller, whitener  
*walling*, i.387/1057; ii.592/854, boiling, passionately. Walling = yelling, howling, jowling, bellowing, wailing, squalling, squealing. The root forms a component part of most languages.—*Brockie*  
*walts*, iii.69/299, A.-S. *wæltan*, to roll, tumble  
*wanhope*, i.445/739, despair  
*wappeth*, iii.65/217, rusheth, fluttereth  
*war*, iii.272/5, see note  
*warder*, ii.241/65, a kind of truncheon or staff of command. See *Nares*  
*warle*, i.146/59, weariness  
*warne*, ii.107/779, A.-S. *warnian*, to take care of  
*warned*, iii.67/269, forbade  
*warre*, i.427/158, beat, drive  
*warre*, i.429/207, A.-S. *werian*, to protect, defend  
*warre*, ii.533/190, worse  
*warryson*, ii.589/790, reward  
*warth*, iii.66/248, to go  
*wary*, iii.67/255, curse. I warrye, I banne or curse. *Je mauldis*. This is a farre northren terme.—*Palsgrave*  
*wate*, i.227/287, clever, wise  
*waward*, i.216/89, vanguard  
*wawe*, ii.458/1184, wall, shelter  
*way*, i.218/114, wight, man  
*wayes*, i.229/331, men  
*way-gate*, i.366/380; 374/648, by-going, passage  
*wayte*, iii.68/287. Qu. *wate*, Scot. i.e. *wott*.—*P.*  
*wayted*, iii.58/48, Old Fr. *gaiter*, to spy about  
*wed-bed*, i.235/9, marriage-bed

## WON

*wed*, i.384/952; *wedd*, *weed*, i.367/421 420, A.-S. *wed*, pledge  
*weede*, i.99/234, garment, A.-S. *wéed*  
*weene*, i.454/1024; 457/1144, doubt  
*welded*, i.148/112, possessed  
*weldeth*, iii.56/13, governeth  
*wellaway*, ii.52/6, lamentation  
*weme*, ii.221/82, womb, circle  
*wend*, iii.43/722, go  
*wend*, iii.236/13; *wende*, i.447/812; *wenden*, i.456/1082, thought  
*wendes*, i.462/1280, thinks  
*whales bone*, ii.369/748; iii.20/16; iii.268/154, ivory  
*whall*, ii.378/1012, walrus  
*whalles-bone*, ii.342/23, ivory  
*what*, ii.380/1070, why  
*what devill!* ii.364/625; ii.588/795, what the devil! devil take you!  
*when*, iii.64/196, wan  
*whether*, i.469/1525, weather  
*whighest*, i.23/77, nimblest  
*white*, i.327/216, A.-S. *wítan*, to blame  
*who*, i.230/355, what or whose  
*who and that*, rel. i.376, note <sup>6</sup>  
*whom*, i.249/21, home  
*whore*, i.327/214, hoar  
*whylye*, iii.364/7, wilye  
*wight*, i.386/1031, 387/1047, quick; i.331/287; iii.65/217, nimble  
*wightilye*, ii.65/194, nimbly  
*wilfull*, ii.231/95, wishful, desirous to know?  
*wilsome*, ii.371/802; 558/36, wild, lonely  
*wince*, ii.580/545, winche, kick  
*wininge*, i.487/2091, woning, dwelling  
*winlye*, iii.74/428, A.-S. *wynlice*, joyously  
*winne*, iii.238/62, A.-S. *win*, pleasure  
*winne*, iii.68/293, pleasant; iii.56/5, joyful  
*winne*, i.178/78, get to  
*winne*, iii.39/590, to go, to depart  
*wishe*, i.481/1904, 482/1943, ii.548/608, wisse, teach, instruct  
*withsay*, i.373/590, deny, refuse  
*witt*, i.152/238, know  
*witt*, iii.61/120, to tell  
*witt*, i.226/280, with  
*witterlye*, i.438/509, A.-S. *witodlice*, clearly  
*witterlye*, i.447/812, for certain  
*woe*, *winne to*, iii.62/139?  
*wold*, i.218/114, was  
*won*, ii.564/175, wone, dwell  
*woning*, i.164/632, dwelling



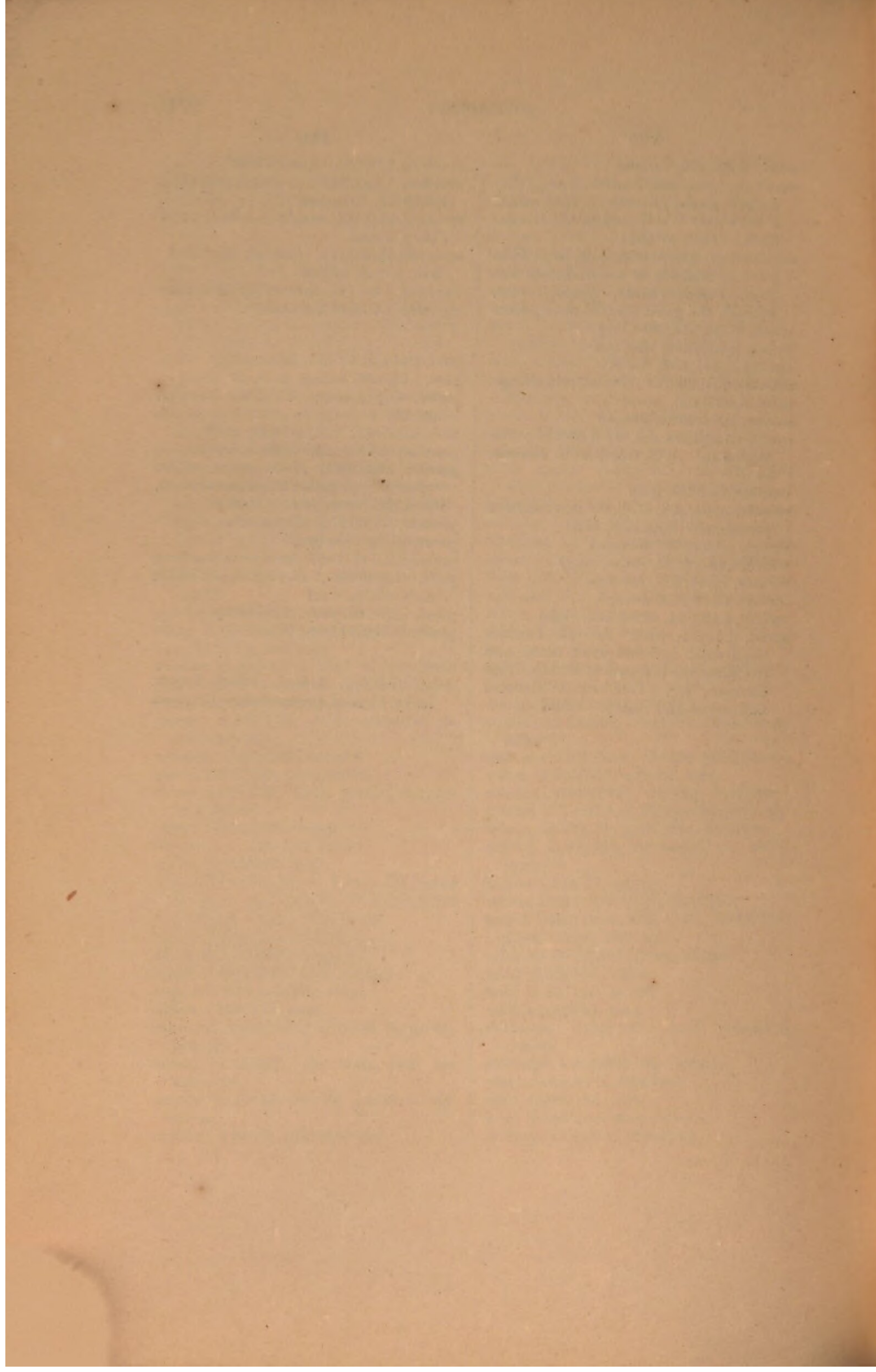
## WOO

*wood*, iii.81/139, furious  
*woodhall*, i.383/922, ? witwall or golden ouzle. *Loriot* (French) a Bird called a Wit-wal, Wood-pecker, or Green-finch.—*Phillips* 1671  
*woodweete*, ii.228/5, wodewale, bryd *idem quod* reynefowle or wodehake (or no-thac. *Picus*) *et lucar*. Promptorium.  
*witwall*, the great spotted woodpecker  
*woone*, i.332/314, dwelling  
*woone*, ii.537/313, win, get  
*woonen*, i.441/605, dwell  
*wooninge*, iii.26/191 ; 38/567, dwelling  
*wore*, ii.533/196, worse  
*worme*, ii.367/694, dragon  
*worth*, i.122/note, col. 2 ; ii.89/255 ; 230/63, be to. A.-S. *weorþan*, to become, be  
*worthes*, iii.56/9, goes  
*wracke*, i.101/294, A.-S. *wræc*, vindictive punishment, mischief, evil  
*wrapp*, iii.266/97, wrapper  
*wrath*, i.485/2032, rathe, early  
*wreake*, iii.44/758, revenge  
*wrecke*, i.375/673, avenge  
*wright*, i.425/94, iii.66/238, right  
*wrist*, i.15/14, foot. In old Frisian, hand-wrist and foot-wrist occur, and the same use is found in Middle High German, &c. Ger. *riester* denotes both wrist and instep.—*Child*

## ZEL

*writhe*, ii.223/135, twisted, took  
*wrocken*, i.194/348 ; *wroken*, i.358/137 ; ii.228/12, revenged  
*wrought*, i.70/205, rought, reached ; i.474/1672, seized  
*wrought*, iii.65/215, troubled, wretched  
 Scot. *wraik*, to vex  
*wrucked*, i.69/190, thrown up as wrack  
*wytterly*, i.108/197, certainly  
  
*yare*, i.452/948 ; 490/2193, ready  
*yare*, i.95/138, before, A.-S. *ær*  
*yarne*, ii.432/450 ; 439/631, nimbly, quickly  
*yate*, i.356/65 ; ii.274/72,80, gate  
*yearded*, i.234/419, earthed, dwelt  
*yearne*, i.231/381, A.-S. *georn*, eager.  
 "yearn" is, I rather think, *airn* = iron, from the Norse *jern*.—*Brockie*  
*yenders*, i.153/282, afternoon's  
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*yerning*, ii.117/1067, running or yearning  
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*youd*, i.250/46, yode, went away  
*youst*, ii.219/47, you will  
  
*zely*, iii.368/3, A.-Sax. *sælig*, happy, lucky, blessed, prosperous.—*Bosworth*







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## Ballad Society.

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THE completion of the edition of the Percy Folio seems a good opportunity for proposing to print all the other collections of Ballads. The importance of Ballads for the student of history, of society and manners, of thoughts and customs, in former days, is admitted by all writers and thinkers. These light hand-glasses reflect for us many a feature of the times that is lost in the crowded scenes which larger mirrors, hung at other angles, present to our view; and without the sight of the Ballad pictures, as well as the larger and more formal ones of professed Histories, State-Papers, Memoirs, and Treatises, we cannot know faithfully,—or, at least, we cannot know as faithfully as we have the means of knowing,—the lineaments of the ages that have preceded us. That it is the duty of the student of history to endeavour so to know those lineaments, as well in their nobleness as their commonplaceness and deformity, no real student will question. He wants the portraiture of each age as complete as he can get it; he desires to study all its expressions, of power, of whim, of impulse, of faith, of nobleness and baseness; and many of these he can get from Ballads alone.

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If men said it was well-done for Lord Vernon to reprint the first four printed texts of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, if we know it is well-done of The Early English Text Society to print the three versions of Chaucer's great contemporary's work, William Langland's *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, it cannot be ill-done of us to print all the best MSS. of the works of him whom all allow among our early men to be the greatest,

“ I mene fader chaucer / maister galfryde  
Alas the whyle / that euer he from vs dyde

[49]

Redith his werkis / ful of plesaunce  
Clere in sentence / in langage excellent  
Briefly to wryte / suche was his suffysaunce  
What euer to saye / he toke in his entente  
His langage was so fayr and pertynente  
It semeth vnto mannys heerynge  
Not only the worde / but verely the thyng.

*Caxton's Book of Curtesye*, l. 335—343.

And though collations to one text might suffice, yet here something may be conceded to the desire for completeness, or at least fullness, and to the often expressed wish of editors and students abroad, like Professor Child, of Harvard, for whole texts,\* and not collations only, which must often omit variations of spelling, &c., unimportant to one editor, but important to another. There are many questions of metre, pronunciation, orthography, and etymology yet to be settled, for which more prints of Manuscripts are wanted, and it is hardly too much to say that every line of Chaucer contains points that need re-consideration. The proposal, then, is to begin with *The Canterbury Tales*, and give of them (in parallel columns in Royal 4to) six of the best unprinted Manuscripts known, and to add in another quarto the six next best MSS. if 300 Subscribers join the Society. Inasmuch also as the parallel arrangement will necessitate the alteration of the places of certain tales in some of the MSS., a print of each MS. will be ultimately issued separately, and will follow the order of its original. The first six MSS. to be printed will probably be

|                              |                                   |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
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| its publication. If not, the | Corpus MS.)                       |
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\* The printing of the best texts of Chaucer is a *necessary condition* of a satisfactory edition of his poetry. It is not to gratify a fancy, or to furnish material for



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